THE

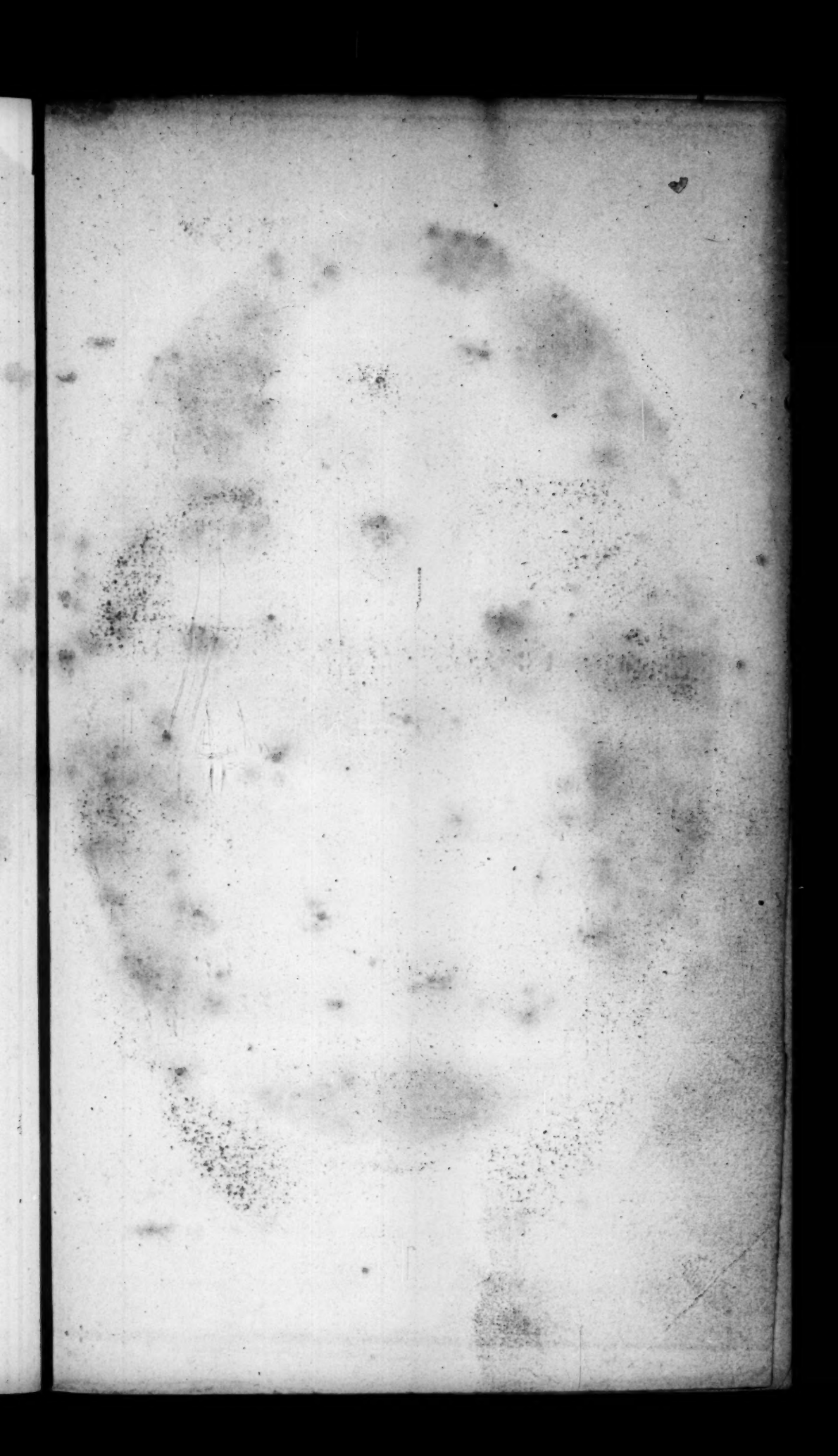
ODYSSEY

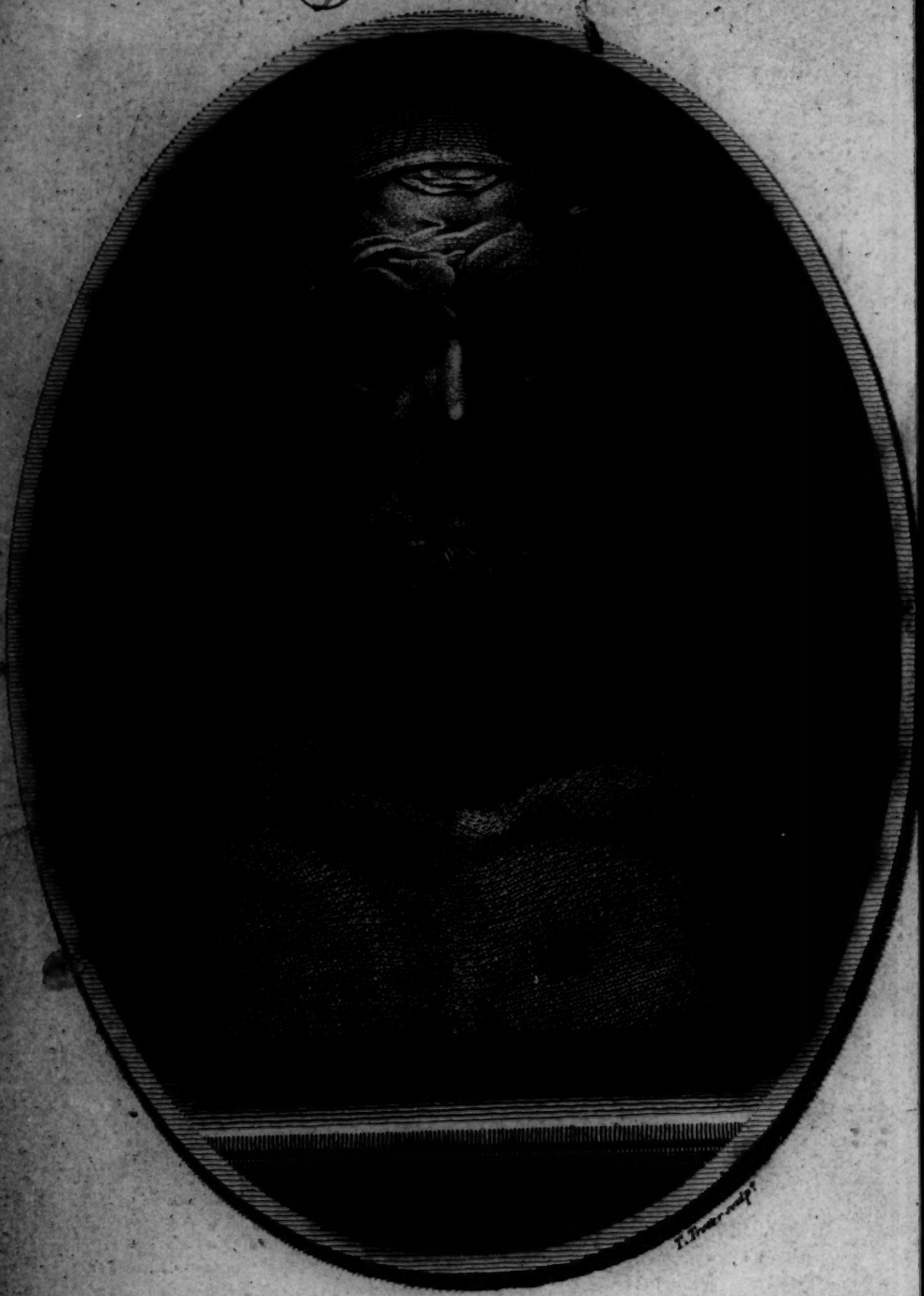
OF

HOMER.

TRANSLATED BY

ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.





HOMER.

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ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

A NEW EDITION,

WITH ADDITIONAL NOTES, CRITICAL AND ILLUSTRATIVE,

By GILBERT WAKEFIELD, B. A.

VOLUME I.

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M DCC XCVI.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

A

GENERAL VIEW

OF THE

EPICK POEM,

AND OF THE

ILIAD AND ODYSSEY.

Extracted from BOSSU [A].

SECT. I.

THE Fables of Poets were originally employed in repreſenting the Divine Nature, according to the notion then conceived of it. This ſublime ſubject occaſioned the firſt Poets

[A] Of the Nature of Epick Poetry.

to be called Divines [B], and Poetry the language of the Gods. They divided the divine attributes into ſo many perſons; becauſe the infirmity of a human mind cannot ſufficiently conceive, or explain, ſo much power and action in a ſimplicity ſo great and indiviſible as that of God. And perhaps they were alſo jealous of the advantages they reaped from ſuch excellent and exalted learning, and of which they thought the vulgar part of mankind was not worthy.

They could not deſcribe the operations of this almighty cauſe, without ſpeaking at the ſame time of its effects: ſo that to Divinity they added Phyſiology, and treated of both, without quitting the umbrages of their allegorical expreſſions.

But Man being the chief and moſt noble of all that God produced, and nothing being ſo proper, or more uſeful to Poets than this ſubject; they added it to the former, and treated of the doctrine of Morality after the ſame manner as they did that of Divinity and Philoſophy; and from Morality thus treated, is formed that kind of Poem and Fable which we call Epick.

[B] As, for example, in Odyſſey, A. 336. θεῖος ἀοιδὸς, *the divine bard.* But the name rather aroſe, I preſume, from their office, as teachers of *religion* and morality, commiſſioned and inſpired by the *Gods*; as their repreſentatives and meſſengers to mankind. EDITOR.

The Poets did the ſame in Morality, that the Divines had done in Divinity. But that infinite variety of the actions and operations of the Divine Nature, (to which our underſtanding bears ſo ſmall a proportion) did as it were force them upon dividing the ſingle idea of the only one God into ſeveral perſons, under the different names of Jupiter, Juno, Neptune, and the reſt.

And on the other hand, the nature of Moral Philoſophy being ſuch, as never to treat of things in particular, but in general; the Epick Poets were obliged to unite in one ſingle idea, in one and the ſame perſon, and in an action which appeared ſingular, all that looked like it in different perſons, and in various actions; which might be thus contained as ſo many Species under their Genus.

The preſence of the Deity, and the care ſuch an auguſt cauſe is to be ſuppoſed to take about any action, obliges the Poet to repreſent this action as great, important, and managed by [c] kings and princes. It obliges him likewiſe to think and ſpeak in an elevated way above the vulgar, and in a ſtyle that may in ſome ſort keep up the character of the divine perſons he

[c] Res geſtæ regumque ducumque. *Hor. Art. Poet.*

introduces. [D] To this end ſerve the poetical and figurative expreſſion, and the majeſty of the Heroick Verſe.

But all this, being divine and ſurpriſing, may quite ruin all probability: therefore the Poet ſhould take a peculiar care as to that point, ſince his chief aim is to inſtruct, and without probability any action is leſs likely to perſuade.

Laſtly, ſince precepts ought to be [E] conciſe, to be the more eaſily conceived, and leſs oppreſs the memory; and ſince nothing can be more effectual to this end than propoſing one ſingle idea, and collecting all things ſo well together, as to be preſent to our minds all at once; therefore the Poets have reduced all to one [F] ſingle action, under one and the ſame deſign, and in a body whoſe members and parts ſhould be homogeneous.

What we have obſerved of the nature of the Epick Poem, gives us a juſt idea of it, and we may define it thus:

"The Epick Poem is a diſcourſe invented "by art, to form the manners, by ſuch inſtruc- "tions as are diſguiſed under the allegories of

[D] — — — — Cui mens divinior atque os
Magna ſonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem. *Horat.*

[E] Quicquid præcipies eſto brevis, ut citò dicta
Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles. *Hor. Poet.*

[F] Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat, & unum. *Hor. Poet.*

" ſome one important action, which is related " in verſe, after a probable, diverting and " ſurpriſing manner."

SECT. II [G].

IN every deſign which a man deliberately undertakes, the end he propoſes is the firſt thing in his mind, and that by which he governs the whole work, and all its parts: thus ſince the end of the Epick Poem is to regulate the manners, it is with this firſt view the Poet ought to begin.

But there is a great difference between the philoſophical and the poetical doctrine of manners. The ſchoolmen content themſelves with treating of virtues and vices in general: the inſtructions they give are proper for all ſtates, people, and for all ages. But the Poet has a nearer regard to his own country, and the neceſſities of his own nation. With this deſign he makes choice of ſome piece of morality, the moſt proper and juſt he can imagine: and in order to preſs this home, he makes leſs uſe of the force of reaſoning, than of the power of inſinuation; accommodating himſelf to the par-

[G] The Fable of the Iliad.

ticular cuſtoms and inclinations of thoſe, who are to be the ſubject, or the readers, of his work.

Let us now ſee how Homer has acquitted himſelf in theſe reſpects.

He ſaw the Grecians, for whom he deſigned his Poem, were divided into as many ſtates as they had capital cities. Each was a body politick apart, and had its form of government independent from all the reſt. And yet theſe diſtinct ſtates were very often obliged to unite together in one body againſt their common enemies. Theſe were two very different ſorts of government, ſuch as could not be comprehended in one maxim of morality, and in one ſingle Poem [H].

The Poet therefore has made two diſtinct fables of them. The one is for Greece in general, united into one body, but compoſed of parts independent on each other; and the other for each particular ſtate, conſidered as they were in time of peace, without the former circumſtances and the neceſſity of being united.

[H] The reader will follow his own diſcretion in giving what proportion of aſſent he pleaſes to theſe fine-ſpun ſpeculations *à priori*; mindful, in the mean time,

How critics in old Homer view
Things, that old Homer never knew.

EDITOR.

As for the firſt ſort of government, in the union or rather in the confederacy of many independent ſtates; experience has always made it appear, "That nothing ſo much cauſes "ſucceſs as a due ſubordination, and a right "underſtanding among the chief commanders. "And on the other hand, the inevitable ruin "of ſuch confederacies proceeds from the heats, "jealouſies and ambition of the different leaders, "and the diſcontents of ſubmitting to a ſingle "general." All ſorts of ſtates, and in particular the Grecians, had dearly experienced this truth. So that the moſt uſeful and neceſſary inſtruction that could be given them, was, to lay before their eyes the loſs which both the people and the princes muſt of neceſſity ſuffer, by the ambition, diſcord, and obſtinacy of the latter.

Homer then has taken for the foundation of his fable this great truth; that a miſunderſtanding between princes is the ruin of their own ſtates. "I ſing (ſays he) the anger of "Achilles, ſo pernicious to the Grecians, and "the cauſe of ſo many heroes' deaths, occa-"ſioned by the diſcord and ſeparation of Aga-"memnon and that prince."

But that this truth may be compleatly and fully known, there is need of a ſecond to ſupport it. It is neceſſary in ſuch a deſign, not

only to repreſent the confederate ſtates at firſt diſagreeing among themſelves, and from thence unfortunate; but to ſhow the ſame ſtates afterwards reconciled and united, and of conſequence victorious.

Let us now ſee how he has joined all theſe in one general action.

"Several princes independent on one another "were united againſt a common enemy. The "perſon whom they had elected their general, "offers an affront to the moſt valiant of all the "confederates. This offended prince is ſo far "provoked, as to relinquiſh the union, and "obſtinately refuſe to fight for the common "cauſe. This miſunderſtanding gives the "enemy ſuch an advantage, that the allies are "very near quitting their deſign with diſ-"honour. He himſelf who made the ſepara-"tion, is not exempt from ſharing the misfor-"tune which he brought upon his party. For "having permitted his intimate friend to ſuc-"cour them in a great neceſſity, this friend is "killed by the enemy's general. Thus the "contending princes being both made wiſer at "their own coſt, are reconciled, and unite "again: then this valiant prince not only ob-"tains the victory in the publick cauſe, but "revenges his private wrongs by killing with "his own hands the author of the death of his "friend."

This is the firſt platform of the Poem, and the fiction which reduces into one important and univerſal action all the particulars upon which it turns.

In the next place it muſt be rendered probable by the circumſtances of times, places and perſons: ſome perſons muſt be found out, already known by hiſtory or otherwiſe, whom we may with probability make the actors and perſonages of this fable. Homer has made choice of the ſiege of Troy, and feigned that this action [1] happened there. To a phantom of his brain, whom he would paint valiant and cholerick, he has given the name of Achilles; that of Agamemnon to his general; that of Hector to the enemy's commander, and ſo to the reſt.

Beſides, he was obliged to accommodate himſelf to the manners, cuſtoms, and genius of the Greeks his auditors, the better to make them attend to the inſtruction of his Poem; and to gain their approbation by praiſing them: ſo that

[1] By this our author ſeems to ſuppoſe, that no ſuch people ever exiſted;

— — — — ſed non ego credulus illi.

I am rather of opinion, that the teſtimony of Homer in points of geography, biography, and hiſtory, may be accepted as authentic, with very little limitation. It ſeems to be with him as with Truth: Commenta opinionum delet dies, naturæ verique judicia confirmat. His authority on theſe points gains ſtrength from progreſſive inveſtigation and experience. EDITOR.

they might the better forgive him the repreſentation of their own faults in ſome of his chief perſonages. He admirably diſcharges all theſe duties, by making theſe brave princes and thoſe victorious people all Grecians, and the fathers of thoſe he had a mind to commend.

But not being content, in a work of ſuch a length, to propoſe only the principal point of the moral, and to fill up the reſt with uſeleſs ornaments and foreign incidents, he extends this moral by all its neceſſary conſequences. As for inſtance in the ſubject before us, it is not enough to know, that a good underſtanding ought always to be maintained among confederates: it is likewiſe of equal importance, that if there happens any diviſion, care muſt be taken to keep it ſecret from the enemy, that their ignorance of this advantage may prevent their making uſe of it. And in the ſecond place, when their concord is but counterfeit and only in appearance, one ſhould never preſs the enemy too cloſely; for this would diſcover the weakneſs which we ought to conceal from them.

The Epiſode of Patroclus moſt admirably furniſhes us with theſe two inſtructions. For when he appeared in the arms of Achilles, the Trojans, who took him for that prince now reconciled and united to the Confederates, immediately gave ground, and quitted the advantages they had before over the Greeks. But Patroclus,

who ſhould have been contented with this ſucceſs, preſſes upon Hector too boldly, and by obliging him to fight, ſoon diſcovers that it was not the true Achilles who was clad in his armour, but a hero of much inferiour proweſs. So that Hector kills him, and regains thoſe advantages which the Trojans had loſt, on the opinion that Achilles was reconciled.

SECT III. [K]

THE Odyſſey was not deſigned, like the Iliad, for the inſtruction of all the ſtates of Greece joined in one body, but for each ſtate in particular. As a ſtate is compoſed of two parts; the head which commands, and the members which obey; there are inſtructions requiſite to both, to teach the one to govern, and the others to ſubmit to government.

There are two virtues neceſſary to one in authority, prudence to order, and care to ſee his orders put in execution. The prudence of a politician is not acquired but by a long experience in all ſorts of buſineſs, and by an acquaintance with all the different forms of governments and ſtates. The care of the adminiſtration ſuffers not him that has the government to rely upon others, but requires his own preſence: and kings

[K] The Fable of the Odyſſey.

who are abſent from their ſtates, are in danger of loſing them, and give occaſion to great diſorders and confuſion.

Theſe two points may be eaſily united in one and the ſame man. "A king forſakes his kingdom to viſit the courts of ſeveral princes, where he learns the manners and cuſtoms of different nations. From hence there naturally ariſes a vaſt number of incidents, of dangers, and of adventures, very uſeful for a political inſtitution. On the other ſide, this abſence gives way to the diſorders which happen in his own kingdom, and which end not till his return, whoſe preſence only can re-eſtabliſh all things." Thus the abſence of a king has the ſame effects in this fable, as the diviſion of the princes had in the former.

The ſubjects have ſcarce any need but of one general maxim, which is, To ſuffer themſelves to be governed, and to obey faithfully; whatever reaſon they may imagine againſt the orders they receive [L]. It is eaſy to join this inſtruction with the other, by beſtowing on this wiſe and induſtrious prince ſuch ſubjects, as in his abſence

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[L] The fabricator of this theory would have received with implicit reverence the ſage directions of the *Mighty Mother* in the Dunciad, iv. 187.

May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long!
"The RIGHT DIVINE of kings to govern wrong."

EDITOR.

would rather follow their own judgment than his commands; and by demonſtrating the misfortunes which this diſobedience draws upon them, the evil conſequences which almoſt infallibly attend theſe particular notions, which are intirely different from the general idea of him who ought to govern.

But as it was neceſſary that the princes in the Iliad ſhould be cholerick and quarrelſome, ſo it is neceſſary in the fable of the Odyſſey that the chief perſon ſhould be ſage and prudent. This raiſes a difficulty in the fiction; becauſe this perſon ought to be abſent for the two reaſons aforementioned, which are eſſential to the fable, and which conſtitute the principal aim of it: but he cannot abſent himſelf, without offending againſt another maxim of equal importance, viz. That a king ſhould upon no account leave his country.

It is true, there are ſometimes ſuch neceſſities as ſufficiently excuſe the prudence of a politician in this point. But ſuch a neceſſity is a thing important enough of itſelf to ſupply matter for another poem, and this multiplication of the action would be vicious. To prevent which, in the firſt place, this neceſſity, and the departure of the hero, muſt be disjoined from the poem; and in the ſecond place, the hero having been obliged to abſent himſelf, for a reaſon antecedent to the action and placed diſtinct from the fable,

he ought not ſo far to embrace this opportunity of inſtructing himſelf, as to abſent himſelf voluntarily from his own government. For at this rate, his abſence would be merely voluntary, and one might with reaſon lay to his charge all the diſorders which might arrive.

Thus in the conſtitution of the fable he ought not to take for his action, and for the foundation of his poem, the departure of a prince from his own country, nor his voluntary ſtay in any other place; but his return, and this return retarded againſt his will. This is the firſt idea Homer gives us of it [M]. His hero appears at firſt in a deſolate iſland, ſitting upon the ſide of the ſea, which with tears in his eyes he looks upon as the obſtacle that had ſo long oppoſed his return, and detained him from reviſiting his own dear country.

And laſtly, ſince this forced delay might more naturally and uſually happen to ſuch as make voyages by ſea; Homer has judiciouſly made choice of a prince whoſe kingdom was in an iſland.

Let us ſee then how he has feigned all this action, making his hero a perſon in years, becauſe years are requiſite to inſtruct a man in prudence and policy.

[M] Odyſſey v.

"A prince had been obliged to forſake his "native country, and to head an army of his "ſubjects in a foreign expedition. Having "glorioufly performed this enterpriſe, he was "marching home again, and conducting his "ſubjects to his own ſtate. But ſpite of all "the attempts, with which the eagerneſs to "return had inſpired him, he was ſtopt by the "way by tempeſts for ſeveral years, and caſt "upon ſeveral countries differing from each "other in manners and government. In theſe "dangers his companions not always following "his orders, periſhed through their own fault. "The grandees of his country ſtrangely abuſe his "abſence, and raiſe no ſmall diſorders at home. "They conſume his eſtate, conſpire to deſtroy "his ſon, would conſtrain his queen to accept "of one of them for her huſband; and indulge "themſelves in all violence, ſo much the more, "becauſe they were perſuaded he would never "return. But at laſt he returns, and diſcover-"ing himſelf only to his ſon and ſome others, "who had continued firm to him, he is an "eye-witneſs of the inſolence of his enemies, "puniſhes them according to their deſerts, and "reſtores to his iſland that tranquility and re-"poſe to which they had been ſtrangers during "his abſence."

As the truth, which ſerves for foundation to this fiction, is, that the abſence of a perſon

from his own home, or his neglect of his own affairs, is the cauſe of great diſorders: ſo the principal point of the action, and the moſt eſſential one, is the abſence of the hero. This fills almoſt all the poem: for not only this real abſence laſted ſeveral years, but even when the hero returned, he does not diſcover himſelf; and this prudent diſguiſe, from whence he reaped ſo much advantage, has the ſame effect upon the authors of the diſorders, and all others who knew him not, as his real abſence had before, ſo that he is abſent as to them, 'till the very moment of their puniſhment.

After the Poet had thus compoſed his fable, and joined the fiction to the truth, he then makes choice of Ulyſſes the king of the iſle of Ithaca, to maintain the character of his chief perſonage, and beſtowed the reſt upon Telemachus, Penelope, Antinous, and others, whom he calls by what names he pleaſes.

I ſhall not here inſiſt upon the many excellent advices, which are ſo many parts and natural conſequences of the fundamental truth; and which the Poet very dextrouſly lays down in thoſe fictions which are the epiſodes and members of the entire action. Such for inſtance are theſe advices: Not to intrude one's ſelf into the myſteries of government, which the prince keeps ſecret: this is repreſented to us by the winds ſhut up in a bull-hide, which the miſerable

companions of Ulyſſes would needs be ſo fooliſh as to pry into. Not to ſuffer one's ſelf to be led away by the ſeeming charms of an idle and inactive life, to which the Siren's ſong invited [N]. Not to ſuffer one's ſelf to be ſenſualized by pleaſures, like thoſe who were changed into brutes by Circe: and a great many other points of morality neceſſary for all ſorts of people.

This poem is more uſeful to the people than the Iliad, where the ſubjects ſuffer rather by the ill conduct of their princes, than through their own miſcarriages [O]. But in the Odyſſey, it is not the fault of Ulyſſes that is the ruin of his ſubjects. This wiſe prince leaves untried no method to make them partakers of the benefit of his return. Thus the Poet in the Iliad ſays, "He ſings the anger of Achilles, which had "cauſed the death of ſo many Grecians;" and on the contrary, in the [P] Odyſſey he tells his readers, "That the ſubjects periſhed through "their own fault."

[N] Improba Siren deſidia. *Horat.*

[O] Agreeably to the remark of Horace on this ſubject, Epiſt. ii. 2.

Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi.
Howe'er capriciouſly kings play their part,
Their ſubjects, loyal ſubjects, feel the ſmart.
Neville's Imitations. EDITOR.

[P] Αυτῶν γὰρ σφετέρῃσιν ἀτασθαλίῃσιν ὄλοντο. Odyſſ. i.

SECT. IV. [Q]

ARISTOTLE beſtows great encomiums upon Homer for the ſimplicity of his deſign [R], becauſe he has included in one ſingle part all that happened at the ſiege of Troy. And to this he oppoſes the ignorance of ſome Poets who imagined that the unity of the fable or action was ſufficiently preſerved by the unity of the hero; and who compoſed their Theſeids, Heracleids, and the like, wherein they only heaped up in one poem every thing that happened to one perſonage.

He finds fault with thoſe Poets who were for reducing the unity of the fable into the unity of the hero, becauſe one man may have performed ſeveral adventures, which it is impoſſible to reduce under any one general and ſimple head. This reducing of all things to unity and ſimplicity is what Horace likewiſe makes his firſt rule:

"Denique ſit quodvis ſimplex duntaxat, & unum."

According to theſe rules, it will be allowable to make uſe of ſeveral fables; (or to ſpeak more correctly) of ſeveral incidents which may be divided into ſeveral fables; provided they are ſo

[Q] Of the unity of the fable.

[R] In his Poetics, cap. ix. EDITOR.

ordered, that the unity of the fable be not ſpoiled. This liberty is ſtill greater in the Epick Poem, becauſe it is of a larger extent, and ought to be entire and compleat.

I will explain myſelf more diſtinctly by the practice of Homer.

No doubt but one might make four diſtinct fables out of theſe four following inſtructions.

1. *Diviſion between thoſe of the ſame party expoſes them entirely to their enemies.*

2. *Conceal your weakneſs, and you will be dreaded as much, as if you had none of thoſe imperfections, of which they are ignorant.*

3. *When your ſtrength is only feigned, and founded only in the opinion of others; never venture ſo far as if your ſtrength was real.*

4. *The more you agree together, the leſs hurt can your enemies do you.*

It is plain, I ſay, that each of theſe particular maxims might ſerve for the ground-work of a fiction, and one might make four diſtinct fables out of them. May not one then put all theſe into one ſingle epopea? Not unleſs one ſingle fable can be made out of all. The Poet indeed may have ſo much ſkill as to unite all into one body, as members and parts, each of which taken aſunder would be imperfect; and if he

joins them ſo, this conjunction ſhall be no hindrance at all to the unity and the regular ſimplicity of the fable. This is what Homer has done with ſuch ſucceſs in the compoſition of the Iliad.

1. *The diviſion between Achilles and his allies tended to the ruin of their deſigns.* 2. *Patroclus comes to their relief in the armour of this hero, and Hector retreats.* 3. *But this young man puſhing the advantage which his diſguiſe gave him, too far, ventures to engage with Hector himſelf; but not being maſter of Achilles's ſtrength (whom he only repreſented in outward appearance) he is killed, and by this means leaves the Grecian affairs in the ſame diſorder, from which in that diſguiſe he came to free them.* 4. *Achilles provoked at the death of his friend, is reconciled, and revenges his loſs by the death of Hector.* Theſe various incidents being thus united, do not make different actions and fables, but are only the uncompleat and unfiniſhed parts of one and the ſame action and fable, which alone when taken thus complexly, can be ſaid to be compleat and entire: and all theſe maxims of the moral, are eaſily reduced into theſe two parts, which in my opinion cannot be ſeparated without enervating the force of both. The two parts are theſe, [s] That a right

[s] Concordiâ res parvæ creſcunt: diſcordiâ magnæ diſabuntur *Salluſt. de bello Jug.*

underſtanding is the preſervation, and diſcord the deſtruction of ſtates.

Though then the Poet has made uſe of two parts in his poems, each of which might have ſerved for a fable, as we have obſerved: yet this multiplication cannot be called a vicious and irregular polymythia, contrary to the neceſſary unity and ſimplicity of the fable; but it gives the fable another qualification, altogether neceſſary and regular, namely its perfection and finiſhing ſtroke.

SECT. V. [T]

THE action of a poem is the ſubject which the Poet undertakes, propoſes, and builds upon. So that the moral and the inſtructions which are the end of the epick poem are not the matter of it. Thoſe the Poets leave in their allegorical and figurative obſcurity. They only give notice at the *exordium*, that they ſing ſome *action*. *The revenge of Achilles, the return of Ulyſſes*, &c.

Since then the action is the matter of a fable, it is evident that whatever incidents are eſſential to the fable, or conſtitute a part of it, are neceſſary alſo to the action, and are parts of the epick matter, none of which ought to be omitted.

[T] Of the Action of the Epick Poem.

Such, for inſtance, are the contention of Agamemnon and Achilles, the ſlaughter Hector makes in the Grecian army, the re-union of the Greek princes; and laſtly, the re-ſettlement and victory which was the conſequence of that re-union.

There are four qualifications in the epick action: the firſt is its *unity*, the ſecond its *integrity*, the third its *importance*, the fourth its *duration*.

The unity of the epick action, as well as the unity of the fable, does not conſiſt either in the unity of the hero, or in the unity of time; three things I ſuppoſe are neceſſary to it. The firſt is, to make uſe of no epiſode but what ariſes from the very platform and foundation of the action, and is as it were a natural member of the body. The ſecond is, exactly to unite theſe epiſodes and theſe members with one another. And the third is, never to finiſh any epiſode ſo as it may ſeem to be an entire action; but to let each epiſode ſtill appear in its own particular nature, as the member of a body, and as a part of itſelf not compleat.

[v] Ariſtotle not only ſays that the epick action ſhould be one, but adds, that it ſhould be entire, perfect and compleat, and for this purpoſe ought to have a *beginning*, a *middle*, and an

[v] Of the Beginning, Middle, and end of the Action.

end. Theſe three parts of a whole are too generally and univerſally denoted by the words, beginning, middle, and end; we may interpret them more preciſely, and ſay, That the cauſes and deſigns of an action are the beginning: that the effects of theſe cauſes, and the difficulties that are met with in the execution of theſe deſigns, are the middle; and that the unravelling and reſolution of theſe difficulties are the end.

[x] Homer's deſign in the Iliad is to relate the anger and revenge of Achilles. The beginning of this action is the change of Achilles from a calm to a paſſionate temper. The middle is the effects of his paſſion, and all the illuſtriou deaths it is the cauſe of. The end of this ſame action is the return of Achilles to his calmneſs of temper again. All was quiet in the Grecian camp, when Agamemnon their general provokes Apollo againſt them, whom he was willing to appeaſe afterwards at the coſt and prejudice of Achilles, who had no part in his fault. This then is an exact beginning: it ſuppoſes nothing before, and requires after it the effects of this anger. Achilles revenges himſelf, and that is an exact middle; it ſuppoſes before it the anger of Achilles, this revenge is the effect of it. Then this middle requires after it the effects

[x] The Action of the Iliad.

of this revenge, which is the ſatisfaction of Achilles: for the revenge had not been compleat, unleſs Achilles had been ſatisfied. By this means the Poet makes his hero, after he was glutted by the miſchief he had done to Agamemnon, by the death of Hector, and the honour he did his friend, by inſulting over his murderer; he makes him, I ſay, to be moved by the tears and misfortunes of King Priam. We ſee him as calm at the end of the poem, during the funeral of Hector, as he was at the beginning of the poem, whilſt the plague raged among the Grecians. This end is juſt, ſince the calmneſs of temper Achilles re-enjoyed, is only an effect of the revenge which ought to have preceded: and after this nobody expects any more of his anger. Thus has Homer been very exact in the beginning, middle and end of the action he made choice of for the ſubject of his Iliad.

[Y] His deſign in the Odyſſey was to deſcribe the return of Ulyſſes from the ſiege of Troy, and his arrival at Ithaca. He opens this poem with the complaints of Minerva againſt Neptune, who oppoſed the return of this hero, and againſt Calypſo who detained him in an iſland from Ithaca. Is this a beginning? No; doubtleſs, the reader would know why Neptune is

[Y] The Action of the Odyſſey.

diſpleaſed with Ulyſſes, and how this prince came to be with Calypſo? He would know how he came from Troy thither? The Poet anſwers his demands out of the mouth of Ulyſſes himſelf, who relates theſe things, and begins the action, by the recital of his travels from the city of Troy. It ſignifies little whether the beginning of the action be the beginning of the poem. The beginning of this action is that which happens to Ulyſſes, when upon his leaving Troy he bends his courſe for Ithaca. The middle comprehends all the misfortunes he endured, and all the diſorders of his own government. The end is the re-inſtating of the hero in the peaceable poſſeſſion of his kingdom, where he was acknowledged by his ſon, his wife, his father, and ſeveral others. The Poet was ſenſible he ſhould have ended ill, had he gone no farther than the death of theſe princes, who were the rivals and enemies of Ulyſſes, becauſe the reader might have looked for ſome revenge which the ſubjects of theſe princes might have taken, on him who had killed their ſovereigns: but this danger over, and the people vanquiſhed and quieted, there was nothing more to be expected. The poem and the action have all their parts, and no more.

But the order of the Odyſſey differs from that of the Iliad, in that the poem does not begin with the beginning of the action.

[z] The Cauſes of the Action are alſo what the Poet is obliged to give an account of. There are three ſorts of cauſes, the humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of men; and theſe different cauſes of an action are likewiſe often the cauſes of one another, every man taking up thoſe intereſts in which his humour ingages him, and forming thoſe deſigns to which his humour and intereſt incline him. Of all theſe the Poet ought to inform his readers, and render them conſpicuous in his principal perſonages.

Homer has ingeniouſly begun his Odyſſey with the tranſactions at Ithaca, during the abſence of Ulyſſes. If he had begun with the travels of his Hero, he would ſcarce have ſpoken of any one elſe, and a man might have read a great deal of the Poem, without conceiving the leaſt idea of Telemachus, Penelope, or her ſuitors, who had ſo great a ſhare in the action; but in the beginning he has pitched upon, beſides theſe perſonages whom he diſcovers, he repreſents Ulyſſes in his full length, and from the very firſt opening one ſees the intereſt which the Gods take in the action.

The ſkill and care of the ſame Poet may be ſeen likewiſe in inducing his perſonages in the firſt book of his Iliad, where he diſcovers the

[z] Of the cauſes and beginning of the action.

humours, the intereſts, and the deſigns of Agamemnon, Achilles, Hector, Ulyſſes, and ſeveral others, and even of the Deities. And in his ſecond he makes a review of the Grecian and Trojan armies, which is full evidence, that all we have here ſaid is very neceſſary.

[A] As theſe Cauſes are the Beginning of the Action, the oppoſite deſigns againſt that of the Hero are the Middle of it, and form that Difficulty or Intrigue, which makes up the greateſt part of the Poem; the Solution or Unravelling commences when the reader begins to ſee that difficulty removed, and the doubts cleared up. Homer has divided each of his Poems into two parts, and has put a particular intrigue, and the ſolution of it into each part.

The firſt part of the Iliad is the anger of Achilles, who is for revenging himſelf upon Agamemnon by the means of Hector and the Trojans. The Intrigue comprehends the three days fight which happened in the abſence of Achilles: and it conſiſts on one ſide in the reſiſtance of Agamemnon and the Grecians: and on the other in the revengeful and inexorable humour of Achilles, which would not ſuffer him to be reconciled. The loſs of the Grecians, and the deſpair of Agamemnon, prepare

[A] Of the middle or intrigue of the action.

for a ſolution by the ſatisfaction which the incenſed hero received from it. The death of Patroclus join'd to the offers of Agamemnon, which of itſelf had proved ineffectual, remove this difficulty, and make the unravelling of the firſt part.

This death is likewiſe the beginning of the ſecond part; ſince it puts Achilles upon the deſign of revenging himſelf on Hector. But the deſign of Hector is oppoſite to that of Achilles: this Trojan is valiant and reſolved to ſtand on his own defence. This valour and reſolution of Hector, are on his part the cauſe of the intrigue. All the endeavours Achilles uſed to meet with Hector and be the death of him; and the contrary endeavours of the Trojan to keep out of his reach, and defend himſelf, are the intrigue; which comprehends the battle of the laſt day. The unravelling begins at the death of Hector; and beſides that, it contains the inſulting of Achilles over his body, the honours he paid to Patroclus, and the intreaties of king Priam. The regrets of this king and the other Trojans, in the ſorrowful obſequies they paid to Hector's body, end the unravelling; they juſtify the ſatisfaction of Achilles, and demonſtrate his tranquillity.

The firſt part of the Odyſſey is the return of Ulyſſes into Ithaca. Neptune oppoſes it by raiſing tempeſts, and this makes the intrigue.

The unravelling is the arrival of Ulyſſes upon his own iſland, where Neptune could offer him no farther injury. The ſecond part is the reinſtating this hero in his own government. The princes that are his rivals, oppoſe him, and this is a freſh intrigue: the ſolution of it begins at their deaths, and is compleated as ſoon as the Ithacans were appeaſed.

Theſe two parts in the Odyſſey have not one common intrigue. The anger of Achilles forms both the intrigues in the Iliad; and it is ſo far the matter of this Epopea, that the very beginning and end of this Poem depend on the beginning and end of this anger. But let the deſire Achilles had to revenge himſelf, and the deſire Ulyſſes had to return to his own country be never ſo near allied, yet we cannot place them under one and the ſame notion: for that deſire of Ulyſſes is not a paſſion that begins and ends in the Poem with the action: it is a natural habit: nor does the Poet propoſe it for his ſubject as he does the anger of Achilles.

We have already obſerved what is meant by the Intrigue, and the Unravelling thereof; let us now ſay ſomething of the manner of forming both. Theſe two ſhould ariſe naturally out of the very eſſence and ſubject of the Poem, and are to be deduced from thence. Their conduct is ſo exact and natural, that it ſeems as if their action had preſented them with whatever they

inſerted, without putting themſelves to the trouble of a farther inquiry.

What is more uſual and natural to warriours, than anger, heat, paſſion, and impatience of bearing the leaſt affront or diſreſpect? This is what forms the intrigue of the Iliad; and every thing we read there is nothing elſe but the effect of this humour and theſe paſſions.

What more natural and uſual obſtacle to thoſe who take voyages, than the ſea, the winds, and the ſtorms? Homer makes this the intrigue of the firſt part of the Odyſſey: and for the ſecond, he makes uſe of almoſt the infallible effect of the long abſence of a maſter, whoſe return is quite deſpaired of, viz. the inſolence of his ſervants and neighbours, the danger of his ſon and wife, and the ſequeſtration of his eſtate. Beſides, an abſence of almoſt twenty years, and the inſupportable fatigues joined to the age of which Ulyſſes then was, might induce him to believe that he ſhould not be owned by thoſe who thought him dead, and whoſe intereſt it was to have him really ſo. Therefore if he had preſently declared who he was, and had called himſelf Ulyſſes, they would eaſily have deſtroyed him as an impoſtor, before he had an opportunity to make himſelf known.

There could be nothing more natural nor more neceſſary than this ingenious diſguiſe, to

which the advantages his enemies had taken of his abſence had reduced him, and to which his long misfortunes had inured him. This allowed him an opportunity, without hazarding any thing, of taking the beſt meaſures he could, againſt thoſe perſons who could not ſo much as miſtruſt any harm from him. This way was afforded him, by the very nature of his action, to execute his deſigns, and overcome the obſtacles it caſt before him. And it is this conteſt between the prudence and the diſſimulation of a ſingle man on one hand, and the ungovernable inſolence of ſo many rivals on the other, which conſtitutes the intrigue of the ſecond part of the Odyſſey.

[B] If the Plot or Intrigue muſt be natural, and ſuch as ſprings from the very ſubject, as has been already urged; then the Winding-up of the plot, by a more ſure claim, muſt have this qualification, and be a probable conſequence of all that went before. As this is what the readers regard more than the reſt, ſo ſhould the Poet be more exact in it. This is the end of the Poem, and the laſt impreſſion that is to be ſtamped upon them.

We ſhall find this in the Odyſſey. Ulyſſes by a tempeſt is caſt upon the iſland of the Phæ-

[B] Of the end or unravelling of the action.

acians, to whom he diſcovers himſelf, and deſires they would favour his return to his own country which was not very far diſtant. One cannot ſee any reaſon why the king of this iſland ſhould refuſe ſuch a reaſonable requeſt, to a hero whom he ſeemed to have in great eſteem. The Phæacians indeed had heard him tell the ſtory of his adventures; and in this fabulous recital conſiſted all the advantage that he could derive from his preſence; for the art of war which they admired in him, his undauntedneſs under dangers, his indefatigable patience, and other virtues, were ſuch as theſe iſlanders were not uſed to. All their talent lay in ſinging and dancing, and whatſoever was charming in a quiet life. And here we ſee how dextrouſly Homer prepares the incidents he makes uſe of. Theſe people could do no leſs, for the account with which Ulyſſes had ſo much entertained them, than afford him a ſhip and a ſafe convoy, which was of little expence or trouble to them.

When he arrived, his long abſence, and the travels which had diſfigured him, made him altogether unknown; and the danger he would have incurred, had he diſcovered himſelf too ſoon, forced him to a diſguiſe: laſtly, this diſguiſe gave him an opportunity of ſurpriſing thoſe young ſuitors, who for ſeveral years together had been accuſtomed to nothing but to ſleep well, and fare daintily.

It was from theſe examples that Ariſtotle drew this rule, that "Whatever concludes the "Poem ſhould ſo ſpring from the very conſti-"tution of the Fable, as if it were a neceſſary, "or at leaſt a probable conſequence [c]."

SECT. VI [d].

THE Time of the Epick Action is not fixed, like that of the Dramatick Poem: it is much longer; for an uninterrupted duration is much more neceſſary in an action which one ſees and is preſent at, than in one which we only read or hear repeated. Beſides Tragedy is fuller of paſſion, and conſequently of ſuch a violence as cannot admit of ſo long a duration.

The Iliad containing an action of Anger and Violence, the Poet allows it but a ſhort time, about forty Days. The deſign of the Odyſſey required another conduct; the character of the Hero is Prudence and Long-ſuffering; therefore the time of its duration is much longer, above eight Years.

[e] The Paſſions of Tragedy are different from thoſe of the Epick Poem. In the former,

[c] In his Poetics, cap. xi. EDITOR.
[d] The time of the action.
[e] The paſſions of the Epick Poem.

Terrour and Pity have the chief place; the Paſſion that ſeems moſt peculiar to Epick Poetry, is Admiration.

Beſides this Admiration, which in general diſtinguiſhes the Epick Poem from the Dramatick; each Epick Poem has likewiſe ſome peculiar Paſſion, which diſtinguiſhes it in particular from other Epick Poems, and conſtitutes a kind of ſingular and individual difference between theſe Poems of the ſame ſpecies. Theſe ſingular Paſſions correſpond to the Character of the Hero. Anger and Terrour reign throughout the Iliad, becauſe Achilles is angry, and the moſt terrible of all men. The Æneid has all the ſoft and tender Paſſions, becauſe that is the character of Æneas. The prudence, wiſdom and conſtancy of Ulyſſes do not allow him either of theſe extremes, therefore the Poet does not permit one of them to be predominant in the Odyſſey. He confines himſelf to Admiration only, which he carries to an higher pitch than in the Iliad: and it is upon this account that he introduces a great many more machines, in the Odyſſey, into the body of the action, than are to be ſeen in the actions of the other two Poems.

[F] The Manners of the Epick Poem ought to be poetically good, but it is not neceſſary they

[F] The Manners.

be always morally ſo. They are poetically good, when one may diſcover the virtue or vice, the good or ill inclinations, of every one who ſpeaks or acts: they are poetically bad, when perſons are made to ſpeak or act out of character, or inconſiſtently or unequally. The manners of Æneas and of Mezentius are equally good, conſidered poetically, becauſe they equally demonſtrate the piety of the one, and the impiety of the other.

[c] It is requiſite to make the ſame diſtinction between a hero in morality, and a hero in poetry, as between moral and poetical goodneſs. Achilles had as much right to the latter as Æneas. Ariſtotle ſays, that the Hero of a Poem ſhould be neither good nor bad; neither advanced above the reſt of mankind by his virtues, or ſunk beneath them by his vices: that he may be the proper and fuller example to others, both what to imitate and what to decline.

The other qualifications of the Manners are, that they be ſuitable to the cauſes which either raiſe or diſcover them in the perſons; that they have an exact Reſemblance to what Hiſtory, or Fable, have delivered of thoſe perſons, to whom they are aſcribed; and that there be an Equality

[c] Character of the Hero.

in them, ſo that no man is made to act, or ſpeak, out of his character.

[H] But this equality is not ſufficient for the Unity of the Character; it is further neceſſary, that the ſame ſpirit appear in all ſort of encounters. Thus Æneas acting with great Piety and Mildneſs in the firſt part of the Æneid, which requires no other character; and afterwards appearing illuſtrious in heroick valour, in the wars of the ſecond part; but there, without any appearance either of a hard or a ſoft diſpoſition; would, doubtleſs, be far from offending againſt the Equality of the Manners; but yet there would be no Simplicity or Unity in the Character. So that, beſides the qualities that claim their particular place upon different occaſions, there muſt be one appearing throughout, which commands over all the reſt; and without this, we may affirm, it is no character.

One may indeed make a Hero as valiant as Achilles, as pious as Æneas, and as prudent as Ulyſſes. But it is a meer chimæra to imagine a Hero that has the valour of Achilles, the piety of Æneas, and the prudence of Ulyſſes, at one and the ſame time. This viſion might happen to an author, who would ſuit the character of a Hero to whatever each part of the action might

[H] Unity of the Character.

naturally require, without regarding the eſſence of the Fable, or the unity of the character in the ſame perſon upon all ſorts of occaſions: this Hero would be the mildeſt, beſt-natured Prince in the world, and alſo the moſt cholerick, hard-hearted, and implacable creature imaginable; he would be extremely tender like Æneas, extremely violent like Achilles, and yet have the indifference of Ulyſſes, that is incapable of the two extremes. Would it not be in vain for the Poet to call this perſon by the ſame name throughout?

Let us reflect on the effects it would produce in ſeveral poems, whoſe authors were of opinion, that the chief character of a Hero is that of an accompliſhed man. They would be all alike; all valiant in battle, prudent in council, pious in the acts of religion, courteous, civil, magnificent; and, laſtly, endued with all the prodigious virtues, any Poet could invent. All this would be independent of the action and the ſubject of the Poem; and, upon ſeeing each Hero ſeparated from the reſt of the work, we ſhould not eaſily gueſs, to what Action, and to what Poem, the Hero belonged. So that we ſhould ſee, that none of thoſe would have a Character; ſince the Character is that, which makes a perſon diſcernible, and which diſtinguiſhes him from all others.

This commanding quality in Achilles, is his anger, in Ulyſſes the art of diſſimulation, in Æneas meekneſs. Each of theſe may be ſtiled, by way of eminence, the Character in theſe Heroes.

But theſe characters cannot be alone. It is abſolutely neceſſary that ſome other ſhould give them a luſtre, and embelliſh them as far as they are capable: either by hiding the defects that are in each, by ſome noble and ſhining qualities; as the Poet has done the anger of Achilles, by ſhading it with extraordinary valour: or by making them entirely of the nature of a true and ſolid virtue, as is to be obſerved in the two others. The diſſimulation of Ulyſſes is a part of his prudence; and the meekneſs of Æneas is wholly employed in ſubmitting his will to the Gods. For the making up this union, our Poets have joined together ſuch qualities as are by nature the moſt compatible; Valour with Anger, Meekneſs with Piety, and Prudence with Diſſimulation. This laſt union was neceſſary for the Goodneſs of Ulyſſes; for without that, his diſſimulation might have degenerated into wickedneſs and double-dealing.

SECT VII. [1]

WE come now to the Machines of the epick poem. The chief paſſion which it aims to excite being admiration, nothing is ſo conducive to that as the marvellous; and the importance and dignity of the action is by nothing ſo greatly elevated as by the care and interpoſition of heaven.

The machines are of three ſorts. Some are theological, and were invented to explain the nature of the Gods. Others are phyſical, and repreſent the things of nature. The laſt are moral, and are the images of virtues and vices.

Homer and the antients have given to their Deities the manners, paſſions, and vices of men. Their poems are wholly allegorical; and in this view it is eaſier to defend Homer, than to blame him. We cannot accuſe him for making mention of many Gods, for his beſtowing paſſions upon them, or even introducing them fighting againſt men. The Scripture uſes the like figures and expreſſions.

If it be allowable to ſpeak thus of the Gods in theology, much more in the fictions of natural philoſophy, where, if a poet deſcribes the Deities,

[1] Of the Machinery.

he muſt give them ſuch manners, ſpeeches, and actions, as are conformable to the nature of the things they repreſent under thoſe Divinities. The caſe is the ſame in the morals of the Deities: Minerva is wiſe becauſe ſhe repreſents prudence; Venus is both good or bad, becauſe the paſſion of love is capable of theſe contrary qualities.

Since among the Gods of a poem ſome are good, ſome bad, and ſome indifferently either; and ſince of our paſſions we make ſo many allegorical Deities; we may attribute to the Gods all that is done in the poem, whether good or evil. But theſe Deities do not act conſtantly in one and the ſame manner.

Sometimes they act inviſibly, and by meer Inſpiration; which has nothing in it extraordinary or miraculous: being no more than what we ſay every day, "That ſome God has aſſiſted us, or "ſome dæmon has inſtigated us."

At other times they appear viſibly, and manifeſt themſelves to men, in a manner altogether miraculous and præternatural.

The third way has ſomething of both the others; it is in truth a miracle, but is not commonly ſo accounted: this includes dreams, oracles, &c.

All theſe ways muſt be probable; for however neceſſary the marvellous is to the epick action, as nothing is ſo conducive to admiration; yet we can, on the other hand, admire

nothing, that we think impoſſible. Though the probability of theſe machines be of a very large extent, (ſince it is founded upon divine power) it is not without limitations. There are numerous inſtances of allowable and probable machines in the epick poem, where the Gods are no leſs actors than the men. But the leſs credible ſort, ſuch as metamorphoſes, &c. are far more rare.

This ſuggeſts a reflection on the method of rendering thoſe machines probable, which in their own nature are hardly ſo. Thoſe, which require only divine probability, ſhould be ſo diſengaged from the action, that one might ſubtract them from it, without deſtroying the action. But thoſe, which are eſſential and neceſſary, ſhould be grounded upon human probability, and not on the ſole power of God. Thus the epiſodes of Circe, the Syrens, Polyphemus, &c. are neceſſary to the action of the Odyſſey, and yet not humanly probable: yet Homer has artificially reduced them to human probability, by the ſimplicity and ignorance of the Phæacians, before whom he cauſes thoſe recitals to be made.

The next queſtion is, Where, and on what occaſions machines may be uſed? It is certain Homer and Virgil make uſe of them every where, and ſcarce ſuffer any action to be performed without them. Petronius makes this a precept: *Per ambages deorumque miniſteria, &c.*

The Gods are mentioned in the very propoſition of their works, the invocation is addreſt to them, and the whole narration is full of them. The Gods are the cauſes of the action, they form the intrigue, and bring about the ſolution. The precept of Ariſtotle and Horace, that the unravelling of the plot ſhould not proceed from a miracle, or the appearance of a God, has place only in dramatick poetry, not in the epick. For it is plain, that both in the ſolution of the Iliad and Odyſſey, the Gods are concerned: in the former, the Deities meet to appeaſe the anger of Achilles: Iris and Mercury are ſent to that purpoſe, and Minerva eminently aſſiſts Achilles in the deciſive combat with Hector. In the Odyſſey, the ſame Goddeſs fights cloſe by Ulyſſes againſt the Suitors, and concludes that peace betwixt him and the Ithacenſians, which compleats the poem.

We may therefore determine, that a machine is not an invention to extricate the Poet out of any difficulty which embarraſſes him: but that the preſence of a Divinity, and ſome action ſurpriſing and extraordinary, are inſerted into almoſt all the parts of his work, in order to render it more majeſtick and more admirable. But this mixture ought to be ſo made, that the machines might be retrenched, without taking any thing from the action: at the ſame time that it gives the readers a leſſon of piety and virtue; and

teaches them, that the moſt brave and the moſt wiſe can do nothing, and attain nothing great and glorious, without the aſſiſtance of heaven. Thus the machinery crowns the whole work, and renders it at once, marvellous, probable, and moral [K].

[K] If the reader ſhall receive any help from this long diſſertation, either with reſpect to the general conſtruction of the Iliad and Odyſſey, or the beauty and propriety of detached parts, he is much more fortunate than the Editor: who prefers a ſingle particle of taſte to all this maſs of ingenious and baſeleſs ſpeculation, which gratuitouſly determines, that every thing done by Homer is unexceptionably juſt; that his plan is incapable of amendment, and his execution, Rectitude itſelf. True Taſte and ſuch Theories differ in the Editor's eſtimation, as the ſhields of Diomede and Glaucus; Iliad vi. 292.

Χρυσειὰ χαλκείων, ἑκατόμβοι' ἐννεαβοίων.

GENERAL
OBSERVATIONS.

BY THE

EDITOR.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS,

RELATIVE TO

HOMER AND HIS TRANSLATOR.

Each wight, who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on ſyllables,
Ev'n ſuch ſmall critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in Milton's or in Shakſpeare's name.

WHAT miſcellaneous obſervations, of the leaſt probable importance, have preſented themſelves to notice in the courſe of my former ſtudies, reſpecting Homer and his writings, and what ſuggeſtions, relative to our countryman and his tranſlation, which have unavoidably ariſen during the diſcharge of my office, as an editor of the work before us; would be exhibited more agreeably, I preſumed, in this detached form, than as enormous notes to the preliminary diſſertation of our tranſlator, at the bottom of the page.

The *time*, at which HOMER lived, ſeems fixed within a determinate æra by that peculiarity of the *Æolic* dialect, which uniformly employed the

digamma [A] as a diſtinct character before certain words and betwixt certain ſyllables; and of which peculiarity no regular traces are diſcoverable but in him and *Heſiod:* an æra, more or leſs contemporary with that age, in which various parts of Italy were colonized by different emigrations of Æolian Greeks, who communicated this criterion of their dialect to the Roman language. *Foſter*, in his eſſay on Accent and Quantity [B], has illuſtrated this point from numerous examples of Latin terms, conſtructed by the application of this letter; to which I ſhall take this opportunity of adding a few more. οικος, *focus:* ϝαιω, *pavio:* ειλω, *volvo:* σεργοι, Heſychius, for σερϝοι, *cervi:* ϝαων, *pavo:* βοος, *bovis:* αιων, *ævum:* σκαιος, *ſcævus:* αιω, *audio:* ιαχω, *voco:* βολω, *volo:* αορνον, *Avernum*, Virgil, Æn. vi. 242. from Lucretius, vi. 740. νεος, *novus:* Heneti, *Veneti*, Liv. i. 1, 2. ſee more with reſpect to this form in Feſtus, voce *fedum*, and the commentators there: *annuvit*, *bovantes*, Enn. Ann. ii. & xiv. ἑσσαι, *veſtire*, Hom. Od. Ω, 249. σπαρω, *ſpargo:* διος, *divus:* δια, *diva:* εμεω, *vomo:* ιτϗλος, *vitulus:* ἔντερον, venter [c]. This correſpondence, therefore, in the language of thoſe Ætolians, who ſettled in Italy, and imparted their

[A] So called, becauſe repreſented by a character reſembling the modern F, not unlike a double Γ, if we ſuppoſe one placed on the ſhoulders of another.

[B] Pages 105 and 106. ſecond edition: ſee alſo the quotations from Priſcian, p. 97. and other parts of that entertaining and inſtructive work; with Dion. Hal. antt. Rom. i. fin.

[C] See too Sanctii Minerv. iv. 16, 13. for other inſtances: who has anticipated ſome of mine; as others, perhaps, beſides him have done, but without my conſciouſneſs of ſuch prevention.

peculiarity to the primary fabric of the aboriginal tongue in uſe with thoſe diſtricts, where they ſettled, indicates thoſe migrations to be nearly ſynchronous with Homer; in whoſe works this property is, I preſume, invariably preſerved. For thoſe paſſages of the Iliad and Odyſſey, that form exceptions to this practice, are probably corrupted, from time and the careleſſneſs of tranſcribers, or are interpolations by ſubſequent writers and grammarians; who made theſe inſertions to preſerve continuity and coherence in a poem, originally compoſed by Homer in detached portions, and ſung in this ſtate of ſeparation by Homer himſelf and the bards of ſucceeding times [D].

Again: As Hesiod only, of all the Grecian poets beſides Homer, maintains with undeviating accuracy this peculiarity of the *digamma* through all his extant works, we are led to conclude from this coincidence, what indeed very well agrees with the beſt teſtimonies of ancient writers, no great diſparity between the ages of Heſiod and of Homer. Now Heſiod in his Works and Days, ver. 172. ſpeaks of himſelf, it ſhould ſeem, as living in the age ſucceeding the Trojan war: and this circumſtance alſo will carry the date of theſe poets to a very high antiquity.

Laſtly, Some particularities in the works of Homer, both hiſtorical, moral, and philological, conſtitute a collection of *internal* evidence, that pleads loudly for a very early period of time to his exiſtence. I muſt forewarn the reader, to prevent a charge of un-

[D] See Achilles Tatius, ii. init. et p. 296. ed. Boden.

acknowledged plagiariſm, which I abhor, that ſome of my ſpecifications on theſe topics will not be altogether new, but will come accompanied, perhaps, by ſuch additional enforcement and illuſtration, as will render them not unworthy the acceptance of the public.

1. It has been remarked, that the river *Nile* is called the river *Ægyptus*, wherever it is mentioned in the Odyſſey; for there alone it is mentioned: and by no other name. Plutarch informs us, in his treatiſe on Rivers, that the firſt appellation of this river was *Melas*, correſponding to the *Sehor* of the prophet [E]. This aſſertion, however, may well be diſputed; and it ſeems more probable to me, as well from the uſage of more ancient authors, as from connecting circumſtances, that the earlieſt name of the Nile was the *ſecond* in Plutarch's liſt, namely *Ægyptus*; naturally ſo denominated from the country itſelf: that is, "the river of Ægypt:" for ſuch is the name in uſe with undoubtedly the earlieſt hiſtorians in exiſtence, who have mentioned this river; I mean *Moſes* and *Joſhua* [F]. Now the plain inference from this particular of hiſtoric evidence is, that Homer lived in an age, when no other name of the river in queſtion was current among nations; and, perhaps, when no other name was known: and from this conſideration we are alſo led to fix the æra

[E] Jerem. ii. 18. See my Silva Critica, ſect. ii.

[F] Gen. xv. 18. Joſ. xv. 47. which furniſhes a ſymptom of pleaſing conformity to the pretended antiquity of thoſe books.

of Homer at ſome years previous to that of Heſiod, who mentions the *Nile* expreſly among other rivers [G].

Strabo [H] has obſerved, in atteſtation of the high antiquity of Homer, that the poet was not acquainted with the empire either of the Syrians or Medes: "otherwiſe," ſays the philoſophical Geographer, with great appearance of reaſon, "when he mentions "Ægyptian Thebes, it's opulence, and the riches "of Phœnicia, he would not have left unnoticed "the wealth of Babylon, Nineveh, and Ecbatana." In another place [I] the ſame writer has remarked, "that Homer no where ſpeaks of *Tyre*."—Now the probable concluſions from theſe facts are inevitable, and amount to very powerful preſumptions in favour of the preſent argument.

"With the uſes of *elephant*, or ivory (I quote "the words of Pauſanias [K]) in artificial work-"manſhip, many, it is plain, were acquainted from "remote antiquity; but the beaſts themſelves had "been ſeen by none, if you except the Indians, and "Libyans, and the borderers on the countries, that "produced theſe animals, before the Macedonian "expedition into Aſia. Homer is a proof of this:

[G] In his Theogony, ver. 338.

Νειλον τ', Αλφειον τε, και Ηριδανον βαθυδινην:

The *Nile*, Alpheus, and the gulfy Po.

[H] Towards the end of book xv.

[I] Book xvi.

[K] In Atticis, ſect. xii.

" who ſpeaks of the couches and houſes of kings " and rich men, as adorned with *elephant*, but has " no memorial of the beaſt; which, if he had ever " ſeen it, or heard of it, he would have been much " more forward to commemorate, than the battle of " cranes and pigmies [L]."

The ſcholiaſt on Sophocles [M] ſpeaks of the introduction of the *Tuſcan trumpet* into Greece as contemporary with the war of the Heraclidæ: and, in addition to this piece of hiſtory, the ſcholiaſt on Euripides [N] informs us, that Homer was acquainted with the *trumpet* [O], but never aſcribes the uſe of it to his heroes in the Iliad. Whence this inference ſeems not unreaſonable, that the trumpet was not commonly employed as a warlike inſtrument in the days of Homer; unleſs we can ſuppoſe a perpetual caution againſt all anachroniſm and anticipation, in every inſtance perfectly ſcrupulous and exact; with a ſacrifice, at the ſame time, perfectly unaccountable, of every opportunity for ſimilitude, alluſion, and illuſtration from the cuſtoms and peculiarities in queſtion, which had been introduced within the interval of the Trojan war and his own days; whence, as poetry might receive frequent embelliſhment, it is perfectly inconceivable, that a man of taſte and fancy ſhould not employ.

[L] See Iliad Γ. 3—7. to which paſſage Pauſanias alludes.

[M] Ajax, ver. 17.

[N] At the Phoeniſſæ, ver. 1386. See alſo Aurelius Victor, cap. ix. 8. and the commentators there, for more authorities on this point.

[O] See Iliad Σ. 219.

Clemens Alexandrinus [p] tells us, that chaplets of flowers in feſtal entertainments were not known to the ancient Greeks; and accordingly are not attributed by Homer either to the luxurious ſuitors or effeminate Phæacians. Our learned author aſcribes the firſt introduction of flowery crowns to the public games of the Grecian ſtates. Now the firſt Olympiad is placed by the generality of chronologers [q] about the year 884 antecedent to the Chriſtian æra.

Pliny [r] remarks, that unguents, or *mixed perfumes* [s], were unknown in the times of the Trojan war. Accordingly, neither the term μυρον, by which thoſe unguents are denominated, nor even λιβανος, Eaſtern incenſe, is found in the poems of Homer: who could ſcarcely, therefore, be much acquainted with their uſe; and that uſe muſt of courſe have been partial at leaſt in his age.

It is almoſt certain from Homer's ſilence, when ſo many opportunities of mentioning an artifice, wonderful beyond all example, preſented themſelves,

[p] Pædag. ii. p. 212. ed. Oxon.

[q] I ſpeak thus guardedly with a view to the chronological ſyſtem of Sir Iſaac Newton, which appears to me, who am not competent to decide on this ſubject, unaſſailable on the ground of heathen teſtimony.

[r] Nat. hiſt. xiii. 1.

[s] See my Silva Critica, part v. p. 57, and the reader may find more on this topic in Athenæus, Deipn. i. 15. and on the ſubject in general in Huntingford's apology for his Monoſtrophics. From an ignorance of the diſtinct ſenſe of μυρα, or *mixed perfumes*, aroſe that erroneous criticiſm of our countryman on Iliad xiv. 198.

that *alphabetical writing*, which migrated from the Eaſt into the ſtates of Greece at a very early period, was not known to Homer and his contemporaries. The tablets, which Prœtus conſigned to the care of Bellerophon [T], could be only marked with certain emblematical or hieroglyphic characters, in currency at that period: and the ſcholiaſt properly reminds us [U], that, as each of the Grecian chiefs are ſaid to *mark* his lot, before he caſt it into the helmet, alphabetical writing was not practiſed by Homer's heroes.

In addition to theſe obſervations, which may contribute their aſſiſtance in fixing the preciſe time, at which Homer flouriſht, and which certainly exhibit cogent preſumptions in favour of the high antiquity of that æra; I ſhall put together a few thoughts of another kind, reſpecting Homer; in my judgement, not deſtitute of probability, and therefore worthy of communication in this place: firſt premiſing, that, though they may appear derogatory in ſome measure to the reputation of the Father of Poetry, as an unparallelled inventor, they will ſolve a puzzling problem in the theory of the human mind, and may contribute indeed to fix that reputation on the durable baſis of true and rational deductions.

We are generally inſtructed to believe, that Poetry iſſued from the hands of Homer, like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, perfect and mature at once, without the cuſtomary progreſs from liſping infancy

[T] Iliad Z. 168. [U] At Iliad H. 175.

to the full articulation of maturer years: a ſuppoſition, irreconcileable at once to reaſon, to hiſtory, and experience; a ſuppoſition, inconſiſtent with the invariable proceſs attendant on every intellectual operation of humanity, which is doomed to labour through all the intermediate gradations of improvement to the ſummit of compleat efficiency. The ſame bold theory, which no ingenuity can defend, is imputable to the invention of Alphabetic Characters, upon the prevalent hypotheſis; by which that moſt curious and matchleſs art is attributed to the progreſſive exertions of mental ſagacity and experiment [x]. Now, in addition to this philoſophical incongruity, which amounts to little leſs than a phyſical impoſſibility, and is, abſtractedly conſidered, all but an effect without a cauſe; a remarkable fact obtrudes itſelf on our notice, ſubverſive of this very prevalent, but

[x] See my eſſay on this ſubject in the memoirs of the Manchester philoſophical ſociety; or, with improvements, in my own Memoirs. In Godwin's Political Juſtice, vol. i. p. 47. this queſtion is ſtated with a fullneſs and fairneſs very honourable to the candour of that writer, conſidering the intractability of this ſubject to his purpoſe; and is anſwered with equal imbecillity. I will venture to aſſert, that no man living can give any thing like a political ſolution of this problem, conſiſtently with either hiſtory, experience, or philoſophy: and that Alphabetical Writing will ſtand an unaſſailable bulwark againſt all the batteries of Atheiſm, and a moſt powerful preſumption againſt even Deiſm itſelf, to the end of time. If I thought the public ſaw this ſubject in ſo ſtriking a light as that in which I cannot but conſider it, I would give a ſeparate edition of that eſſay, with very numerous and important corroborations of the poſition, on which it proceeds.

wild, imagination. The poetry of Heſiod, but eſpecially his epic ſpecimen, "The Shield of Hercules," which is not excelled, I think, in real ſublimity of thought, or ſplendour of verſification, by any portion of the Iliad, with which it can be properly compared; this poem, I ſay, ſo exactly reſembles the acknowledged works of Homer, not only in the character of it's numbers, and in every circumſtance of phraſeology, but the adoption too of ſimilar epithets, kindred expreſſions, and verſes of the ſame ſtructure; that either one muſt have borrowed from the other, or both muſt have drawn their ſupplies from the ſame common fountain. But, as no hiſtorical tradition, and no internal peculiarity, will authoriſe us to exculpate one of theſe poets from the charge of plagiariſm at the expence of the other; ſo ſuch a ſuppoſition will give us no aſſiſtance, at all adequate to the preſent exigency, in explaining that philoſophical difficulty juſt ſtated, with reſpect to Homer's inſtantaneous perfection, as it were, in the poetic art. We diſcover then no alternative, to which recourſe can be had for the ſolution of our problem, but that of ſome common original, ſome preexiſting models of poetical execution; by which both theſe favourites of the Muſes were diſciplined to that pitch of excellence, which has been acknowledged in their writings by the beſt literary judges of every ſucceeding age to the preſent day: an acknowledgment, not imputable, I am perſuaded, to an undiſtinguiſhing veneration for antiquity, or a ſenſeleſs acquieſcence in the dogmatical edicts of former critics. We know very well, that poetical effuſions of untutored genius

are not uncommon even in that ſtage of political imperfection, which ſchool-taught pride has too rudely ſtigmatiſed with the name of ſavage life; and that Poetry is at leaſt the invariable concomitant of encreaſing civilization and refining manners. Is it not morally certain then, that a numerous race of bards muſt have exerciſed their genius in ſo poliſhed a language, as that of Greece was undoubtedly become in the days of Homer, for ſeveral generations before the birth of their immortal ſucceſſor; of which indeed that language itſelf, thus methodized and attuned, is of itſelf a ſilent, but irrefragable, proof? The hiſtories of Orpheus, Amphion, and many others, are blended, doubtleſs, with a copious infuſion of traditionary fiction; and the merit of theſe poetical theologians is ſeen enlarged through the miſty medium of mythological obſcurity: but the tuneful predeceſſors of the Homeric age, amounting to no leſs than ſeventy in number, according to Fabricius [Y], muſt have made, with ſome abatements from this catalogue (though many certainly exiſted, unknown to written records now in being) ſuch improvements in their art, as muſt contribute greatly to the perfection of all their followers. But, as in a building, the foundation, which is the more important part, is concealed under ground, while the ſuperſtructure, ſupported by it, alone is ſeen, and engroſſes our admiration; ſo Homer has concentrated in himſelf that blaze of glory, which the irradiations of former ages muſt have eſſentially contributed to form: and, as

[Y] See the beginning of his Bibliotheca Græca.

honey, though collected from every variety of plants and flowers, abundantly diverſified in the quality of their ſweets, becomes one luſcious maſs, in which no individual flavour is now perceptible [z]; ſo the poetry of Homer compounds and abſorbs the ſeparate excellencies of all the muſical fraternity, that preceded him. Nor am I unperſuaded, that the ſtanding epithets of his Gods and Heroes, with other appropriate forms of ſpeech, were already provided to his hands, and become ſanctified by long preſcription to invariable uſe. Whether any other aſſiſtances might be derived by Homer, who probably makes but few excurſions in the main facts beyond the high road of authentic hiſtory, from the

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[z] Waller in his Chloris and Hylas:

Sweeteſt! you know the ſweeteſt of things
Of various flowers the bees do compoſe;
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, woodbine, pink, or roſe:
So Love the reſult is of all the graces,
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Of this elegant compariſon Quintilian was the ſource, inſt. i. 10. in a paſſage of ſuperlative excellence: Niſi fortè antidotum quidèm, atque alia, quæ morbis et vulneribus medentur, ex multis atque interim contrariis quoque inter ſe effectibus componi videmus, quorum ex diverſis fit illa mixtura una, quæ nulli eorum ſimilis eſt, quibus conſtat, ſed proprias vires ex omnibus ſumit: et muta animalia mellis illum inimitabilem humanæ rationi ſaporem, vario florum ac ſucorum genere perficiunt: nos mirabimur, ſi oratio, quâ nihil præſtantius homini dedit providentia, pluribus artibus eget; quæ etiàm, cùm ſe non oſtendunt in dicendo nec proferunt, vim tamèn occultam ſuggerunt, et tacitè quoque ſentiuntur:—alluding to Virgil, Geo. iii. 397.

Et ſalis occultum referunt in lacte ſaporem.

remains of older bards, in the general plan and ſtructure of his wonderful performances, the eye of Criticiſm cannot poſſibly deſcry, from her low elevation on the wreck of literature, through the palpable darkneſs and wide waſte of ſuch remote antiquity.

From theſe previous obſervations on the poetry and age of Homer, my attention muſt be now directed to our illuſtrious countryman, the ſublime and elegant tranſlator of this prime hero in the grand aſſemblage of ancient genius. Of the qualifications requiſite for ſuch an arduous undertaking, both from it's nature and extent, it cannot be diſputed, that Pope was endowed with ſympathetic Genius, with a delicate perception of poetic beauty, a trembling ſenſibility, prepared to vibrate at every impulſe of ſentimental paſſion, an ear finely tuned, by the hand of Nature and the key of art, to the voice of melody; with a comprehenſive dominion over all the poetical verſatilities of language, and all the harmonious capacities of Engliſh verſe: that theſe qualifications, I ſay, were concentrated in Pope, the texture of his original compoſitions, richly beauteous and delicately graceful, abundantly demonſtrates. But another endowment, eminently advantageous to a faithful execution of ſuch a project, the competency of his learning, I mean, may be the ſubject of reaſonable controverſy; and, as my opinion of him in this reſpect exceeds, I believe, to his prejudice, that ever entertained of him to this hour, not only by neutral readers, but even by thoſe, who have ſhewn themſelves moſt inclined to diſparage his attainments in the learned languages;

I ſhall engage in a circumſtantial diſcuſſion of this point, and lay at once my collection of evidences before the public, without fear and without reſerve: conſcious as I am, that my ſupreme admiration of the poetical powers of this extraordinary man, which has bordered on enthuſiaſm from my very infancy, will amply ſecure, with the diſpaſſionate and candid, my exertions on this argument, without an appeal to general character, from every ſuſpicion of petulant ſingularity, pedantic affectation, or barbarous malignity. In theſe reſpects I can adopt, I truſt, the words of Horace with indiſputable appropriation:

— — Hic nigræ ſucus loliginis, hæc eſt
Ærugo mera: quod vitium procùl afore chartis,
Atque animo priùs, ut ſi quid promittere de me
Poſſum aliud verè, promitto.

With what accuracy and to what extent Pope may have purſued his juvenile application to the languages of Greece and Rome, I would not preſume to ſpecify: but we know, that a ready and familiar intercourſe with theſe difficult and copious tongues is not to be maintained, but by vigorous exertion and unrelaxing induſtry. I ſhall firſt ſtate, however, in few words my deliberate opinion on this point, and ſhall ſubjoin my reaſons for it: I ſhall afterwards corroborate my poſition by an inveſtigation of all the material evidence on record, either in the declarations of Pope himſelf, or in the teſtimonies of his acquaintance.

It is my perſuaſion then, that our poet, far from apprehending with ſuitable promptitude the original

language of the author, whom he undertook to exhibit in an Engliſh dreſs, was not ſo familiarly acquainted even with the Latin tongue, as to form an inſtantaneous conception of a paſſage by reading Homer in the Latin interpretation of him, that accompanies the ſchool editions: by which expreſſions I underſtand ſuch a ready conception of a ſentence, as would enable a reader to give an adequate tranſlation of it with a fidelity, that ſuperſeded a repeated and laborious peruſal; a peruſal, altogether incompatible, it is evident, with a timely execution of ſo long a work. In proof of this aſſertion, I can deciſively pronounce, after an experimental examination of his whole performance, that he appears uniformly to have collected the general purport of every paſſage from ſome of his predeceſſors, Dryden, Dacier, Chapman, or Ogilby: a proceſs, not to be ſuppoſed, for a moment, invariably purſued by any man, capable of forming a diſtinct and, generally ſpeaking, a true delineation of his author from the verbal metaphraſe of a Latin verſion. The truth of this declaration will admit of no controverſy after a practical examination ſhall be inſtituted by a ſpecific compariſon of our poet's verſion with thoſe of the tranſlators here mentioned: a truth, ſufficiently corroborated by our ability to refer all his miſrepreſentations, which are frequent, and in many caſes ſingular and groſs, with all his alterations and additions, which are innumerable, to one or other of his predeceſſors; except in very few inſtances, which analogy will ſet to the account of my incompetency, from reading not ſufficiently extenſive and imperfect

information, to trace all his authorities and aſſiſtances, rather than aſcribe this failure to a fundamental error in my ſuppoſition. But the notes, I preſume, which I have interſperſed through the courſe of the poems, will aſcertain this determination beyond all poſſibility of contradiction.

An additional preſumption, of great cogency, in ſupport of Pope's ignorance in the Greek and Roman languages, may reaſonably be reſted on the ſtrange and ſcandalous blunders in the typography of the Greek and Latin quotations throughout the notes on the Iliad and Odyſſey, for which the ſuperiour correctneſs of the Engliſh part will not allow any other aſſignable cauſe whatever. I thought it proper, as an incontrovertible and indelible teſtimony to this effect, as the queſtion may excite further diſcuſſion and enquiry, that moſt of theſe quotations ſhould be left with all the improprieties of that edition, which paſt under his own inſpection; and particularly with the original ſingularities of punctuation, which could never have been ſo exhibited (though his ſyſtem in this reſpect, it muſt be owned, with regard to his own language is unaccountably extraordinary) by one but moderately familiar with the phraſeology of his extracts. To furniſh ſome examples out of many, the reader is referred to the notes on Iliad iii. 280. Odyſſey xii. 485. and to v. 28. for a moſt ignominious and puerile miſtake of the language of his author. But nothing can more loudly proclaim his ignorance of the Greek, or, if he were acquainted with it, his inexcuſable negligence in omitting to conſult it, than the moſt vicious pronunciation of

proper names, throughout the poem: ſo miſtaking and confounding even the long and ſhort vowels with each other, as to prove, when he is right, that he is right by accident: ſee Iliad ii. 756. v. 705. Odyſſey iii. 575. xii. 483. This ſpecies of blunder, however, has been frequently adverted to in my notes, as occaſion offered. But a ſingular proof, how much he tranſlated on the authority of others without recourſe to his original, is furniſhed in the note on Iliad iii. 475. for which my thanks are due to one, qualified by the correcteſt taſte and the moſt exquiſite learning, beyond all competition, for the illuſtration of theſe ſubjects.

Beſides, ſuch of Pope's notes, as contain any quotations from the learned languages, or any references to ancient authors, are in moſt inſtances uniformly aſcribed to their proper owners, Euſtathius, Dacier, and Spondanus: ſome, however, deduced from the ſame ſources, are not acknowledged, either from forgetfulneſs, or (as there is but too much reaſon to ſurmiſe) a diſingenuous affectation of erudition, very inconſiſtent with thoſe profeſſions of good faith and impartial diſtribution, ſo explicitly exhibited in the preliminary obſervations to his verſion. For this reaſon, the few learned remarks, for which my circumſcribed excurſions have not been able to find an owner, may be concluded, I apprehend, upon the faireſt probability, of a congenial extraction with the reſt.

Broome and Fenton, his coadjutors in the Odyſſey, enjoyed the advantages of a regular and academical education. Accordingly, their obligations to Dacier,

Chapman, and Ogilby, either for ſenſe or rhyme, will be found far leſs frequent, than thoſe of Pope.

It may be rejoined, however, and with much plauſibility, and even truth, as a general remark, that in traverſing a country, which has been paſſed by a former traveller of reputation, we are inſenſibly faſcinated by the charm of ſuch an aſſociation, into the path of our predeceſſor, when a more direct road was obvious; and even when the propenſity of our guide to deviation and irregularity was too well known. We have indeed a very remarkable and appoſite inſtance of this poſition in our poet's blind adherence to Dryden in his tranſlation of the firſt Iliad. Though Pope was ſo well aware of his maſter's immoralities in literature, (greatly palliated, no doubt, by the untowardneſs of his ſituation) we ſee our poet, nevertheleſs, falling into the moſt flagrant abſurdities and wild miſrepreſentations of that rambling verſion, when Dacier was open before him, and ſo well qualified to furniſh the true purport of his author.

Of the ſame faſcination from the predominant influence of a great example, we have a no leſs ſingular proof in the caſe even of Broome himſelf, who has left a deciſive ſpecimen of his claſſical abilities in an elegant Latin ode preſerved in his works; and who, therefore, is a witneſs in this cauſe beyond all exception. He has given us a tranſlation of part of the tenth Iliad in the ſtyle of Milton; one or two quotations from which will ſuffice to ſhew the reader, how he followed the ſteps of Pope, from undiſtinguiſhing reverence, or ſupine careleſſneſs, when Pope had given a very inaccurate exhibition of his original.

Ver. 15. of that book is thus rendered by Pope:

He *rends* his hairs *in ſacrifice* to Jove;

and thus copied in his interpretation by Broome:

— — — — — now from his royal head
Rends the fair curl *in ſacrifice* to Jove.

See my note on the paſſage. Verſe 85. runs thus in Homer:

Speak, nor approach in ſilence: tell thy will.

Pope renders:

Stand off, approach not, but thy purpoſe tell:

by the ſpirit of which Broome ſeems to have been led a ſtep further from his author:

Speak inſtant; ſilent to advance is *death*.

But I forbear: for, though other inſtances might readily be adduced, for want of dates in the life of Broome, I cannot certainly determine, whether his tranſlation of this, and part of the eleventh book, might not be prior in time to Pope's. I ſhould ſuppoſe otherwiſe, from various conſiderations: if not, a compariſon of the two verſions, with a view to point out the obligations of Pope, would have been a curious and entertaining part of my undertaking.

Now, after this accumulation of internal evidence, which appears to me upon the whole incapable of evaſion, and demonſtrably declarative of the juſtice of my perſuaſion on this ſubject; let us turn our attention in the next place to what our poet has incidentally teſtified of himſelf, and to the judgement and information of his contemporaries.

The moſt expreſs teſtimony of Pope himſelf to this effect, within my recollection, occurs in his imitation of the ſecond epiſtle in the ſecond book of Horace, verſe 52 [z].

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.

As this paſſage, however, aſcertains an *attempt* only, without any intimation of proficiency, we might leave it as we find it without any detriment to the poſition, which I maintain, and without reſerve of allowance for the prompt accommodation of an imitator to his model; if Warburton's note on the verſe did not put in a claim with conſiderable emphaſis on behalf of the claſſical erudition of our poet. "At eight," we are told, "Pope was put under one *Taverner*, a "prieſt, who taught him the rudiments of the Latin "and Greek tongues together. From him, in a "little time, he was ſent to a private ſchool at "Twiford, near Wincheſter. Here he continued "about a year; and was then removed to another "near Hyde-Park corner. Under theſe two laſt "maſters, he loſt the little he had got under the "prieſt. At twelve, he went with his father into "the Foreſt; where he was, for a few months, under "another prieſt, and with as little ſucceſs as before."

So far, it is plain, his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages muſt be ſlender indeed. At *eight* years of age he had been, for a ſhort time only, initiated in the rudiments; and his learning, for the

[z] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.

next *four* years, is repreſented as ſtationary at beſt, if not retrograde. But our commentator, whoſe energy and deciſion were conſpicuous in all his undertakings, thus proceeds: "He at length thought fit "to become his own maſter. So that, while he "was intent upon the ſubject, with a ſtrong appetite "for knowledge, and an equal paſſion for poetry, "he inſenſibly got Latin and Greek. And, what "was extraordinary, his impatience of reſtraint, in "the uſual forms, did not hinder his ſubjecting him-"ſelf, now he was his own maſter, to all the drudgery "and fatigue of perpetually recurring to his Grammar "and Lexicon."

Now who does not deſcry, upon the very ſurface of this narrative, if not an appearance of contradiction between an *inſenſible* and *laborious* acquiſition of knowledge at the ſame time and in the ſame perſon, at leaſt a romantic exaggeration, with a view to aggrandiſe the ſubject of his encomium, and to ſuperſede the circumſtantial ſpecification of direct proof, by ſuperinducing the veil of indiſtinct and general panegyric? In oppoſition to theſe pompous, but gratuitous, pretenſions, I might content myſelf with confronting only thoſe allegations, founded on exiſting and unqueſtionable documents, before adduced; but I ſhall rather prefer a reply in the words of Pope himſelf, which virtually contain a poſitive confutation of this rambling ſtatement, warped from the line of truth by the potent and combined attractions of reverence for the Genius and affection for the man.

" The [A] greater part of thoſe deviations from " the Greek, which you have obſerved, I was led " into by Chapman and Hobbes: who are (it ſeems) " as much celebrated for their knowledge of the " original as they are decryed for the badneſs of " their tranſlations. For my part, I generally took " the author's meaning to be as you have explained " it: yet their authority, joined to the knowledge " of my own imperfectneſs in the language, over- " ruled me."

We may deſcry in this paſſage, under the cover of ingenuous acknowledgement, a lurking affectation, which impairs conſiderably the merit of ſo frank a confeſſion of inſufficiency, by an ungracious reſerve in behalf of his independant acceptation of his author: this, however, whether ſincere or not, will by no means vouch the large pretenſions of Warburton in his behalf. The remainder of the letter, to which I refer, will appear to every ſagacious reader a genteel but artful attempt to undervalue critical attainments, by a ſuperiour commendation of poetic powers; yet not unattended by a wiſh at the ſame time to convey an opinion of no ſlender acquirements in that very department of literature, which he is endeavouring to depreciate; in conſequence rather, he would wiſh us to conclude, of an experimental conviction of it's inſufficiency and unimportance, than from any defect of information in himſelf.

[A] Pope's letter to Mr. Bridges, ſubjoined to his life by Dr. Johnſon.

But now breaks in upon the glimmering twilight of our enquiries the flaming teſtimony of Dr. Blair [B]! a teſtimony, as Longinus remarks of the eloquence of Demoſthenes, calculated to confound, and ſhiver into atoms by a ſingle blaſt, all our meagre and inſipid probabilities, in an inſtant.

" I remember alſo diſtinctly, (though I have not " for this the authority of my journal) that the con- " verſation going on concerning Mr. Pope, I took " notice of a report which had been ſometimes pro- " pagated, that he did not underſtand Greek. Lord " Bathurſt ſaid to me, that he knew that to be falſe; " for that part of the Iliad was tranſlated by Mr. " Pope in his houſe in the country; and that in the " morning when they aſſembled at breakfaſt, Mr. " Pope uſed frequently to repeat, with great rapture, " the Greek lines which he had been tranſlating, " and then to give them his verſion of them, and " to compare them together."

Now I may ſafely challenge any unprejudiced perſon, at all acquainted with the circumſtances of this queſtion, not to confeſs immediately his perſuaſion of ſome eſſential exaggeration in the ſtatement before us; reſulting either from the memory or miſconception of the relator, or from ſome involuntary deception on the part of Lord Bathurſt. His Lordſhip, in the former caſe, it is poſſible, from a failure in his eye-ſight, might miſtake ſome old Engliſh

[B] See Boſwell's life of Johnſon, vol. iii. p. 199 of the 8vo. edition.

print for Greek characters; or ſee no books at all, and Pope truly tranſlate at his houſe, but from Chapman, Dacier, and Ogilby: and, in the latter circumſtance of comparing the verſion with it's original, even Pope himſelf, under the operation of vanity and ſelf-importance, might make this oſtentatious exhibition of his pretended erudition before a company, whoſe ſlender acquirements he knew would qualify them to become the dupes of ſuch a ſolemn impoſition. However this be, it is moſt certain, and demonſtrable from experiment, that no portion of Pope's tranſlation for ten lines together can endure a contraſt with his author without manifeſt proof of the poſſibility of melioration by cloſer adherence to him, with no ſacrifice, at the ſame time, of elegance and ſpirit: ſuch a melioration too, as a proficient in the Greek language muſt be ſuppoſed deſirous to accompliſh, as well from inclination as from duty, and againſt which not an argument, I apprehend, accompanied by a mere ſhadowy ſemblance of probability, can be alledged by the verſatile ingenuity of the moſt ſagacious and devoted advocate. The remaining particular of Dr. Blair's report, which relates to the *ſonorous ſpoutings* of Mr. Pope, reminds me of a child, who was taught, like the parrot from his cage, by an abſurd preceptreſs, to mouth an ode of Anacreon in aſtoniſhment of the gaping ladies, before he could articulate even his mother-tongue; and may be amuſingly contraſted with the facetious dialogue between the Surgeon and Parſon Adams, from the pen of Fielding;

" The company were all attentive, expecting to " hear the doctor, who was what they call a dry fel- " low, expose the gentleman.

" He began therefore with an air of triumph: I " suppose, Sir! you have travelled. No, really, Sir! " said the gentleman. Ho! then you have practised " in the hospitals, perhaps.—No, Sir! Hum! not " that neither? Whence, Sir! then, if I may be so " bold to enquire, have you got your knowledge in " surgery? From books. Books! cries the doctor. " What? I suppose you have read Galen and Hip- " pocrates! No, Sir! said the gentleman. How! " you understand surgery, answers the doctor, and " not read Galen and Hippocrates!—I very seldom " go without them both in my pocket. They are " pretty large books! said the gentleman. Aye, " said the doctor, I believe I know how large they " are better than you. (At which he fell a winking, " and the whole company burst into a laugh).—

" I suppose, brother, you understand Latin? A " little, says the gentleman. Aye, and Greek now, " I'll warrant you:

" Ton dapomibominos polusloisboio Thalasses.

" But I have almost forgot these things: I could have " repeated Homer by heart once.—Ifags! the gentle- " man has caught a *Traytor*, says Mrs. Tow-wouse: " at which they all fell a laughing."

After this unpalatable and hazardous enquiry into the classical attainments of our poet, it will not be unseasonable to say a few words respecting the notes,

which accompany the Iliad and Odyſſey of his own edition.

In general, the ſelection, which has been made from Euſtathius, Dacier, Spondanus, and other commentators, is not injudicious, nor ill calculated to illuſtrate and vindicate his author. Some of a critical and philological complexion are impertinent and empty in the extreme: pompous inanities! ſuch as might be preſuppoſed to appear in a caſual collection by one, who raſhly ventured to over-ſtep the province preſcribed to his operations by Nature and by Study. Moſt of theſe I have paſſed by uncenſured, as derogatory to the dignity of criticiſm; when the unlearned reader would not have profited from critical correction, and the learned could not require it. Such notes as appear altogether original, which are few in number, come recommended to our acceptance by thoſe unequivocal marks of taſte and fancy, of urbanity and acuteneſs, which could not but diſtinguiſh the ſpontaneous animadverſions of ſo fine a genius upon the illuſtrious founder of his profeſſion, and the great exemplar of the poetic art. In this light, the notes of Pope are very valuable and curious.

With reſpect to the notes on the Odyſſey, I vehemently ſuſpect, I muſt acknowledge, ſome undiſcovered impoſition upon the public. Theſe are generally aſcribed to Broome, and are indeed aſſerted as his own by Broome himſelf in the concluding note to this poem. And yet, if I miſtake not, a reader of ſagacity will deſcry in many of them a delicacy of thought and a gaiety of expreſſion, indubitably cha-

racteriſtic of Pope himſelf: and it is ſcarcely conceivable, that ſuch a teeming imagination ſhould tranſlate twelve books of the Odyſſey, and correct the remainder, without overflowing in ſome remarks on ſuch an extraordinary and intereſting performance. In corroboration of my ſuſpicion, I wiſh the reader to conſult in particular the notes on verſes 24 and 192 of the xvth book.

I feel myſelf engaged with an ungracious topic, but ſeek a ſhelter from the malice of inſinuation under a conſcious rectitude of purpoſe, and a determination to diſcharge, to the beſt of my abilities, the duty of an editor to the public. I muſt inſiſt, therefore, that it will be in vain to combat the reaſonableneſs of my conjecture, by oppoſing the improbability of an uſeleſs falſhood on this occaſion, whilſt we are acquainted with ſuch repeated proofs of inſincerity and abſurd deception, with regard to the diſtinct portions of tranſlation, ſeverally executed by our triumvirate. Broome, in the laſt note of the Odyſſey, deliberately ſtates his performance to have been the 6th, 11th, and 18th books, and that of Fenton, the 4th and 20th; but, in the poſtſcript to this poem, Pope himſelf, as if determined, from the compunction of repentance for this deluſion of the public on the part of his coadjutor, to make an ample and ingenuous confeſſion of the truth, aggravates their offence by an odious repetition of impoſture, under the ſpecious pretence of a final and moſt ſcrupulous adjuſtment of their reſpective claims. "What aſſiſtance I received," ſays he, "was made known in general to the publick "in the original propoſals for this work, and the

" particulars are ſpecify'd at the concluſion of it:
" to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome
" part of the 10th and 15th books."

Now the diſingenuous chicanery of this ſolemn adjudication is univerſally acknowledged from abundant evidence; and may be collected, moreover, from my preliminary note to the firſt book of the Odyſſey.

If we turn our attention from this unpleaſing reprehenſion to the tranſlation itſelf, and conſider the great extent and multifarious difficulties of ſuch an undertaking; we muſt pronounce it an unrivalled effort, in it's kind, of ingenuity and taſte. In the deſcriptive parts of the poem, ſuch as the catalogue of the ſhips and the liſt of warriours, the tranſlation of our countryman is at leaſt equal to it's original: and in the ſublimer exhibitions of Homer's genius, particularly the deſcriptions of his battles, our Engliſh bard ſeems inſtinct with all the genuine fire, with all the divine enthuſiaſm, of his ſublime exemplar, and kindles in his progreſs with the unborrowed raptures of native rage. His failings (for even the Iliad of Pope is ſtamped with this ſignature of Humanity) may be ranked, I think, under the following heads: 1. A defect in ſuitable fidelity to his author: 2. A want of ſimplicity: 3. Unneceſſary and incongruous additions: 4. Careleſs, or injudicious, omiſſions: and 5. laſtly, Unpardonable rhymes, whether of diſſimilar ſound, or vicious pronunciation. I ſhall preſume to offer a few remarks upon each of theſe particulars.

1. Want of Fidelity.

This defect muſt not be aſcribed to negligence, indolence, or precipitation, cauſes highly culpable, but to his ignorance of the dead languages; or at leaſt to that ſlender acquaintance with them, which could not aſcertain the ſenſe of a paragraph with a facility and expedition compatible with ſo long a taſk. Hence Pope was neceſſitated, at a period too late for laborious ſtudies, to conſult his eaſe by reſorting to ſuch guides as were acceſſible to his enquiries: an irreparable diſadvantage this, and a laſting occaſion of regret to thoſe, who would have been gratified by a more exact repreſentation of the Father of ancient poetry in ſuch a garb: that is, to every admirer of the Engliſh muſe. It would be poſſible, beyond all controverſy, to model Pope's verſion to an exact conformity with it's prototype: but ſuch an accommodation, with whatever taſte and elegance it might be accompliſhed, and with whatever preſervation of every real ornament of the preſent verſion, would never pleaſe; partly from a prepoſſeſſion, not to be eradicated, in favour of ſo great an artiſt, which would not allow it's proper merit to an execution of this nature; and partly from an unconquerable propenſity in the mind to revolt with irreconcileable antipathy to ſuch a motley compoſition of diſcordant workmanſhip. The notation, however, of ſuch infidelities has it's uſe, both in furniſhing the true ſenſe of Homer to thoſe unacquainted with his language, and in quickening the diligence and exciting the ambition of future adventurers, by ſhewing the inefficiency of even the fineſt genius, unſeconded by every auxiliary of art and learning.

2. Want of Simplicity.

In the preſent inſtance, the conſequences of this defect, namely, diſſimilarity and incongruity of character, are more lamentable from their importance, than thoſe originating in any other ſource. Homer is not more valuable to the votary of poeſy for his numbers and his fancy, than to the hiſtorian, the moraliſt, and the philoſopher, for his facts and manners. He is, in the firſt place, with an exception of Heſiod only, by far the moſt ancient ſpecimen of heathen literature now extant in the world. His poems compriſe an extenſive delineation of the geographical, aſtronomical, phyſical, and medical attainments of his contemporaries; they exhibit the religious ſentiments and devotional practices of numerous nations, the moſt renowned of antiquity; the various policies of the moſt civilized countries in Europe and in Aſia; the whole œconomy of ſocial inſtitutions and domeſtic manners; and, in ſhort, whatever can contribute to aſcertain the peculiarities of condition, and the extent of civilization, as it reſpects intellectual improvement, political ſtability, and manual dexterities, in thoſe remote ages of the world. An accurate repreſentation, therefore, in their own tongue, of ſuch a poem, which may be ſtiled with propriety *the mirrour of ancient times*, would certainly be an invaluable acquiſition to that numerous claſs of literary enquirers, whoſe education and opportunities have not been favourable to a full acquirement of the Greek language. Now, in many inſtances, our illuſtrious countryman, partly, it ſhould ſeem, from a certain ſicklineſs of taſte, and partly from a deſire of compliance with the

falſe delicacy of faſtidious readers, has omitted, or diſguiſed, characteriſtic circumſtances of his author, which he ſuppoſed would not appear, without danger of diſguſt, in modern poetry. Thus the native lineaments of Homer are ſometimes buried, and ſometimes diſtorted, by the indiſcriminate colouring of modern art: the wine is well bodied, rich, and flavourous; but has loſt by adulterate infuſion ſomething of that congenial racineſs, which indicates and diſtinguiſhes the parent ſoil. This defect of true taſte, or rather this accommodated deviation from it, is the more remarkable, as our tranſlator, with a ſingular inconſiſtency, enlarges in ſeveral places of his notes on the eſſential importance of his author, as characteriſtical of the ſimple cuſtoms and inartificial manners of thoſe early ages of the world. It is not improbable, I think, that Roſcommon, whom Pope juſtly reverenced, might have ſome ſhare in fixing the ſentiments of the public and of our tranſlator, by thoſe excellent verſes in his Eſſay on tranſlated verſe, immediately connected with our preſent ſubject.

For who, without a qualm, has ever look'd
On holy garbage [D], though by Homer cook'd?
Whoſe railing heroes, and whoſe wounded Gods,
Make ſome ſuſpect he ſnores, as well as nods [E].

[D] Alluding to Iliad i. 459—467. ver. 600—612. of Pope's tranſlation.

[E] In alluſion to Horace, art. poët. 359.

— — — — — — — — — idemque
Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.

But, in my judgement, (to comment on the caſe here ſpecified, though not particularly applicable to this occaſion from a failure of Pope on that paſſage) a minute detail of ſuch a curious operation, as that of an ancient feaſt on ſacrifice, will readily compenſate a hazard of diſguſt from the employment of terms, intrinſically unoffending, and merely rendered obnoxious by ſuperinduced ſentiments and uſages, wholly unauthoriſed by the ſimple ſuggeſtions of Truth and Nature [F]. Theſe artificial diſaffections have been productive of much inconvenience both in the concerns of literature, by annihilating a conſiderable portion of ſerviceable language to the ſqueamiſh writer, and in the habitudes of common life. All ſuch acquired niceties are indeed in ſome reſpect juſtly regarded as the criterion of depraved opinion and immoral practice; as the incentives of vice and luſt, unknown among nations in the primæval ſimplicity of innocence, and doomed to final obliteration from that conſummation of human virtue, which Reaſon proclaims to be attainable from the perfectibility of our Nature, and to which we are ſtrenuouſly exhorted by the reiterated precepts of Chriſtian purity: for, as the ſatiriſt juſtly teaches,

> Nunquàm aliud Natura, aliud Sapientia, dixit:
> Religion's voice, and Nature's, is the ſame.

On this ſubject our epic poet, (to whoſe merits as a poet, a patriot, and a man, it is not eaſy for Panegyric to be juſt) has expreſſed himſelf with a

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[F] Quià nec ſit vox ulla naturâ turpis. Quint. inſt. orat. viii. 3.

manly indignation, becoming the rigorous ſanctity of his character:

> Then was not guilty Shame, diſhoneſt Shame,
> Of Nature's works, honor diſhonorable.
> Sin-bred! how have ye troubled all mankind
> With ſhews inſtead, mere ſhews of ſeeming pure;
> And baniſh'd from man's life his happieſt life,
> Simplicity and ſpotleſs Innocence! [G]

3. Unneceſſary and incongruous additions.

It will happen not unfrequently from the character of Engliſh verſification and the inevitable circumſtances of a paſſage, that a couplet, or a verſe, muſt of neceſſity be fabricated from a portion of the author not verbally commenſurate to the quantity of verſion requiſite to complete the period: in which caſe the amplification, or addition, now become indiſpenſable, ſhould harmonize with the peculiar ſcope of the context, and the general character of the writer. Let me explain my meaning by one, or two examples upon this point.

At Iliad ii. 731. it was found convenient to conſtruct more than one Engliſh verſe from the following portions of *two* in Homer:

> Ασκληπιω δυο παιδε,
> Ιητηρ' αγαθω:
> Two good phyſicians, Æſculapius' ſons.

This ſenſe, it is plain, without injurious defalcation, could ſcarcely be included, by any poſſibility

[G] Apud Salluſtium dicta ſanctè et antiquè, ridentur à nobis: —quam culpam non ſcribentium quidèm judico, ſed legentium; —quatenùs verba honeſta moribus perdidimus. Quintil. ibid.

of contrivance, in a ſingle verſe: there was no alternative, therefore, even under that conceſſion, but a triplet, of which Pope was not fond, and which, frequently employed, would be unacceptable to the generality of modern readers; or otherwiſe of an entire couplet. The latter expedient ſeemed preferable to the tranſlator: and accordingly, by a dextrous amplification and a periphraſis incomparably elegant, in complete uniſon with the ſpirit and ſentiment of his author, he has executed the paſſage with a felicity of excellence, that fills up the largeſt expectation of the moſt admiring votary of Pope:

To them his ſkill their Parent-God imparts,
Divine profeſſors of the healing arts.

The reader will be pleaſed, perhaps, with another ſpecimen alſo of venial expanſion, in which no extraneous and unſuitable thought is introduced, but a perfect correſpondence in every reſpect with the tenour of his original is happily preſerved: a ſpecimen, that riſes to the higheſt point of ingenuity, taſte, and beauty; delightful, beyond the delineations of language, to the genuine feelings of poetic rapture.

Και τοτε δη μιν επεσσιν αμειβομενω προσεειπον·
Ω Κιρκη, τις γαρ ταυτην οδον ηγεμονευσει;
Εις Αϊδω δ' ου πω τις αφικετο νηϊ μελαινη:

of which, for the information of the Engliſh reader, and to diſplay with more juſtice and perſpicuity the conſummate elegance and ſkill of Pope, I ſhall ſubjoin a literal tranſlation:

Her with theſe anſwering words I then addreſt:
But on that way, O! Circe, who ſhall guide?
None yet reacht Pluto's dome in ſable ſhip.

Hear now the voice of poetic inſpiration, in a bliſsful ſtrain of immortality!

> How ſhall I tread, I cry'd, oh! Circe, ſay,
> The dark deſcent? and who ſhall guide the way?
> Can living eyes behold the realms below?
> What bark to waft me, and what wind to blow?

Of ſome thoughts, engrafted on the original, it is not ſo eaſy to decide, whether they merit praiſe or reprehenſion: at the ſame time that they are unneceſſary, they are not incongruous; elegant, but adventitious; ſuch as may be denominated not unaptly, ingenious ſuperfluities: upon theſe, I ſay, it were hazardous to pronounce a poſitive ſentence of condemnation. In Iliad x. 9. the couplet

> By fits one flaſh ſucceeds, and one expires;
> And heaven flames thick with momentary fires:

is an addition of the tranſlator, with a view to facilitate and clear the connection between the compariſon and the ſubject; to which purpoſe it is indeed well adapted. Again, in Iliad xxi. 73. where I find leſs difficulty in determining, of the following verſe,

> Earth, whoſe ſtrong graſp has held down Hercules:

the ſentiment is general in Homer, and the ſpecification of Hercules is too bold, and an appendage of the tranſlator, who found this ſingular innovation ready to his hands in Chapman. So in that fine paſſage of Dryden's Virgil, Æn. xii. 1351. leſs liable to exception, as conformable to truth in a very appoſite inſtance and on a very critical occaſion:

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> Yet think, oh! think, if mercy may be ſhewn,
> (Thou hadſt a father once, *and haſt a ſon*)

that pathetic clauſe in Italics is not found in Virgil. It may be deemed, I am aware, a pedantic auſterity of criticiſm and a meagre deficiency of taſte to paſs a cold ſentence of diſapprobation on ſuch happy efforts of inventive enthuſiaſm: but the firſt and indiſpenſible requiſite of tranſlation is a punctual exhibition of the author, without exaggeration, diminution, and diſtortion: ſo that deviations of this kind, upon a diſintereſted view of the ſubject, are barely ſufferable after all on the ſcore of extraordinary merit, and in caſe of failure muſt incur unavoidably an unqualified condemnation.

With reſpect to incongruous interpolations, of ſuch a character, as diſfigure, miſrepreſent, and pervert the model, no indulgence can be given *them*. Some ſuch occur even in Pope's tranſlation of the Iliad and Odyſſey; but, as they are pointed out in the notes, a diſtinct exemplification here may be thought ſuperfluous.

4. Careleſs, or injudicious, omiſſions.

Various defects of this claſs were inevitable in our poet's verſion from a cauſe largely inſiſted on before; namely, his ignorance of the Greek and Latin languages; or, if that ſhould not be conceded, what would be equivalent in it's operation on the preſent topic, but much more cenſurable, his inattention to his author, and the contemplation of him through the medium of previous tranſlations only: ſuch defects, I ſay, were inevitable, unleſs we could ſuppoſe an undeviating fidelity throughout on the part of his

predeceſſors. My notes are ſo generally occupied in animadverting upon improprieties of this deſcription, as to render a particular inveſtigation unneceſſary now.

5. Unpardonable rhymes, of diſſimilar ſound, or affected pronunciation.

Rhymes of the former imperfection occur in every page, and are abundantly noted by me in my progreſs through the poem: my meaning in the latter ſhall be unfolded by one example, from Iliad, xiii. 161.

Nor deem this day, this battle, all you *loſe*;
A day more black, a fate more vile, *enſues*:

and one from Odyſſey, xii. 397.

There o'er my hands the living wave I *pour*;
And Heaven and Heaven's immortal thrones adore.

The latter, moſt vicious, and, to my taſte, inſufferably barbarous, pronunciation, though very prevalent in our times alſo, is the leſs allowable, as it confounds the word in queſtion with another of very different ſignification; and a language is eſſentially injured by a voluntary acceſſion of inconveniencies, ariſing from this confuſion, too frequent already in moſt, and abundantly in our own. To him, who ſhall be inclined to cenſure this judgement as unreaſonably ſevere, or affectedly delicate, I ſhall reply in the words of Horace, as rendered by Roſcommon in a pure tenuity of unlaboured diction, well adapted to didactic poetry [H]:

[H] Art. poët. ver. 366—379.

O major juvenum, quamvis et voce paternâ
Fingeris ad rectum, et per te ſapis; hoc tibi dictum

Remember this as an important truth;
Some things admit of mediocrity:
A counſellor, or pleader at the bar,
May want Meſſala's powerful eloquence,
Or be leſs read than deep Caſcellius;
Yet this indifferent lawyer is eſteem'd:
But no authority of gods or men
Allows of any mean in poeſy.
As an ill concert, or a coarſe perfume,
Diſgrace the delicacy of a feaſt,
And might with more diſcretion have been ſpar'd;
So poeſy, whoſe end is to delight,
Admits of no degrees; but muſt be ſtill
Sublimely good, or deſpicably ill.

Beſides, one principal ſource of the gratification, that ſprings from poetry, is undoubtedly derived from a diſplay of ſkill in the artiſt, and a conception of difficulty, on the part of the reader, ſurmounted by dexterity of execution: but what an abatement muſt be occaſioned of courſe to this pleaſure, when words are either adopted for the mere convenience of the rhyme, as they caſually preſent themſelves, independent of their fitneſs; or are admitted to a

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Tolle memor: certis medium et tolerabile rebus
Rectè concedi: conſultus juris et actor
Cauſarum mediocris abeſt virtute diſerti
Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Caſcellius Aulus;
Sed tamen in pretio eſt: mediocribus eſſe poëtis
Non homines, non dî, non conceſſere columnæ.
Ut gratas inter menſas ſymphonia diſcors,
Et craſſum unguentum, et Sardo cum melle papaver,
Offendunt, poterat duci quià cœna ſine iſtis;
Sic animis natum inventumque poëma juvandis,
Si paullùm ſummo deceſſit, vergit ad imum.

rhyming ſtation, without a ſcrupulous regard to proximity of ſound: and we are thus feelingly advertiſed at every ſtep of the lazineſs and inattention of the tranſlator?

In many inſtances, that the reader may not be precipitate in his cenſures, I have omitted the mention of exceptionable rhymes, when the ſame or ſimilar had been noticed before, from a deſire of all poſſible brevity in ſuch minute and unintereſting criticiſm, mingled with a conſideration for his time and a reſpect for his ſagacity. Words of the ſame form, but different in pronunciation, ſuch as *love*, *move*, *Jove*; *live*, *thrive*, &c. with a great variety of other terminations, muſt be conceded to the poet without demur, in my judgement; or we ſhall impoſe a taſk upon him tranſcending all the verſatility of human wit, and ſhall unavoidably produce a too frequent recurrence of the only rhyming words, that would be left for occupation. There are ſome others alſo, ſtill more unlike, as *even*, *given*, *Heaven*, &c. of ſuch perpetual neceſſity and convenience, ſo commodious in particular to the ends of verſes, and accommodated by ſuch a ſcarcity of parallels; ſo prevalent moreover in our moſt accepted writers; as to claim an unreſerved indulgence from the rigorous ſentence of proſcription.

Thus, under the impreſſion of a reverential diffidence, bordering on religious awe, but ſuſtained by a conviction of diſintereſted purpoſe, and protected, I truſt, by my enthuſiaſtic admiration of the mighty genius and exquiſite accompliſhments of our tranſla-

tor, have I preſumed, but with a trembling hand of conſcious imbecility, to delineate a few dark ſpots, ſcarcely viſible but to the teleſcopic eye of ſearching Criticiſm, on this luminary of tranſcendent brightneſs; from whoſe fountain the urns of all future adventurers in Engliſh verſe will be repleniſhed. I commend, however, my well-intentioned efforts to the candid acceptance of the reader, and proceed to the concluſion of my remarks.

We ſhould ſuppoſe of courſe, that any tranſlator, and much more an original genius, naturally impatient of ſuch reſtraint, would gradually ſink under the fatigues of ſo long a work. This was undoubtedly the caſe of Pope even by his own confeſſion, in his Farewell to London:

> Why ſhould I ſtay? Both parties rage:
> My vixen miſtreſs ſqualls:
> The wits in envious feuds engage,
> *And Homer (damn him!) calls.*

Accordingly, if I miſtake not, an attentive reader will diſcover more frequent inſtances of careleſſneſs, and a languor creeping upon him with accelerated progreſs, towards the concluſion of the longer books even in the Iliad: but theſe ſymptoms become more numerous and ſtrong throughout the Odyſſey; diſcoverable by frequent and conſiderable abridgements of his author, and by inferiour correctneſs. Indeed, there is reaſon to ſuppoſe, that the ſecond undertaking partook much leſs of a ſpontaneous effort than the former; and was prompted, in a great meaſure perhaps, by the cold incentive of pecuniary profit;

and in part from a deſire of exhibiting a complete performance to the public.

In my opinion, if Time and Inclination had conſpired to that allotment, Dryden's genius and mode of verſification were better ſuited to a verſion of Homer than of Virgil: as Pope was eminently calculated in every point of view for a noble exhibition of the Roman majeſty in an Engliſh dreſs. It muſt be owned, however, that poetry has ſuſtained no great loſs by the diſcontinuance of Dryden's attempt on Homer with the concluſion of the firſt Iliad. The extreme careleſſneſs of that extraordinary genius, and his extravagant licentiouſneſs in every ſpecies of deviation, have rendered that ſpecimen of his powers rather a diſparagement to the reputation of ſo glorious a poet, than a motive of regret to his readers: though Pope, indeed, from a ſincere veneration for the vaſt endowments of his maſter, bordering in this inſtance, I think, on puerile extravagance and affected candour, has declared his diſinclination to have attempted Homer after Dryden, had he proſecuted his undertaking. On the ſuppoſition of a proportionate diligence in Dryden, the freedom and ſimplicity of his diction, his exuberant and flowing verſe, diſtinguiſhed by an unaffected facility, that accommodated the moſt familiar paſſages, and a ſtatelineſs that would have kept pace with the majeſty of the moſt ſublime, ſeconded by an unexampled verſatility of phraſe and exuberance of compoſition, characteriſe him as the congenial tranſlator of the Grecian bard: as Pope, from a moſt delicate ſenſibility of taſte, a judgement unimpeachably accurate

and refined, a texture of verſification mellifluous, ſonorous, and majeſtic; with every embelliſhment of poetical phraſeology, at once magnificent and chaſte: ſeemed preeminently qualified to produce a tranſcript of Virgil, which the fondeſt admirer of antiquity would not have preſumed to diſparage in competition with the great original. Yet, in the preſent ſtate of things, we could not conſent to exchange our Engliſh Iliad for an Æneid, even of the ſame artificer: and much leſs for ſuch a Homer as he would have left us, could Dryden's Virgil be ſpared to our country; a work, which contributed ſo much to the improvement of Pope, as an excellent model, as a treaſury of poetic beauties, and as an incentive of emulation: a work, which made him indeed in a great meaſure what he was. The ſtream of Pope's poetry, clear, and full, and ſtrong, may be juſtly compared to the grandeur and exuberance of the Nile: but it's fountains, like thoſe of the river of Ægypt, are not unknown.

The characters of the poetical tranſlators of Homer's poems, who preceded Pope, may be ſtated in few words: and have been in ſome meaſure fairly and fully drawn by the hand of Pope himſelf.

Chapman was not deſtitute of genius. His expreſſion is copious, diverſified, and vigorous; his execution, ſpirited, and occaſionally riſing into ſublimity. The effect, however, of his tranſlation is much weakened by paraphraſtical prolixity and unauthoriſed interpolations to a degree of frivolous puerility and wild licentiouſneſs. His phraſes and epithets are

ſometimes eminently happy: of which, and of his rhymes, our poet will be ſhewn to have availed himſelf on many occaſions with little ceremony and no ſcrupulous acknowledgement of obligation. Such redundancy of ſentiment and bold luxuriance of language afforded many opportunities of ſelecting flowers to ſo careful a ſcrutinizer in the wilds of Poetry, as the bee of Twickenham.

Hobbes is ſtiff, jejune, and crabbed; devoid of ornament, and deſtitute of taſte: he cramps, huddles, mutilates, and burleſques his author: he is coarſe, and vulgar, and flat beyond the inſipidity of verbal proſe.

Homer, in the hands of the rigid philoſopher of Malmſbury, undergoes the harſh diſcipline of the dwarfs compreſſed in boxes by the ancients [1]. The unmerciful ſtrictures of the operator not only prevent an appearance of the body in it's native form and juſt proportions, but cruſh it to deformity. A tranſlator like this, in all reſpects illaudable, could have but ſlender charms for the hilarity and elegance of a teeming fancy and an improved taſte: and accordingly the obligations of Pope to Hobbes are few and trivial.

The chief merit of Ogilby conſiſts in a commendable and uniform fidelity to the ſenſe of his author. As a poet, his pretenſions to praiſe of any kind can ſcarcely be ſupported: he has neither animation of thought, accuracy of taſte, ſenſibility of feeling, nor ornament of diction. Yet our tranſlator

[1] See Longinus de ſub. ſect. ult.

will be found to have conſulted his verſion with unremitting ſteadineſs, and to have profited by his rhymes in more inſtances than would be previouſly ſuppoſed. The ſimilar ſtructure of his verſification may be reaſonably deemed a principal cauſe of ſuch particular attention from Pope, who reflects upon this tranſlator, by condeſcending to borrow from him, an honour, which his own ſolitary efforts would never have procured; and has thus ſecured, perhaps, the future exiſtence of a verſion, juſt ſinking into the gulph of perpetual oblivion.

> Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
> Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
> The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
> But wonder how the devil they got there.

As I have occaſionally quoted, for the entertainment of the reader and to relieve the dryneſs of verbal criticiſm, ſeveral tranſlators, ſubſequent to Pope; it may be expected, that I ſhould paſs a ſhort judgement upon them alſo.

In the year 1740 H. Travers publiſht by ſubſcription a miſcellaneous collection of poetry: among which are tranſlations of the three firſt Iliads, and from the ſixth the ſtory of Bellerophon. The whole of this collection evinces a man of genuine poetic talents; and the tranſlations juſt mentioned are executed with conſiderable ability. But he treads cloſely in the ſteps of Pope: and, though he frequently improves on his predeceſſor, the general effect of his verſion is cold and feeble in compariſon, and ſufficiently ſhews at every ſtep the extent of his obligations to the model, which lay before him. He

too, though a man of learning, has ſupinely adopted ſome of his maſter's miſrepreſentations of their author.

The merits of Mr. Cowper it is much more difficult to eſtimate, with a benevolent regard at the ſame time to the ſacred feelings of an amiable writer, under a reverence inſpired by a man of fine genius, and with juſtice to the public by a religiouſly ſcrupulous adherence to ſincerity. I ſpeak with unwilling emphaſis, but unaffected heſitation, when I aſſert, If my own ears are not abſolutely unattuned to the mellifluous cadence of poetic numbers, the ſtructure of Mr. Cowper's verſe is harſh, broken, and inharmonious, to a degree inconceivable in a writer of ſo much original and intrinſic excellence. His fidelity to his author is, however, entitled to unreſerved praiſe, and proclaims the accuracy and intelligence of a critical proficient in his language. The true ſenſe of Homer and the character of his phraſeology may be ſeen in Mr. Cowper's verſion to more advantage beyond all compariſon, than in any other tranſlation whatſoever within the compaſs of my knowledge. His epithets are frequently combined after the Greek manner, which our language moſt happily admits, with ſingular dexterity and complete ſucceſs: his diction is grand, copious, energetic, and diverſified; full fraught with every embelliſhment of poetic phraſeology: his turns of expreſſion are on many occaſions hit off with moſt ingenious felicity; and there are ſpecimens of native ſimplicity alſo in his performance, that place him at leaſt on a level with his author, and vindicate his title in this reſpect to a ſuperiority over all his predeceſſors in

this moſt arduous and painful enterpriſe. Boſwell, in his life of Johnſon, has ſpoken of Mr. Cowper's tranſlation with an unfeeling petulance, with an inſolent dogmatiſm, perfectly congenial to that raſh and audacious cenſor [K].

In concluſion, I muſt ſolicit the indulgence of the reader, whilſt I detain his attention by a few words concerning myſelf more immediately, and, in particular, on my conduct as the editor of theſe noble poems. I have ſome explanations to give, many apologies to make, and much candour to implore, or ever I can expect a favourable acceptance of my labours.

It did not appear to fall within my province, as the publiſher of an Engliſh verſion, to digreſs into criticiſms, verbal or ſentimental, on Homer himſelf; into diſquiſitions on points of hiſtory and geography, and the oeconomical diſtribution of his poem: animadverſions of this kind, therefore, will be ſparingly diſcovered, and only on occaſions, when they were immediately demanded from their connection with the tranſlation of our poet. What I conceived to have become my principal duty, under this engagement, was, 1. To point out the material deviations of the tranſlator from the ſenſe of his original: 2. To open

[K] This ſentence would have been accompanied by ſome additional chaſtiſement; but the object of it is beyond the reach of human reformation:

From zeal or malice now no more to dread;
And Engliſh vengeance wars not with the dead.

the ſources of theſe deviations, and at the ſame time exhibit the verſions of thoſe predeceſſors, by which he had eſſentially modelled his own: and 3. laſtly, To paſs a free cenſure, to the beſt of my judgement, on the defects of his verſification, that I might prevent as far as poſſible the pernicious effects of weighty authority from ſo diſtinguiſhed an example; and might thus contribute, as far as the mediocrity of my talents and taſte would enable me, to the melioration of Engliſh poetry.

1. A deficiency of claſſical knowledge could not fail of detection during the progreſs of ſo long a work as the tranſlation of Homer's Iliad, though he is the moſt ſimple and perſpicuous of writers: and Pope's aberrations from the ſenſe of his author are much too oblique and frequent to be explained on any other conceivable hypotheſis, without a groſs impeachment of his character as a literary profligate: otherwiſe, it were a moſt fraudulent impoſture on the public, and an immoral violation of this reaſonable confidence, that a man, who profited ſo abundantly by his undertaking [L] ſhould ſpare no labour within the compaſs of his abilities in a conſcientious diſcharge

[L] But thanks to Homer ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,

are his own words of himſelf and his tranſlation; uttered, alas! with little truth and leſs modeſty. The liſt of his ſubſcribers is emblazoned with royalty and nobility; and the man, who condeſcends to ſolicit the public for ſubſcriptions, let his genius and accompliſhments be as eminent as they pleaſe, is *indebted* to the benefaction of every contributor.

of his engagement. Had he been adequately verſed, therefore, in the language of his author, ſuch a neglect, as experiment will prove upon him, would demonſtrate an indifference to his duty, or a lazy precipitation in the completion of his taſk, for which no apology can be offered. And it ſeemed of ſome moment, as a literary curioſity at leaſt, that ſome examiner, not incompetent to ſuch an office, ſhould ſubmit to the invidious drudgery of pointing out to the Engliſh reader in what reſpects this ſublime and elegant production diſagreed with it's great original.

2. It ſeemed alſo, not unlikely to be productive of ſome amuſement to the lovers of poetry, and a help to the formation of a true eſtimate of our poet's merit in this work, to trace his ſteps through the paths of his predeceſſors, as far as they were diſcoverable now. Perhaps, however, the deduction from his praiſe of invention on this ſcore may be more than counterbalanced by the reſult of compariſon in favour of his taſte: by contemplating the rich tiſſue of poetical embelliſhment, in which he has ſo gorgeouſly enrobed the rags and nakedneſs of his predeceſſors. They at leaſt, as I before inſinuated, are indebted to him for innumerable ſpecimens of their ſtraw preſerved in the pellucid amber of his genius; for abundant converſions of their diſregarded and forgotten rubbiſh by his magic touch into the pureſt gold.

3. It may appear on the firſt aſpect, with every ſemblance of propriety, a moſt hardy and unwarrantable preſumption, an unequivocal token of an overweening confidence in my own attainments, for an

uninſpired reſident in the very loweſt regions of Parnaſſus, who "glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes;" to have ventured not only an indication of the failings of Pope, but a frequent attempt to compenſate or correct them. I muſt entreat the reader, however, to conſider me in my true character; not as an abſurd pretender to rivalry in my ſubſtitutions, but merely as an officious adventurer in his ſervice, by endeavouring his gratification through a more pleaſant medium than a dry recital of remarks in unadorned proſe; and this too with the ſacrifice of all ſelfiſhneſs in ſo unreſerved an expoſure of myſelf to an imputation of audacity and the free laſh of ridicule. But my chief intention by this conduct was, to give ſome intimation of the manner, in which Pope might have delineated the phraſe and ſentiment of his author with inculpable preciſion; with no extinction of fire, and no impediment to the flowing facility of his numbers. I regard myſelf as little more than the lifeleſs guide-poſt, ſtationed merely to point the road; not as the vigorous traveller, who can purſue it. It is within the reach of very moderate diſcernment and very ſlender talents to deſcry miſtakes; but true genius only can correct them. It is a fact indubitably certain, that an accurate knowledge of the Greek tongue would have enabled Pope to give us a tranſlation of Homer perfectly preciſe and faithful, without hazard of evaporation to a ſingle atom from the vital ſpirit of poetic phrenzy.

I have much reaſon alſo to apprehend ſatiety and diſguſt on the part of my reader from a current ſimilarity of remark; which, however, ſeemed in-

ſeparable from the requiſition of my undertaking: and with ſtill ſtronger apprehenſion may I ſuppoſe the probability of wearineſs from a ſameneſs of expreſſion in the delivery of theſe remarks. But I choſe to encounter this danger, in preference, on the one hand, to the ſelf-torment of perpetual excurſion in purſuit of new expreſſion; and, on the other, to the cenſure of moſt ridiculous and pedantic affectation, by a diſproportionate inveſtment of meager criticiſms in the gorgeous habiliments of technical and ſonorous phraſe [M]. Who could exclaim, without a moſt ridiculous ſelf-ſufficiency, for the Πω στω of Archimedes to move a brick, or elevate a feather?

Parturiunt montes, naſcetur ridiculus mus.
The mountains labour, and a mouſe is born.

Laſtly; to remove from myſelf no improbable accuſation of cenſorial malignity, imputable either to conſtitutional ſourneſs, to an envious diſparagement of unattainable accompliſhments, or an inſolent affectation of delicate ſenſibility and ſuperior diſcernment; I muſt advertiſe the reader, that to notice imperfections was more conſonant to my duty, than to expatiate on excellence. The numberleſs elegances of Pope's tranſlation would in this caſe have reduced me to the neceſſity of perpetual exclamation only, with no great deference to the taſte and ſagacity of the

[M] Quod alibi magnificum, tumidum alibi: et, quæ humilia circa res magnas, apta circa minores videntur: et, ſicùt in oratione nitidâ, notabile eſt humilius verbum, et velùt macula; ità à ſermone tenui ſublime nitidumque diſcordat, fitque corruptum, quià in plano tumet. Quintil. inſtit. orat. viii. 3.

reader: Pulchrè, benè, rectè! muſt have been the wearisome and monotonous burthen of every paragraph. The gay profuſion of poetic flowers through this paradiſe of the Muſes beams with a bloom of beauty, and breathes with a gale of fragrance, which muſt excite vibrations of pleaſure on the dull ſenſorium even of the moſt inanimate obſerver; and will charm the more delicate ſenſations of ſympathetic ſouls with inexpreſſible and eternal rapture!

— — — — — As when to them, who ſail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are paſt
Mozambic, off at ſea north-eaſt winds blow
Sabean odours from the ſpicy ſhore
Of Araby the bleſt: with ſuch delay
Well pleas'd, they ſlack their courſe, and many a league
Cheer'd with the grateful ſmell old Ocean ſmiles.

GILBERT WAKEFIELD.

Hackney, Sept. 21, 1795.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE FIRST BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

Minerva's Deſcent to Ithaca.

THE Poem opens within forty-eight days of the arrival of Ulyſſes in his dominions. He had now remained ſeven years in the iſland of Calypſo, when the Gods aſſembled in council propoſed the method of his departure from thence, and his return to his native country. For this purpoſe it is concluded to ſend Mercury to Calypſo, and Pallas immediately deſcends to Ithaca. She holds a conference with Telemachus, in the ſhape of Mentes King of the Taphians; in which ſhe adviſes him to take a journey in queſt of his Father Ulyſſes, to Pylos and Sparta, where Neſtor and Menelaus yet reigned; then, after having viſibly diſplayed her divinity, diſappears. The ſuitors of Penelope make great entertainments, and riot in her palace till night. Phemius ſings to them the return of the Grecians, till Penelope puts a ſtop to the ſong. Some words ariſe between the ſuitors and Telemachus, who ſummons the council to meet the day following. P.

NOTES PRELIMINARY.

WE ſhall proceed in the ſame method through the courſe of theſe Annotations upon the Odyſſey, as thoſe in the Iliad; conſidering Homer chiefly as a Poet, endeavouring to make his beauties *underſtood*, and not to praiſe without a reaſon given. It is equally an extreme, on the one hand to think Homer has no human defects; and on the other to dwell ſo much upon thoſe defects, as to depreciate his beauties. The greater part of Criticks form a general character, from the obſervation of particular errors, taken in their own oblique or imperfect views; which is as unjuſt, as to make a judgment of the beauty of a man's body from the ſhadow it happens to caſt, in ſuch or ſuch a poſition. To convince the Reader of this intended impartiality, we readily allow the Odyſſey to be inferior to the Iliad in many reſpects. It has not that ſublimity of ſpirit, or that enthuſiaſm of poetry; but then it muſt be allowed, if it be leſs noble, it is more inſtructive: the other abounds with more Heroiſm, this with more Morality. The Iliad gives us a draught of Gods and Heroes, of diſcord, of contentions, and ſcenes of ſlaughter; the Odyſſey ſets before us a ſcene more amiable, the landſcapes of nature; the pleaſures of private life, the duties of every ſtation, the hoſpitality of antient times; a leſs buſy, but more agreeable portrait. The Iliad concludes with the ruin, the Odyſſey with the happineſs of a nation. Horace was of the ſame opinion, as is evident from the epiſtle to Lollius.

" Seditione, dolis, ſcelere, atque libidine, & ira,
" Iliacos intra muros peccatur & extra.
" Rurſus, quid virtus & quid ſapientia poſſit,
" Utile propoſuit nobis exemplar Ulyſſem."

P.

In a copy of the *firſt* edition of the *Odyſſey*, I find the following MS. memorandum:

" Mr. Brome tranſlated of Pope's Odyſſey the following books,
" viz. ii, vi. viii. xi. xii. xvi. xviii. xxiii.
" Mr. Fenton theſe, viz. i. iv. xix. xx.
" This account I had from Mr. Brome.
" WILL. NOBLE.
" This paper I had from Mr. Noble.
" WILL. THOMPSON."

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE Man, for Wiſdom's various arts renown'd,
Long exercis'd in woes, oh Muſe! reſound.

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *The Man, for Wiſdom*, &c.] Homer opens this Poem with the utmoſt ſimplicity and modeſty; he continually grows upon the reader,

" Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
" Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat."

Cicero lays this down as a rule for the Orator, *Principia verecunda, non elatis intenſa verbis*; and Horace for the Poet, *Nec ſic incipies, &c.* He propoſes the beginning of the Odyſſey as a pattern for all future poems, and has tranſlated them in his *Art of Poetry*.

" Dic mihi, Muſa, virum, captæ poſt tempora Trojæ,
" Qui mores hominum multorum vidit, & urbes."

May I be forgiven the arrogance, if I ſhould offer a criticiſm upon this tranſlation? The *ſufferings* of Ulyſſes are the ſubject of

Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall
Of ſacred Troy, and raz'd her heav'n-built wall,

the whole Odyſſey, and yet Horace has omitted the mention of thoſe ſufferings: ὃς μάλα πολλὰ πλάγχθη. There is another word alſo which ſeems eſſential, that is, πολύτροπον, this is likewiſe omitted. For the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, and the wiſdom by which he extricated himſelf from them, enter into the very deſign of the Poem. But indeed in another place he has plainly had regard to all theſe circumſtances.

" Qui *domitor Trojæ*, multorum *providus* urbes
" Et mores hominum inſpexit, latumque per æquor
" Dum *ſibi*, dum *ſociis*, reditum parat, *aſpera multa*
" *Pertulit*" —— *Epiſt. ad Loll.*

I muſt alſo refute a criticiſm of Rapin, who will have it that the word πολύτροπος includes a character of craft and low cunning, unworthy of a brave ſpirit. But Euſtathius admirably vindicates the Poet in this reſpect; he ſhews us that τρόπος no where in Homer ſignifies (ἤθη) or Morals; and that it implies a man who could accommodate himſelf to every condition of life; one who in the worſt eſtate had ſtill a reſerve to free himſelf from it; it therefore, ſays he, ſignifies a man that through experience has learned wiſdom. I have likewiſe the authority of Horace for this ſenſe, in the above-cited paſſage,

" Qui domitor *Trojæ*, multorum *providus* urbes."

I take *providus* in this place to ſignify not only a man who noted the manners of various nations with care, but alſo one who in calamity could foreſee methods to extricate himſelf from it. And ſurely nothing can be more unjuſt than what Rapin objects againſt Ulyſſes, in employing his wiſdom only in his own preſervation, while all his companions were loſt: Homer himſelf ſufficiently refutes this objection, and directly tells us, that he employed his wiſdom in the care of their ſafety, but that they through their folly defeated his wiſdom. The words of Homer, ſays Euſtathius, ſhew that a wiſe man neglects not his friends in adverſity. But, ſays Rapin, what could oblige Homer to begin with ſo diſhonourable an action, and place the greateſt weakneſs of his Hero in the very frontiſpiece of his Poem? and invoke his Muſe to ſing the man who with difficulty ſaved himſelf, and ſuffered his companions to be deſtroyed? There had been ſome weight in this objection,

Wand'ring from clime to clime, obſervant ſtray'd,
Their manners noted, and their ſtates ſurvey'd. 6

if Ulyſſes had ſaved his own, with the loſs of their lives; but I cannot ſee any diſhonour in his preſerving himſelf by wiſdom, when they deſtroyed themſelves by folly: it was chiefly by ſtorms that they periſhed; it can be no imputation to his character, not to be able to reſtrain the effects of a tempeſt: he did all that a wiſe man could do, he gave them ſuch admonitions upon every emergency, that if they had purſued them, they had been preſerved as well as Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 1. *For Wiſdom's various arts renown'd.*] Boſſu's obſervations in relation to this Epithet πολύτροπον, given to Ulyſſes, is worth tranſcribing. The Fable of the Odyſſey (ſays he) is wholly for the conduct and policy of a State: therefore the quality it requires is *Wiſdom*; but this virtue is of too large an extent for the ſimplicity which a juſt and preciſe *character* requires; it is therefore requiſite it ſhould be limited. The great art of Kings is the myſtery of *Diſſimulation*. It is well known, that Lewis the Eleventh, for the inſtruction of his ſon, reduced all the *Latin language* to theſe words only, viz. *Qui neſcit diſſimulare neſcit regnare*. It was likewiſe by this practice that Saul began his reign, when he was firſt elected, and as yet full of the Spirit of God. The firſt thing we read of him in holy writ is, * that he made as if he did not hear the words which ſeditious people ſpoke againſt him.

This then is the *character* which the Greek Poet gives his Ulyſſes in the Propoſition of his Poem, he calls him ἄνδρα πολύτροπον; to denote this prudent diſſimulation, which diſguiſed him ſo many ways, and put him upon taking ſo many ſhapes.

Without any thing having been mentioned of Circe, who detained him with her a whole year, and who was famous for the transformations ſhe made of all ſorts of perſons; the reader finds him at firſt with Calypſo the daughter of wiſe Atlas, who bore up the vaſt pillars that reached from earth to heaven, and whoſe knowledge penetrated into the depths of the unfathomable Ocean: that is to ſay, who was ignorant of nothing in Heaven, Earth or Sea. And as the firſt product and principal part of ſo high, ſo

* *Ille vero diſſimulabat ſe audire.* Reg. lib. i.

On ſtormy ſeas unnumber'd toils he bore,
Safe with his friends to gain his natal ſhore:

ſolid, and ſo profound a knowledge, was to know how to conceal one's ſelf; this wiſe man called his daughter by a name that ſignified a * *ſecret*. The Poet makes his Hero, whom he deſigned for a Politician, to ſtay ſeven whole years with this Nymph. She taught him ſo well, that afterwards he loſt no opportunity of putting her leſſons in practice: for he does nothing without a diſguiſe. At his parting from Ogygia he is caſt upon the Iſle of Phæacia: as kind as his reception was, yet he ſtays till the night before he went off, e'er he would diſcover himſelf. From thence he goes to Ithaca: the firſt adventure that happened to him there was with Minerva, the moſt prudent among the Deities, as Ulyſſes was the moſt prudent among men. She ſays ſo expreſly in that very paſſage. Nor did they fail to diſguiſe themſelves. Minerva takes upon her the ſhape of a ſhepherd, and Ulyſſes tells her he was obliged to fly from Crete, becauſe he had murdered the ſon of King Idomeneus. The Goddeſs diſcovers herſelf firſt, and commends him particularly, becauſe theſe artifices were ſo eaſy and natural to him, that they ſeemed to be born with him. Afterwards the Hero under the form of a beggar deceives firſt of all Eumeus, then his ſon, and laſt of all his wife and every body elſe, till he found an opportunity of puniſhing his Enemies, to whom he diſcovered not himſelf till he killed them, namely on the laſt night. After his diſcovering himſelf in the Palace, he goes the next day to deceive his father, appearing at firſt under a borrowed name; before he would give him joy of his return. Thus he takes upon him all manner of ſhapes, and diſſembles to the very laſt. But the Poet joins to this character a valour and a conſtancy which render him invincible in the moſt daring and deſperate adventures. P.

This poor introductory couplet was formed on *Dryden*'s exordium to the *Iliad:*

The wrath of Peleus' ſon, *O Muſe! reſound.*

May the following ſubſtitution be propoſed?

The various wiſdom, and th' adventurous fate
Of that much-ſuffering man, O! Muſe, relate,

* Καλύπτειν.

Vain toils! their impious folly dar'd to prey
On herds devoted to the God of Day;
The God vindictive doom'd them never more
(Ah men unbleſs'd!) to touch that natal ſhore.
Oh ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from fate,
Celeſtial Muſe! and to our world relate.

Who raz'd Troy's ſacred bulwarks, widely ſtray'd,
Saw numerous ſtates, their policies ſurvey'd.

Ver. 3. *Who, when his arms had wrought the deſtin'd fall*
Of ſacred Troy ———]

Whence is it that Ulyſſes is ſaid to have overthrown Troy? and not Achilles, who was of more remarkable courage than Ulyſſes? Euſtathius tells us, that the deſtruction of Troy ought to be aſcribed chiefly to Ulyſſes, as he not only took away the *Palladium*, but was the inventor of the ſtratagem of the wooden horſe, by which that city was conquered. Virgil in his ſecond book of the Æneis gives us a noble deſcription of its deſtruction, by which we find that Ulyſſes was not only the contriver of its ruin, but bore a great ſhare in the actions of the night in which that city was overturned. P.

Ver. 7.] Thus exactly to the original:

His mind by ſea vexations numerous bore.

Ver. 9. *Vain toils! their impious folly*, &c.] By this ſingle trait, Homer marks an eſſential difference between the Iliad and the Odyſſey; namely, that in the former Poem the people periſhed by the folly of their Kings:

"Quicquid delirant reges, plectuntur Achivi."

In this, the people periſh by their own folly, while their Prince omits nothing to procure their felicity. A plain reaſon why the Odyſſey is more calculated for the people, than the Iliad. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 12.] Chapman is faithful.

——— O men unwiſe,
They periſht by their own impieties.

Ver. 13. *Oh ſnatch ſome portion of theſe acts from fate.*] It may be aſked why the Poet invokes the Muſe to recount only part

Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd;
All who the wars of ten long years ſurviv'd,

of the ſufferings of Ulyſſes? and why thoſe words, *To Us alſo*, are inſerted? To the firſt it may be anſwered, that an heroick Poem dwells chiefly upon incidents of importance, and paſſes over every thing that does not contribute to raiſe our idea of the Hero, or the main deſign of the Poem. To the other Euſtathius anſwers ſeveral ways: either, ſays he, the word καὶ is to be taken as an expletive, as it is in a thouſand places in Homer; or it means that this is a ſubject ſo conſiderable, that it will be a theme to many poets: or that being a true Hiſtory it had ſpread over many nations of the world, and that Homer himſelf received the ſtory of the Poem from Ægypt; and then the meaning will be, "Sing, oh Muſe, to the Greeks as well as to other nations, the "ſufferings of Ulyſſes." I ſhould prefer the firſt as being the moſt natural: the reſt ſeem forced, and conſequently improper for the opening of a Poem, where the utmoſt plainneſs is neceſſary; eſpecially, if we conſider that Ulyſſes was a Grecian, and it is not probable that the Grecians ſhould be the leaſt acquainted with the ſtory, or the lateſt to celebrate the actions, of a Grecian. P.

Ver. 15. *Now at their native realms the Greeks arriv'd.*] It is neceſſary for the better underſtanding of the Poem, to fix the period of Time from which it takes its beginning: Homer, as Euſtathius obſerves, does not begin with the wanderings of Ulyſſes; he ſteps at once into the latter end of his actions, and leaves the preceding ſtory to be told by way of narration. Thus in his Iliad, he dates his Poem from the anger of Achilles, which happened almoſt at the concluſion of the Trojan war. From hence Horace drew his obſervation in his *Arte Poet.*

"Semper ad eventum feſtinat; & in medias res
"Non ſecus ac notas, auditorem rapit."

There are but forty-eight days from the departure of Ulyſſes from Calypſo, to his diſcovery in Ithaca; he had been one year with Circe, and ſeven with Calypſo, when the Gods diſpatched Mercury to that Goddeſs; from which point of time we are to date the Odyſſey.

This obſervation gives a reaſon why the Poet invokes the Muſe to recount the wanderings of this Hero in part only; for Ulyſſes, as appears from the beginning of the ninth book, after he left

And 'ſcap'd the perils of the gulfy Main.
Ulyſſes ſole of all the victor train,
An exile from his dear paternal coaſt,
Deplor'd his abſent Queen, and Empire loſt.
Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay,
With ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:
In vain—for now the circling years diſcloſe
The day predeſtin'd to reward his woes.

---

the ſhores of Troy, was driven to Iſmarus of the Ciconians. An Hiſtorian muſt have begun from the fall of Troy, and related his wanderings with truth and order; for Hiſtory is chiefly for inſtruction: but a Poet takes another method, and diſpoſes every circumſtance arbitrarily; he chuſes or rejects, as ſuits beſt with his principal deſign, and in ſuch a manner as to give at once delight and inſtruction. P.

Ver. 19.] The rhymes are not ſufficiently coincident. I ſhall propoſe a couplet more unexceptionable in this reſpect:

Sad exile from his dear paternal ſhores!
His empire loſt, and abſent queen, *deplores.*

Ver. 21. *Calypſo in her caves conſtrain'd his ſtay.*] To the Remark before cited of Boſſu, upon the abode of Ulyſſes with Calypſo, may be added this of the Abbé Fraguier: that his reſiding ſeven years in the caves of Calypſo (the Goddeſs of Secrecy) may only mean that he remained ſo long hid from the knowledge and inquiry of all men; or that whatever befel him in all that time, was loſt to Hiſtory, or made no part in the Poem. P.

Ver. 22.] A verſe, very happily tranſplanted, in my opinion, from *Paradiſe Loſt*, iv. 311.

——— coy ſubmiſſion, modeſt pride,
And *ſweet, reluctant, amorous delay:*

A paſſage, which the learned reader may be pleaſed to compare with one of *Claudian*, de Mall. Theod. conſ. v. 246.

——— *rigidi* ſed plena *pudoris*
Elucet gravitas *faſtu jucunda modeſto.*

Ver. 24.] Rather,

The day predeſtin'd to *conclude* his woes.

At length his Ithaca is giv'n by Fate,
Where yet new labours his arrival wait;
At length their rage the hoſtile Pow'rs reſtrain,
All but the ruthleſs Monarch of the Main.
But now the God, remote, a heav'nly gueſt,
In Æthiopia grac'd the genial feaſt,

Ver. 27.] Or thus, with greater perſpicuity, and faithfulneſs:

At length their rage the *pitying gods* reſtrain.

Chapman gives the paſſage more fully, and after a little correction may be quoted with pleaſure:

The Gods at length took pity; all but he,
That circles with the cincture of the ſea
The ſpacious Earth: he ſtill indulg'd his ire,
And made the ſhores of Ithaca retire.

Ver. 28. *All but the ruthleſs Monarch of the Main.*] It may be aſked why Neptune is thus enraged againſt Ulyſſes? Homer himſelf tells us, becauſe that Hero had put out the Eye of his ſon Cyclops. But if we take Neptune by way of Allegory for the Ocean, the paſſage implies, that the ſufferings of Ulyſſes were chiefly by ſea; and therefore poetry, which adds a grandeur to the meaneſt circumſtance, introduces the God of it as his greateſt enemy. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 30. *In Æthiopia*, &c.] Strabo in his firſt book delivers his opinion, that "the ancient Grecians included all thoſe people "who lived upon the ſouthern Ocean, from eaſt to weſt, in the "general name of Æthiopians, and that it was not confined to "thoſe only who lay ſouth of Egypt." Ptolemy ſays, "that "under the Zodiack, from eaſt to weſt, inhabit the Æthiopians, "black of colour." And elſewhere the ſame Geographer divides Æthiopia into the eaſtern and the weſtern. Theſe eaſtern and weſtern Æthiopians were ſeparated by the Arabian or Ægyptian Gulf; which though never mentioned by Homer, as Ariſtarchus remarked, yet it is not probable (ſays Strabo) that he ſhould be ignorant of it, it being but a thouſand ſtadia diſtant from the Mediterranean, when he knew the Ægyptian Thebes, which was four times as far off. *Strab. Plin. Spondan.*

I will not repeat what was obſerved upon the Gods being gone to the Æthiopians, in the firſt book of the Iliad; it is ſufficient in

(A race divided, whom with ſloping rays
The riſing and deſcending Sun ſurveys)
There on the world's extreameſt verge, rever'd
With hecatombs and pray'r in pomp prefer'd,
Diſtant he lay: while in the bright abodes
Of high Olympus, Jove conven'd the Gods:
Th' aſſembly thus the Sire ſupreme addreſt,
Ægyſthus' fate revolving in his breaſt,
Whom young Oreſtes to the dreary coaſt
Of Pluto ſent, a blood-polluted Ghoſt.
Perverſe Mankind! whoſe Wills created free,
Charge all their woes on abſolute Decree;

---

general to obſerve, that the Æthiopians were a people very religious towards the Gods, and that they held a pompous feaſt twelve days annually to their honour; and in particular, that the Poet very judiciouſly makes uſe of this ſolemnity to remove Neptune out of the way, who was the enemy of Ulyſſes, that he may with the greater ſecurity bring off his Hero from Calypſo's Iſland. *Euſtathius.* P.

This couplet does not expreſs the genuine ſenſe of the original. Thus?

A race far ſever'd; where the ſun aſcends
From Ocean's bed, and where his circuit ends.

Chapman is faithful to his author with elegance and great accuracy, but gives us one of his own conceits, in which he gratified to the full the propenſity of his age:

(In two parts parted; at the ſunnes deſcent,
And underneath his golden orient,
The firſt and laſt of men) t' enjoy their feaſt
Of buls and lambes, in hecatombs addreſt.

Ver. 35.] Rather,

Well-pleas'd he lay.

Ver. 41. *Jupiter's ſpeech.*] The ſolemnity and ſententiouſneſs of this ſpeech is taken notice of by Euſtathius; and ſurely Poetry

All to the dooming Gods their guilt tranſlate,
And Follies are miſcall'd the Crimes of Fate.
When to his luſt Ægyſthus gave the rein,
Did Fate, or We, th' adult'rous act conſtrain?

---

muſt be highly valuable, when it delivers ſuch excellent inſtructions. It contained the whole of religion among the ancients; and made Philoſophy more agreeable. This paſſage is an inſtance of it, a paſſage worthy of a Chriſtian; it ſhews us that the Supreme Being is ſovereignly good; that he rewards the juſt, and puniſhes the unjuſt; and that the folly of man, and not the Decree of Heaven, is the cauſe of human calamity. P.

Ver. 41.] Chapman, conſidering his age, is excellent, and much cloſer to his model than our tranſlator:

His memorie to the Immortals then
Mov'd Jove thus deeply: O how falſely men
Accuſe us Gods, as authors of their ill,
When, by the bane their owne bad lives inſtill,
They ſuffer all the miſeries of their ſtates,
Paſt our inflictions, and beyond their fates.

Ver. 45. *Ægyſthus.*] It is difficult to find a reaſon why, in the original, Jupiter ſhould give ſuch an honourable appellation to Ægyſthus, as ἀμύμονα, *unblameable*, who had diſhonoured the bed of Agamemnon, and taken his life away; eſpecially in that very inſtant when he condemns the Fact with ſo great ſolemnity. Euſtathius ſays, that Homer, an enemy to cenſure and invective, introduces that God as having reſpect only to his good qualities, and commending him for his general character; and adds that it had been an indecency in the Poet to have given countenance to that baſe cuſtom by the authority of Jupiter. Dacier is not ſatisfied with this reaſon, and tells us that Homer gives Ægyſthus this title, to vindicate Jupiter from the imputation of his crimes: he gives us to underſtand that Heaven is not the cauſe of man's failings; that he is by Creation able to act virtuouſly, and that it is through his own miſconduct that he deviates into evil; and therefore the meaning is this; "Jupiter calling to mind Ægyſthus, that Ægyſthus whom he had created wiſe and virtuous, "and made capable to ſuſtain that character." And this agrees

Did Fate, or We, when great Atrides dy'd,
Urge the bold traitor to the regicide?
Hermes I ſent, while yet his ſoul remain'd
Sincere from royal blood, and faith profan'd;

admirably with the beginning of the ſpeech of Jupiter, who there vindicates his own Divinity.

But if this ſhould ſeem too refined, it may be ſufficient to take the word in that good ſenſe which Ægyſthus might have deſerved for many good qualities: thus Achilles is called the *ſwift of foot*, even when he ſtands, or ſleeps; the firſt being his general character. It may be further confirmed by a paſſage ſomething reſembling it in the holy Scriptures: the Ægyptian midwives were guilty of a lye to Pharoah, and yet God pardons it, and bleſſes them: he bleſſes them not becauſe they lyed, but becauſe they preſerved the children of the Iſraelites. P.

Ver. 49. *Hermes I ſent*, &c.] It would be endleſs to obſerve every moral paſſage in the Odyſſey, the whole of it being but one leſſon of Morality. But ſurely it muſt be a pleaſure to the Reader to learn what notions the ancients had of a Deity, from the oldeſt book extant, except the book of Moſes.

Jupiter here declares that he never fails to warn mankind from evil, and that he had ſent Mercury for this purpoſe to Ægyſthus. It may be aſked what is this Mercury whom Jupiter ſends? It is the light of Nature, which Heaven implants in the breaſt of every man: and which, as Cicero ſays, is not only more ancient than the world, but co-eval with the Maſter of the world himſelf. He writes to this effect: *There was from the beginning ſuch a thing as Reaſon, a direct emanation from Nature itſelf, which prompted to good, and averted from evil. A Reaſon which did not then become a law, when it was firſt reduced to writing, but was ſo even from the moment it exiſted, and it exiſted from ever, of an equal date with the divine Intelligence: it is the true and primordial Law, proper to command and to forbid, it is the Reaſon of the great Jupiter.*

That Reaſon of the ſupreme Being, is here called Mercury; that Reaſon flowing from God, which is conſtantly dictating to the moſt corrupted hearts, *this is good*, or *this is evil*. Hence aroſe an ancient Proverb, recorded by Simplicius, *Reaſon is a Mercury to all men*. Epictetus [lib. iii. Arrian.] ſays, *Apollo knew*

To warn the wretch, that young Oreſtes, grown
To manly years, ſhould re-aſſert the throne.
Yet impotent of mind, and uncontroll'd,
He plung'd into the gulf which Heav'n fore-
told.

Here paus'd the God; and penſive thus replies
Minerva, graceful with her azure eyes.
O thou! from whom the whole creation ſprings,
The ſource of pow'r on earth deriv'd to Kings!
His death was equal to the direful deed;
So may the man of blood be doom'd to bleed!

---

that Laius would not obey his Oracle. Apollo nevertheleſs did not neglect to propheſy to Laius thoſe evils that threatened him. The goodneſs of the Divinity never fails to advertiſe mankind; that ſource of truth is ever open and free: but men are ever incredulous, diſobedient, and rebellious. Dacier. P.

Ver. 57. *Minerva's ſpeech.*] It may be aſked what relation Ulyſſes has to Ægyſthus, that the mention of the one ſhould immediately give occaſion for the remembrance of the other? And it may appear unnatural in the Poet to give riſe to his Poem by ſo unexpected a tranſition from Ægyſthus to Ulyſſes. Euſtathius vindicates Homer, by ſhewing that it is not only beautiful but natural, to take riſe from what offers itſelf to our immediate obſervation. What can be more natural, when Jupiter is relating how he puniſhes the wicked, than for Wiſdom or Minerva to ſuggeſt, that the good ought to be rewarded? There is no forced introduction, no artful preparation; but the whole ariſes from the occaſion, which is a great beauty. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ogilby is not deſpicable; and has contrived a ſacrificial comment in honour of his royal maſter:

Then Pallas; Thou who rul'ſt theſe bles'd abodes,
Great king of kings, and father of the gods,
Deſervedly he fell, and may they all
Who murther princes, in like manner fall.

But grief and rage alternate wound my breaſt
For brave Ulyſſes, ſtill by Fate oppreſt.
Amidſt an iſle, around whoſe rocky ſhore
The foreſts murmur, and the ſurges roar,
The blameleſs hero from his wiſh'd-for home
A Goddeſs guards in her inchanted dome.
(Atlas her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;

Ver. 63. *Amidſt an iſle*, &c.] There was, according to true hiſtory, ſuch an iſland of Calypſo, of which Strabo writes; that Solon gives an account of the iſland Atlantis bordering upon Ægypt, and that he went thither to make inquiry, and learned that an iſland was once there, but by time was vaniſhed. *Euſtathius.* P.

This is very elegant, but Ogilby is in one reſpect more accurate:

A ſea-guirt iſle, the navel of the main,
And fair Calypſo's blandiſhments detain.

But Fenton was freſh at the employment, and appears at preſent to make no uſe of his predeceſſors; nor languiſhes into careleſſneſs: which gives eaſe to his commentator.

Ver. 67. *Atlas her ſire, to whoſe far-piercing eye*
The wonders of the deep expanded lie;
Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres.]

Atlas is here ſaid to underſtand all the depths of the ſea: but the epithet ὀλοόφρονος applied to him, has two different ſignifications. It implies either, *one whoſe thoughts are full of terrible and diſmal things*, or *one who has infinite and unbounded views*, and it is doubtful which of them Homer means. To reconcile both, may we not think our Author had heard ſomething of the ancient tradition which makes Atlas the ſame perſon with Enoch, and repreſents him as a great aſtronomer, who propheſied of the univerſal deluge, and exhorted mankind to repentance? Therefore he named his ſon Methuſelah, to ſhew that after his death the waters ſhould

Th' eternal columns which on earth he rears
End in the ſtarry vault, and prop the ſpheres.)
By his fair daughter is the chief confin'd,
Who ſoothes to dear delight his anxious mind:

overſpread the face of the earth. His continual lamentations on this occaſion cauſed him to be called the *Weeper*; for the world is always an enemy to melancholy predictions. Thus Homer upon the credit of this tradition might very well call *Atlas, one whoſe thoughts ran upon diſmal things, or one whoſe views and cares were vaſtly extended.*

I inſiſt no otherwiſe upon this, but as a conjecture; yet it is further ſtrengthened by what follows in the next lines: *That Atlas ſuſtains thoſe columns, which being fixed upon the earth ſupport the Heavens.* This is generally interpreted of his great ſkill in Aſtronomy and Geography. But may not the reaſon be more particular? Since Atlas or Enoch had propheſied of the Deluge, and ſince that prediction was looked upon as the effect of his ſkill in Aſtronomy; might it not be ſaid he knew the abyſſes of the Sea, and ſuſtained the pillars of Heaven, to expreſs that he knew how the fountains of the deep, and the waters above the Heavens ſhould unite to drown the earth?

As to the image of the *pillars of Heaven*, it is frequent in the ſacred books, and uſed to expreſs the height of vaſt mountains. (Pindar calls Ætna the ἐρανίαν κίονα:) and there might probably be ſomething more particular that furniſhed Homer with this idea; I mean the pillars of Hercules, well known in his time, and neighbouring to the mountain he deſcribes. *Dacier.*

See the deſcription of this mountain in the fourth book of Virgil, where the ſame image is preſerved without any hint of allegory: as indeed it is no more than a poetical manner of expreſſing the *great height* and *extenſive proſpect* of the mountain. P.

Ver. 72. *Dear delight.*] This phraſe, which I cannot admire, might be ſupplied in the correction by Pope, who employs it in his *Imitations* of *Horace*, ſat. ii. 1. 75.

Peace is my *dear delight.*

Succeſsleſs all her ſoft careſſes prove,
To baniſh from his breaſt his Country's love;
To ſee the ſmoke from his lov'd palace riſe,
While the dear iſle in diſtant proſpect lies,
With what contentment could he cloſe his eyes?
And will Omnipotence neglect to ſave
The ſuffering virtue of the wiſe and brave?
Muſt he, whoſe altars on the Phrygian ſhore
With frequent rites, and pure, avow'd thy pow'r,

Ver. 75. *To ſee the ſmoke from his lov'd palace riſe.*] There is an agreeable tenderneſs in this image, and nothing can better paint the ardent deſire a man naturally has to review his native country after a long abſence. This is ſtill ſtronger than that which Cicero extols in ſeveral places of his works, that Ulyſſes preferred the ſight of Ithaca to the immortality proffered him by Calypſo. He here deſires to purchaſe, at the price of his life, the pleaſure, not of returning to his country, but even of ſeeing at a diſtance the very ſmoke of it. *Dacier.*

There are ſome things diſperſed in this ſpeech of Pallas, which I ſhall lay together; as that Minerva makes it an aggravation to the calamity of Ulyſſes, to be detained by a Goddeſs that loves him; that he is incloſed in an iſland; and ſhe adds, round which the Seas flow; as if that was not common to all iſlands; but theſe expreſſions are uſed to ſhew the impoſſibility of the eſcape of Ulyſſes, without the interpoſition of Jupiter.

In the concluſion ſhe obſerves, that Ulyſſes never neglected to ſacrifice before Troy: this is ſaid to ſhew the great piety of Ulyſſes, who not only paid his ſacrifices in Ithaca, where he abounded in riches, but amongſt ſtrangers in an enemy's country, where there might be a ſcarcity of offerings. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 80.] Perhaps, the following ſubſtitution may be approved, on account of the imperfect rhymes of this tranſlation:

Muſt he, by whom on Phrygia's ſhore were given
Such grateful victims to the powers of heaven.

Be doom'd the worſt of human ills to prove,
Unbleſs'd, abandon'd to the wrath of Jove?
Daughter! what words have paſs'd thy lips unweigh'd?
(Reply'd the Thund'rer to the martial Maid)
Deem not unjuſtly by my doom oppreſt
Of human race the wiſeſt and the beſt.
Neptune, by pray'r repentant rarely won,
Afflicts the chief, t' avenge his giant-ſon,

Ver. 84. *Daughter! what words,* &c.] This verſe is frequently repeatedly both in the Iliad and the Odyſſey; it has here a particular energy. Jupiter reproves Minerva for ſuppoſing he could ever be unmindful of an Hero ſo pious as Ulyſſes. It is ſpoken with vehemence; an inſtance, ſays Euſtathius, that it is not only equitable, but an attribute of Divinity, for rulers to remember thoſe who ſerve them faithfully. P.

Ver. 87.] A portion of the original is omitted here, which may be thus ſupplied:

Whoſe hallow'd offerings ever wont to riſe
In ſteams of odorous ſavour to the ſkies.

Ver. 88.] There is no reſemblance to the language and ſentiments of the original in this intervening clauſe. Thus? more faithfully:

But ſtill purſues with unrelenting ire
Earth-girding Neptune; he, whom call'd his ſire
The god-like Polypheme, of wond'rous might,
Whoſe viſual orb the chief bereav'd of light.

Ver. 89. *T' avenge his giant-ſon.*] It is artful in the Poet to tell the Reader the occaſion of the ſufferings of Ulyſſes in the opening of the Poem; it is a juſtice due to his character, to ſhew that his misfortunes are not the conſequence of his crimes, but the effect of Neptune's anger.

It is obſervable, that Homer does not ſtop to explain how Ulyſſes put out the eye of the Cyclops: he haſtens forward into

Whoſe viſual orb Ulyſſes robb'd of light;
Great Polypheme, of more than mortal might!
Him young Thoöſa bore (the bright increaſe
Of Phorcys, dreaded in the ſounds and ſeas:)
Whom Neptune ey'd with bloom of beauty bleſt,
And in his cave the yielding nymph compreſt.
For this, the God conſtrains the Greek to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his native home,
From death alone exempt—but ceaſe to mourn;
Let all combine t' atchieve his wiſh'd return:
Neptune aton'd, his wrath ſhall now refrain,
Or thwart the ſynod of the Gods in vain.

Father and King ador'd! Minerva cry'd,
Since all who in th' Olympian bow'r reſide

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the middle of his Poem, and leaves that for the future narration of Ulyſſes. P.

Ver. 92.] Theſe verſes are poor in themſelves, and not expreſſive of their original. I ſhall propoſe a ſubſtitution:

Him *bore* Thoöſa; *ſhe, whoſe being gave*
Great Phorcys, *ruler of th' unfruitful wave.*
Her Neptune ey'd —.

Ver. 96.] The ſenſe of Homer is not happily exhibited in this diſtich; and that which follows is vicious in rhyme, and unpoliſhed in numbers. Thus?

For this, the god *preſerves him but* to roam,
A hopeleſs exile from his *much-lov'd* home;
But *come, and take we counſel to reſtore*
The wandering hero to his native *ſhore.*

Ver. 103.] A hobbling verſe. Is the ſubjoined effort preferable?

Now make the wand'ring Greek their publick care,
Let Hermes to th' * Atlantick iſle repair;
Bid him, arriv'd in bright Calypſo's court,
The ſanction of th' aſſembled pow'rs report:
That wiſe Ulyſſes to his native land
Muſt ſpeed, obedient to their high command.
Meantime Telemachus, the blooming heir
Of ſea-girt Ithaca, demands my care:

Minerva *then: O! ſire, ſupreme in power!*
Since *the bleſs'd natives* of th' *æthereal* bower
The *wiſe Ulyſſes* make their *common* care—.

The language of Homer is at leaſt more faithfully repreſented.

* Ogygia.

Ver. 105.] Thus Ogilby:

——Let Hermes ſtreight *repair*
To *bright* Calypſo, and your will declare.

Ver. 108.] Rather,

The prince, much-ſuffering, to his native land.

Ver. 110. *Meantime Telemachus—demands my care,* &c.] Rapin has raiſed ſeveral objections againſt this piece of conduct in Homer: he tells us that the action of the Odyſſey is imperfect, that it begins with the voyages of Telemachus, and ends with thoſe of Ulyſſes: that the four firſt books are all concerning Telemachus: that his voyage bears no proportion to that of Ulyſſes: that it contributes nothing to his return, which is brought about by Jupiter, and the aſſiſtance of the Phæacians: that this gave occaſion to Beni in his *Academical Diſcourſes* to aſſert, that the Fable of the Odyſſey is double: that the four firſt books of it are neither epiſode, nor part of an action, nor have any connection with the reſt of the work.

I am of opinion, that theſe objections are made with too great ſeverity; the deſtruction of the Suitors is the chief hinge upon which the Poem turns, as it contributes chiefly to the re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes in his country and regality; and whatever con-

'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,
In ſage debates; ſurrounded with his peers,

tributes to this end, contributes to the principal action, and is of a piece with the reſt of the Poem; and that this voyage does ſo is evident, in that it gives a defeat to the Suitors, and controls their inſolence; it preſerves Ulyſſes's throne and bed inviolate, in that it gives Telemachus courage to reſiſt their attempts: it ſets his character in a fair point of light, who is the ſecond perſonage of the Poem, and is to have a great ſhare in the future actions of it.

Euſtathius judiciouſly obſerves, that Homer here prepares the way for the defeat of the Suitors, the chief deſign of his Poem; and lays the ground-work of probability on which he intends to build his Poem, and reconcile it to the rules of credibility.

If it be aſked for what end this voyage of Telemachus is made; the anſwer is, to inquire after Ulyſſes: ſo that whatever epiſodes are interwoven, Ulyſſes is ſtill in view; and whatever Telemachus acts, is undertaken ſolely upon his account; and conſequently, whatever is acted, contributes to the principal deſign, the reſtoration of Ulyſſes. So that the Fable is intire, and the Action not double.

It is to be remembered alſo, that the ſufferings of Ulyſſes are the ſubject of the Poem; his perſonal calamities are not only intended, but his domeſtick misfortunes; and by this conduct Homer ſhews us the extent of his misfortunes: his Queen is attempted, his throne threatened, and his wealth conſumed in riot; Ulyſſes ſuffers in Telemachus, and in every circumſtance of life is unhappy. P.

Ver. 112. *'Tis mine, to form his green, unpractis'd years,* &c.] In this the Poet draws the out-lines of what he is to fill up in the four ſubſequent books: and nothing can give us a greater idea of his unbounded invention, than his building upon ſo plain a foundation ſuch a noble ſuperſtructure: he entertains us with variety of epiſodes, hiſtorical relations, and manners of thoſe ancient times: it muſt be confeſſed, that the characters in the Odyſſey, and the number of the chief actors, are but few; and

To ſave the ſtate; and timely to reſtrain
The bold intruſion of the Suitor-train;
Who croud his palace, and with lawleſs pow'r
His herds and flocks in feaſtful rites devour.
To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte
Of ſandy Pyle, the royal youth ſhall haſte.

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yet the Poet never tires; he varies and diverſifies the ſtory ſo happily, that he is continually opening new ſcenes to engage our attention. He reſembles his own Proteus, he is capable of all ſhapes, yet in all ſhapes the ſame Deity. P.

The turn of the paſſage is ingenious and poetical, but not correſpondent to the purport of his author, whoſe intention will be better ſeen in the following eſſay:

'Tis mine, ye Powers! to mould his pliant will;
'Tis mine, an active boldneſs to inſtill,
That dares the Greeks aſſemble, and reſtrain—.

Ver. 117.] Or better, perhaps, (as the term *rites* has an extenuating quality, not intended by the original) and more accurately, thus:

In *feaſts perpetual* flocks and herds devour.

Ver. 118. *To diſtant Sparta, and the ſpacious waſte*
Of ſandy Pyle ——]

Rapin is very ſevere upon this conduct. When Telemachus, ſays he, is to ſearch for his father in the courts of Greece, he cannot make the leaſt progreſs without Minerva; it is ſhe who inſpires his thoughts, and aſſiſts in the execution. Could not honour, duty, or nature have moved his heart towards an abſent father? The machine, adds he, has not the leaſt appearance of probability, inaſmuch as the Goddeſs conducts him to every place, except only where Ulyſſes reſides; of which ſhe ought by no means to be ignorant, upon the account of her Divinity.

But ſurely nothing can be more natural, than for a ſon, in order to gain intelligence of an abſent father, to inquire in thoſe places, and of thoſe perſons, where and from whom he is moſt likely to have information. Such is the conduct of Telemachus: and Poetry, which delights in the Wonderful, becauſe this conduct agrees with Wiſdom, aſcribes it to Minerva the Goddeſs of it.

There, warm with filial love, the cauſe inquire
That from his realm retards his God-like Sire:
Deliv'ring early to the voice of Fame
The promiſe of a great, immortal name.
She ſaid: the ſandals of celeſtial mold
Fledg'd with ambroſial plumes, and rich with gold,
Surround her feet; with theſe ſublime ſhe ſails
Th' aerial ſpace, and mounts the winged gales:
O'er earth and ocean wide prepar'd to ſoar,
Her dreaded arm a beamy jav'lin bore,
Pon'drous and vaſt; which, when her fury burns,
Proud tyrants humbles, and whole hoſts o'erturns.

No doubt but Minerva knew where Ulyſſes reſided: but men muſt act as men; ſuch an immediate interpoſition as Rapin requires, had ſtopped at once the fountain of the Poet's invention. If what a Poet invents be natural, it is juſtifiable; and he may give the rein to his imagination, if he reſtrain it from running into extravagance and wildneſs. P.

Ver. 122.] This couplet is conſtructed from the following verſe of Homer:

And gain a good renown among mankind:

But Dacier renders thus: "Et que par cette recherche il acquiere "*un renom immortel* parmi les hommes."

Ver. 126.] More gracefully, perhaps,

Embrace her feet.

But the tranſlation of this paſſage is extremely elegant. One expreſſion ſeems borrowed from Dryden, at Æn. iv. 351.

Hermes obeys: with golden pinions binds
His flying feet, and *mounts the weſtern winds.*

Ver. 130.] This couplet, with very trivial variation, is tranſferred from Iliad, v. 924.

From high Olympus prone her flight ſhe bends,
And in the realm of Ithaca deſcends.
Her lineaments divine, the grave diſguiſe
Of Mentes' form conceal'd from human eyes:
(Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land)
A glitt'ring ſpear wav'd awful in her hand.
There in the portal plac'd, the heav'n-born maid
Enormous riot and miſ-rule ſurvey'd.

Ver. 134.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, v. 278.

—— —— ſix wings he wore, to ſhade
His lineaments divine.

Ver. 136. *Mentes, the monarch of the Taphian land.*] We are told by tradition, that Homer was ſo ſenſible of friendſhip, that to do honour to his particular friends, he immortaliſed their names in his Poems. In the Iliad he has ſhewn his gratitude to Tychius; and in the Odyſſey, to Mentes, Phemius, and Mentor. This Mentes was a famous merchant of the iſle of Leucade, who received Homer at Smyrna, and made him his companion in all his voyages. It is to this Mentes we owe the two Poems of Homer; for the Poet in all probability had never wrote them without thoſe lights and informations he received, and the diſcoveries he was enabled to make, by thoſe travels. Homer is not contented to give his name to the King of the Taphians, but feigns alſo that the Goddeſs of Wiſdom choſe to appear in his ſhape preferably to that of all the Kings who were nearer neighbours to Ithaca. Euſtathius thinks there might have been a real King of Taphos of this name, who was a friend to Ulyſſes. This may poſſibly be; but I would chuſe to adhere rather to the old tradition, as it does honour to friendſhip. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 139. *Enormous riot and miſ-rule.*] This is the firſt appearance of the Suitors; and the Poet has drawn their pictures in ſuch colours, as are agreeable to their characters through the whole Poem. They are, as Horace expreſſes it,

"—— —— Fruges conſumere nati,
"Sponſi Penelopes, nebulones"——

On hides of beeves, before the palace gate,
(Sad ſpoils of luxury) the Suitors ſat.
With rival art, and ardour in their mien,
At cheſs they vie, to captivate the Queen;
Divining of their loves. Attending nigh,
A menial train the flowing bowl ſupply:

The Poet gives a fine contraſt between them and Telemachus; he entertains himſelf with his own thoughts, weighs the ſum of things, and beholds with a virtuous ſorrow the diſorders of the Suitors: he appears (like Ulyſſes among his transformed companions in the tenth book) a wiſe man, among brutes. P.

Ver. 141.] Rather, as more expreſſive of the original,
Spoils of *their* luxury.

Ver. 142.] The whole of this period, except the former clauſe of the next verſe, is the interpolated explanation of the tranſlator.

Ver. 143. *At cheſs they vie, to captivate the Queen;*
Divining of their loves. ——]

There are great diſputes what this game was, at which the Suitors played. Athenæus relates it from Apian the Grammarian, who had it from Cteſon a native of Ithaca, that the ſport was in this manner. The number of the Suitors being one hundred and eight, they equally divided their men or balls; that is to ſay, fifty-four on each ſide; theſe were placed on the board oppoſite to each other. Between the two ſides was a vacant ſpace, in the midſt of which was the main mark, or *Queen*, the point which all were to aim at. They took their turns by lot; he who took or diſplaced that mark, got his own in its place; and if by a ſecond man, he again took it, without touching any of the others, he won the game; and it paſſed as an omen of obtaining his miſtreſs. This principal mark, or *Queen*, was called by whatever name the gameſters pleaſed; and the Suitors gave it the name of *Penelope*.

It is ſaid, this game was invented by Palamedes during the ſiege of Troy. [*Sophocles in Palam.*] *Euſtathius. Spondanus. Dacier.* P.

Ver. 144.] Our tranſlator involves in general expreſſion the circumſtantial ſpecification of his author, who may be thus literally exhibited:

Others, apart, the ſpacious hall prepare,
And form the coſtly feaſt with buſy care.
There young Telemachus, his bloomy face
Glowing celeſtial ſweet, with God-like grace
Amid the circle ſhines: but hope and fear
(Painful viciſſitude!) his boſom tear.
Now imag'd in his mind, he ſees reſtor'd
In peace and joy, the people's rightful Lord;
The proud oppreſſors fly the vengeful ſword.
While his fond ſoul theſe fancied triumphs ſwell'd;
The ſtranger gueſt, the royal youth beheld:
Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait
Unmark'd, unhonor'd, at a Monarch's gate;
Inſtant he flew with hoſpitable haſte,
And the new friend with courteous air embrac'd.

Heralds and active ſervants on them wait;
With water ſome were tempering cups of wine,
Some wiping tables with the porous ſponge,
Meat others brought, and carv'd in many a diſh.

Ver. 157. *Griev'd that a viſitant ſo long ſhould wait.*] The reader will loſe much of the pleaſure of this Poem, if he reads it without the reflection, that he peruſes one of the moſt ancient books in the world; it ſets before him perſons, places and actions that exiſted three thouſand years ago: here we have an inſtance of the humanity of thoſe early ages: Telemachus pays a reverence to this ſtranger, only becauſe he is a ſtranger: he attends him in perſon, and welcomes him with all the openneſs of ancient hoſpitality. P.

Ver. 159.] Milton, Par. Loſt, viii. 618.

To whom the angel, with a ſmile that *glow'd*
Celeſtial roſy red.

Stranger! whoe'er thou art, ſecurely reſt,
Affianc'd in my faith, a friendly gueſt:
Approach the dome, the ſocial banquet ſhare,
And then the purpoſe of thy ſoul declare.
Thus affable and mild, the Prince precedes,
And to the dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.
The ſpear receiving from her hand, he plac'd
Againſt a column, fair with ſculpture grac'd;
Where ſeemly rang'd in peaceful order ſtood
Ulyſſes' arms, now long diſus'd to blood.
He led the Goddeſs to the ſov'reign ſeat,
Her feet ſupported with a ſtool of ſtate;
(A purple carpet ſpread the pavement wide)
Then drew his ſeat, familiar, to her ſide;
Far from the Suitor-train, a brutal crowd,
With inſolence, and wine, elate and loud:

Ver. 166.] The verſe may be invigorated, and rendered more faithful, by a very ſlight correction:

Through the *high* dome th' unknown Celeſtial leads.

Ver. 167.] Ogilby below:

Then in a chair, with a rich cuſhion *grac'd*
And a carv'd foot-ſtool, he Minerva *plac'd*.

Ver. 170.] The latter clauſe is interpolated; for the purpoſe, perhaps, of variation from Ogilby, whoſe lines are theſe:

There 'gainſt a column ſets her lance, where *ſtood*
Ulyſſes' javelins, planted like a wood:

which is only an exaggerated likeneſs of their author.

Ver. 171.] It required but ſmall attention to make the rhymes of this couplet unexceptionably correct; thus:

Then he the Goddeſs to the ſov'reign ſeat
Conducts; a ſtool of ſtate *receives* her feet.

Where the free gueſt, unnoted, might relate,
If haply conſcious, of his father's fate.
The golden ew'r a maid obſequious brings,
Repleniſh'd from the cool, tranſlucent ſprings;
With copious water the bright vaſe ſupplies
A ſilver laver of capacious ſize:
They waſh. The tables in fair order ſpread,
They heap the glitt'ring caniſters with bread:
Viands of various kinds allure the taſte,
Of choiceſt ſort and ſavour, rich repaſt!

Ver. 183.] So Chapman:

A table fairly poliſht then was *ſpread*,
On which a reverend officer ſet *bread*.

Ver. 185, &c. *The Feaſt deſcrib'd.*] There is nothing that has drawn more ridicule upon Homer, than the frequent deſcriptions of his entertainments: it has been judged, that he was more than ordinarily delighted with them, ſince he omits no opportunity to deſcribe them; nay his temperance has not been unſuſpected, according to that verſe of Horace,

"Laudibus arguitur vini vinoſus Homerus."

But we muſt not condemn without ſtronger evidence: a man may commend a ſumptuous entertainment, or good wines, without being either a drunkard or a glutton. But ſince there are ſo many entertainments deſcribed in the Poem, it may not be improper to give *this* ſome explanation.

They waſh before the feaſt; perhaps, ſays Euſtathius, becauſe they always, at the feaſt, made libations to the Gods. The ewer was of gold, the veſſel from whence the water was poured of ſilver, and the cups out of which they drank, were of gold.

A damſel attends Mentes, but heralds wait upon the Suitors: Euſtathius obſerves a decency in this conduct; the Suitors were lewd debauchees, and conſequently a woman of modeſty would have been an improper attendant upon ſuch a company. Beautiful youths attend the company in quality of cup-bearers.

Delicious wines th' attending herald brought;
The gold gave luſtre to the purple draught.
Lur'd with the vapour of the fragrant feaſt,
In ruſh'd the Suitors with voracious haſte:
Marſhall'd in order due, to each a few'r
Preſents, to bathe his hands, a radiant ew'r.

A matron who has the charge of the houſhold (ταμίη) brings in the bread and the cold meats, for ſo Euſtathius interprets εἴδατα; an officer, whoſe employ it was to portion out the victuals, brings in the meats that furniſhed out the reſt of the entertainment; and after the feaſt, a Bard diverts them with vocal and inſtrumental muſick.

Dacier is in great pain about the cold victuals; ſhe is afraid leſt the reader ſhould think them the leavings of a former day: and tells us they might poſſibly be in the nature of our cold *Tongues*, *Jambons*, &c. But I think ſuch fears to be groundleſs: we muſt have reference to the cuſtoms of thoſe early ages; and if it was cuſtomary for cold meats to be ſerved up (neither is it neceſſary to ſuppoſe them the leavings of the former entertainment) it can be no diſgrace to the hoſpitality of Telemachus. P.

Ver. 189.] This undignified repreſentation of the Suitors, as a parcel of hungry mice, is unauthoriſed by his original; which may be exhibited literally thus:

Then came the haughty Suitors, and in rows
Along the thrones and couches took their ſeats.

Dacier too miſconceived the paſſage, in ſuppoſing the entrance of the Suitors to be accidental and unexpected: when it is plain, that a ſeparate entertainment was providing for them alſo.

Ver. 191.] Thus Chapman above:

— — — — — And then the *Sewre*,
Pour'd water from a great and golden *ewre*:

Here Ogilby alſo has adopted the ſame rhymes.

Ver. 192.] The omiſſion of the tranſlator after this verſe may be thus faithfully ſupplied:

Then bread in baſkets brought a female train:
The jovial Suitors ply their hands amain,
And feaſt luxurious; while, obſervant, round—.

Luxurious then they feaſt. Obſervant round
Gay ſtripling youths the brimming goblets crown'd.
The rage of hunger quell'd, they all advance,
And form to meaſur'd airs the mazy dance:
To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre,
Whoſe hand reluctant touch'd the warbling wire:
Phemius, whoſe voice divine could ſweeteſt ſing
High ſtrains, reſponſive to the vocal ſtring.
Meanwhile, in whiſpers to his heav'nly gueſt
His indignation thus the Prince expreſt.

Ver. 195.] Through the medium of Hobbes' verſion a clearer conception may be formed of their original:

When they of hunger had pluck't out the ſting,
The luſty Suiters thoughts converted were
To dancing, and to hear the Minſtril ſing,
Sports that are conſecrated to good chear.

Ver. 197. *To Phemius was conſign'd the chorded lyre.*] In ancient times, Princes entertained in their families certain learned and wiſe men, who were both Poets and Philoſophers, and not only made it their buſineſs to amuſe and delight, but to promote wiſdom and morality. Ulyſſes, at his departure for Troy, left one of theſe with Penelope: and it was uſual to conſign in this manner, the care of their wives and familes to the Poets of thoſe days, as appears from a ſignal paſſage in the third book, verſe (of the original) 267, &c. To this man Homer gives the name of Phemius; to celebrate one of his friends, who was ſo called, and who had been his Præceptor (ſays Euſtathius.) I muſt add one remark, that though he places his maſter here in no very good company, yet he guards his character from any imputation, by telling us, that he attended the Suitors by compulſion. This is not only a great inſtance of his gratitude, but alſo of his tenderneſs and delicacy.

Ver. 202.] I ſhould prefer, as more congenial to the ſcope of the paſſage,

His *anxious thoughts* th' *illuſtrious* Prince expreſt.

Indulge my riſing grief, whilſt theſe (my friend)
With ſong and dance the pompous revel end.
Light is the dance, and doubly ſweet the lays,
When, for the dear delight, another pays.
His treaſur'd ſtores theſe Cormorants conſume,
Whoſe bones, defrauded of a regal tomb
And common turf, lie naked on the plain,
Or doom'd to welter in the whelming main.
Should he return, that troop ſo blithe and bold,
With purple robes inwrought, and ſtiff with gold,
Precipitant in fear, would wing their flight,
And curſe their cumb'rous pride's unwieldy weight.
But ah I dream!—th' appointed hour is fled,
And Hope, too long with vain deluſion fed,

Ver. 209.] Thus, with more fidelity:

All bleaching lie, and mouldering with the rain,
On land, or batter'd by the billowy main.

Ogilby requires but ſmall correction to become good:

Whilſt on ſome ſhore his bones lie bleach'd with rain,
Or tumbled o'er with billows through the main.

Ver. 213.] Ogilby might be conſulted here, whoſe verſion is more exact:

Whom ſhould they ſee, rather they'd *wings* deſire
Than large poſſeſſion, gold, or rich attire.

Ver. 214.] The word *weight* is pronounced to this day in *Lancaſhire* and *Cheſhire*, and probably other *Northern* counties, ſo as to rhyme with *flight*; and this might juſtify our early writers, from whom later poets have improperly adopted what is no longer conſonant to modern pronunciation.

Deaf to the rumour of fallacious fame,
Gives to the roll of death his glorious name!
With venial freedom let me now demand
Thy name, thy lineage, and paternal land:
Sincere, from whence began thy courſe, recite,
And to what ſhip I owe the friendly freight?
Now firſt to me this viſit doſt thou deign,
Or number'd in my father's ſocial train?
All who deſerv'd his choice, he made his own,
And curious much to know, he far was known.
My birth I boaſt (the blue-ey'd Virgin cries)
From great Anchialus, renown'd and wiſe:
Mentes my name; I rule the Taphian race,
Whoſe bounds the deep circumfluent waves embrace:
A duteous people, and induſtrious iſle,
To naval arts inur'd, and ſtormy toil.

Ver. 225. *All who deſerv'd his choice*——] It is evident from this and many other places in the Iliad, that hoſpitality was hereditary; an happineſs and honour peculiar to thoſe heroick ages. And ſurely nothing can ſet the character of Ulyſſes in a more agreeable point of light, than what Telemachus here delivers of it: "He was the friend of all mankind." Euſtathius obſerves, that φιλοξενος has a middle ſignification; that it implies that Ulyſſes behaved benevolently to all men; or that all men behaved benevolently to Ulyſſes; either ſenſe makes Ulyſſes a very amiable perſon: he muſt be a friend to all men, to whom all men are friends. P.

Ver. 229. The latter clauſe of this verſe, and the *three* ſucceeding verſes are ſpun from *four words* only of Homer, which may be repreſented thus:

Of the ſea-faring Taphians am I King.

Freighted with iron from my native land,
I ſteer my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand;
To gain by commerce, for the labour'd maſs,
A juſt proportion of refulgent braſs.
Far from your capital my ſhip reſides
At Reithrus, and ſecure at anchor rides;
Where waving groves on airy Neion grow,
Supremely tall, and ſhade the deeps below.

Ver. 234. *I ſteer my voyage to the Brutian ſtrand.*] In the country of the Brutians, in the lower part of Italy, was a town called Temeſe. That Homer here meant this city, and not one of the ſame name in Cyprus, appears not only becauſe this was famous for works of braſs, but becauſe (as Strabo obſerves) Ithaca lay in the direct way from Taphos to this city of the Brutii; whereas it was conſiderably out of the way to paſs by Ithaca to that of Cyprus. The ſame author ſays, that the rooms for preparing of braſs were remaining in his time, though then out of uſe. *Ovid. Met.* xv.

"Hippotadæque domos regis, Temeſeſque metalla."

And *Statius, Sylv.*

"— — — ſe totis Temeſe dedit hauſta metallis."

Bochart is of opinion, that the name of Temeſe was given to this town by the Phœnicians, from the braſs it produced, Temes in their language ſignifying fuſion of metals: an art to which the Phœnicians much applied themſelves. *Euſtathius. Dacier.* P.

Ver. 238.] Ogilby renders thus; with much more compactneſs:

Our veſſel in the Rheithran harbour rides
Safe under Neium's grove from wind and tides.

Ver. 239.] The words only,

— — — — — — — under woody Neïum,

are the fabric of this couplet; which is elegant, but ſuſceptible, perhaps, of improvement. Thus?

Where groves *umbrageous*, that on Neion grow,
Shed their brown horrors o'er the deeps below.

Thence to re-viſit your imperial dome,
An old hereditary gueſt I come:
Your father's friend. Laertes can relate
Our faith unſpotted, and its early date;
Who preſt with heart-corroding grief and years,
To the gay court a rural ſhed prefers,
Where ſole of all his train, a matron ſage
Supports with homely food his drooping age,

Ver. 245. *Laertes's retirement.*] This moſt beautiful paſſage of Laertes has not eſcaped the cenſure of the Criticks: they ſay he acts an unmanly part, he forgets that he is a King, and reduces himſelf unworthily into the condition of a ſervant. Euſtathius gives two reaſons for his retirement, which anſwer thoſe objections; the firſt is, that he could not endure to ſee the outrage and inſolence of the Suitors; the ſecond, that his grief for Ulyſſes makes him abandon ſociety, and prefer his vineyard to his court. This is undoubtedly the picture of human nature under affliction; for ſorrow loves ſolitude. Thus it is, as Dacier well obſerves, that Menedemus in Terence laments his loſt ſon: Menedemus is the picture of Laertes. Nor does it make any difference, that the one is a King, the other a perſon of private ſtation: Kings are but ennobled humanity, and are liable, as other men, to as great, if not greater ſenſibility.

The word ἐριπλόζονλα (*creeping* about his vineyard) has alſo given offence, as it carries an idea of meanneſs with it; but Euſtathius obſerves, that it excellently expreſſes the melancholy of Laertes, and denotes no meanneſs of ſpirit: the ſame word is applied to the great Achilles in the Iliad, when he laments at the obſequies of Patroclus; and Horace no doubt had it in his view,

"——— Tacitum ſylvas inter-reptare ſalubres." P.

The rhymes are not correct. Thus?

Who, *preſs'd* with years and heart-corroding *woes*,
For rural *ſolitude the town foregoes.*

With feeble ſteps from marſhalling his vines
Returning ſad, when toilſome day declines.
With friendly ſpeed, induc'd by erring fame,
To hail Ulyſſes' ſafe return I came:
But ſtill the frown of ſome celeſtial pow'r
With envious joy retards the bliſsful hour.
Let not your ſoul be ſunk in ſad deſpair;
He lives, he breathes this heav'nly vital air,
Among a ſavage race, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
With ceaſeleſs roar the foaming deep ſurrounds.

Ver. 249.] Literally, as expreſſive of *care* and *imbecillity*,

With *creeping* ſteps —:

for old age is a ſecond *childhood:* ſee my note on the *Trachiniæ* of Sophocles, ver. 750, and on his *Philoctetes*, ver. 702.

Ver. 255.] Thus Dryden, at Æn. i. 770.

If yet *he lives*, and draws *this vital air*,
Nor we his friends of ſafety ſhall *deſpair*,

Ver. 256.] Or thus:

Still lives *your fire*, *ſtill* breathes the vital air.

Ver. 257. *Among a ſavage race*, &c.] It is the obſervation of Euſtathius, that what Minerva here delivers bears reſemblance to the Oracles, in which part is falſe, and part true: that Ulyſſes is detained in an iſland, is a truth; that he is detained by Barbarians, a falſhood: this is done by the Goddeſs, that ſhe may be thought to be really a man, as ſhe appears to be; ſhe ſpeaks with the dubiouſneſs of a man, not the certainty of a Goddeſs; ſhe raiſes his expectation by ſhewing ſhe has an inſight into futurity; and to engage his belief ſhe diſcovers in part the truth to Telemachus. Neither was it neceſſary or convenient for Telemachus to know the whole truth: for if he had known that Ulyſſes inhabited a deſert, detained by a Goddeſs, he muſt of conſequence have known of his return, (for he that could certify the one, could certify the other) and ſo had never gone in ſearch of him; and it

The thoughts which roll within my raviſh'd breaſt,
To me, no Seer, th' inſpiring Gods ſuggeſt;
Nor ſkill'd, nor ſtudious, with prophetick eye
To judge the winged omens of the ſky.
Yet hear this certain ſpeech, nor deem it vain;
Tho' adamantine bonds the chief reſtrain,
The dire reſtraint his wiſdom will defeat,
And ſoon reſtore him to his regal ſeat.
But, gen'rous youth! ſincere and free declare,
Are you, of manly growth, his royal heir?

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would hence have happened, that Homer had been deprived of giving us thoſe graces of poetry which ariſe from the voyage of Telemachus. *Euſtathius.* P.

Or, with advantage to fidelity, as well as numbers,

Some ſavage race *detains*, whoſe ſhelfy bounds
With ceaſeleſs roar th' *expanded* deep ſurrounds:

Or, with the rhymes of Ogilby:

In ſome lone iſle, *deep-circled by* the main,
A lawleſs race of ſavage men detain.

Ver. 261.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, ix. 42.

— — — — — — — — me, of theſe
Nor ſkill'd nor ſtudious, higher argument
Remains.

Ver. 262.] I ſhould prefer,

To *ſcan* the winged omens of the ſky.

Ver. 263.] Or thus?

Yet mark my word, nor deem th' aſſertion vain;
Though bonds of adamant the chief reſtrain,
Soon will his various wiles reſtraint o'ercome,
And ſafe reſtore him to his native home:

Or,

Soon will his wiles of wiſdom ſet him free,
And ſafe reſtore him to his realm and thee.

For ſure Ulyſſes in your look appears,
The ſame his features, if the ſame his years.
Such was that face, on which I dwelt with joy
E'er Greece aſſembled ſtemm'd the tides to Troy;
But parting then for that deteſted ſhore,
Our eyes, unhappy! never greeted more.
To prove a genuine birth (the Prince replies)
On female truth aſſenting faith relies;

Ver. 269.] Dryden, at Æn. iii. 440. a ſimilar paſſage:

What hopes are promis'd from his blooming years?
How much of Hector in his face appears?

Ver. 273.] Chapman is literally faithful and neat:

But ſince that time, mine eyes could never ſee
Renown'd Ulyſſes, nor met his with me.

Ver. 275. *To prove a genuine birth*, &c.] There is an appearance of ſomething very ſhocking in this ſpeech of Telemachus. It literally runs thus: *My mother aſſures me that I am the ſon of Ulyſſes, but I know it not.* It ſeems to reflect upon his mother's chaſtity, as if he had a doubt of his own legitimacy. This ſeeming ſimplicity in Telemachus, ſays Euſtathius, is the effect of a troubled ſpirit; it is grief that makes him doubt if he can be the ſon of the great, the generous Ulyſſes; it is no reflection upon Penelope, and conſequently no fault in Telemachus: it is an undoubted truth that the mother only knows the legitimacy of the child: thus Euripides,

Ἡ μὲν, γὰρ αὐτῆς οἶδεν ὄντα, ὃν δ' οἴεται.

that is, the mother knows the child, the father only believes it.

Thus alſo Menander,

Αὐτὸν γὰρ ἐκεῖς οἶδε, τῷ ποτ' ἐγένετο·
Ἀλλ' ὑποτοῦμεν πάντες, ἢ πιστεύομεν.

that is, No man knows aſſuredly who begot him, we only gueſs it, and believe it.

Ariſtotle in his *Rhetorick* is alſo of this opinion:

Ἄριστα περὶ τῶν τέκνων κρίνουσιν αἱ γυναῖκες.

Thus manifeſt of right, I build my claim
Sure-founded on a fair maternal fame,
Ulyſſes' ſon: but happier he, whom fate
Hath plac'd beneath the ſtorms which toſs the great!
Happier the ſon, whoſe hoary ſire is bleſt
With humble affluence, and domeſtick reſt!
Happier than I, to future empire born,
But doom'd a father's wretched fate to mourn!
To whom, with aſpect mild, the gueſt divine.
Oh true deſcendent of a ſcepter'd line!
The Gods, a glorious fate from anguiſh free
To chaſte Penelope's increaſe decree.

What I have here ſaid, is literally tranſlated from Euſtathius, and if it edifies the reader I am content. But the meaning of the paſſage is this, Mentes aſks Telemachus if he be the ſon of Ulyſſes; he replies, "So my mother aſſures me; but nothing ſure ſo wretched as I am could proceed from that great man."

But however this may be reconciled to truth, I believe few ladies would take it as a compliment, if their ſons ſhould tell them there was room to doubt of their legitimacy; there may be abundance of truth in it, and yet very little decency. P.

The tranſlator has executed this very difficult paſſage with extraordinary dexterity, and no common elegance.

Ver. 277.] The conſtruction is a *Latiniſm*, adopted before by Dryden, as I find him quoted in *Johnſon's Dictionary*:

Caliſtho there ſtood *manifeſt of ſhame*.

Ver. 283.] The rhyme is exceptionable, and the verſion itſelf not accurate. I ſhall propoſe a ſubſtitution, of more fidelity to the author:

But him, of whom thy partial words enquire,
Him, moſt unbleſs'd of men! I deem my ſire.

Ver. 287.] This turn miſ-ſtates the ſenſe of the original, and

But ſay, yon' jovial troop ſo gaily dreſt,
Is this a bridal or a friendly feaſt!
Or from their deed I rightlier may divine,
Unſeemly flown with inſolence and wine?
Unwelcome revellers, whoſe lawleſs joy
Pains the ſage ear, and hurts the ſober eye.
Magnificence of old (the prince reply'd)
Beneath our roof with Virtue could reſide;
Unblam'd abundance crown'd the royal board,
What time this dome rever'd her prudent lord;

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was adopted merely for the convenience of a rhyme. The following couplet has more fidelity, if leſs elegance:

Thee not inglorious doom'd the powers of heaven,
When to Penelope thy birth was given.

Ver. 289.] The rhymes are not venial, but an eaſy and neat correction does not preſent itſelf to my excurſions. Thus?

But tell me, what this croud of gueſts intends?
A bridal banquet, or a feaſt of friends?

Ver. 292.] From Paradiſe Loſt, i. 502.

— — — — — — And when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, *flown with inſolence and wine.*

Theſe imitations, if other proofs were wanting, ſufficiently prove the veneration, with which our great epic poet was regarded by Fenton.

Ver. 293.] The defect of rhyme in this beautiful couplet is much to be regretted. I cannot produce an accurate ſubſtitute of equal elegance:

Unwelcome revellers, whoſe lawleſs *chear*
Pains the *chaſte* eye, and *wounds* the *gentler* ear:

Or, not unfaithfully;

— — — — — — whoſe *clamorous* joy
Dares the *chaſte* ear and *prudent breaſt annoy.*

Ver. 297.] Or thus, on account of imperfection in the rhymes:

What time this dome *it's* prudent lord *contain'd,*
Throughout a hoſpitable plenty reign'd.

Who now (ſo heav'n decrees) is doom'd to mourn,
Bitter conſtraint! erroneous and forlorn.
Better the chief, on Ilion's hoſtile plain,
Had fall'n ſurrounded with his warlike train;
Or ſafe return'd, the race of glory paſt,
New to his friends embrace, had breath'd his laſt!
Then grateful Greece with ſtreaming eyes would raiſe
Hiſtorick marbles, to record his praiſe;
His praiſe, eternal on the faithful ſtone,
Had with tranſmiſſive honour grac'd his ſon.
Now ſnatch'd by harpies to the dreary coaſt,
Sunk is the hero, and his glory loſt:

Ver. 300.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt. vii. 20.

— — — — on th' Aleian field I fall
Erroneous there to wander, *and forlorn.*

But the rhyme is not properly correct. Thus?

Who now (ſo heav'n decrees) *to ſorrows born,*
Walks the wide world, erroneous and forlorn.

Ver. 303.] Or thus?

Or, ſafe *returning* from *his glorious* race,
Breath'd his *fond ſoul out in* his friends' embrace.

Ver. 305.] This *tenſe* cannot be tolerated. Thus?

Then Greece had rais'd his monumental mound,
With all her hoſt of heroes weeping round.

Ver. 307.] Inaccurate rhymes. I would propoſe the following ſubſtitution:

His praiſe eternal *through the race had run,*
And *all the father's* honour grac'd *the* ſon:
Now, ſnatch'd by harpies on *ſome* dreary *ſhore,*
Loſt is the hero, and his *fame no more!*

Ver. 309. *Now ſnatch'd by harpies,* &c.] The meaning of this expreſſion is, that Ulyſſes had not had the rites of ſepulture.

Vaniſh'd at once, unheard-of, and unknown!
And I his heir in miſery alone.
Nor for a dear, loſt father only flow
The filial tears, but woe ſucceeds to woe.
To tempt the ſpouſeleſs Queen with am'rous wiles,
Reſort the Nobles from the neighb'ring iſles;
From Samos, circled with th' Iönian main,
Dulichium, and Zacynthus' ſilvan reign:
Ev'n with preſumptuous hope her bed t' aſcend,
The Lords of Ithaca their right pretend.

This among the ancients was eſteemed the greateſt of calamities, as it hindered the ſhades of the deceaſed from entering into the ſtate of the happy. P.

Ver. 315. *To tempt the ſpouſeleſs Queen—reſort the Nobles.*] It is neceſſary to reconcile the conduct of the Suitors to probability, ſince it has ſo great a ſhare in the proceſs of the Odyſſey. It may ſeem incredible that Penelope, who is a Queen, in whom the ſupreme power is lodged, ſhould not diſmiſs ſuch unwelcome intruders, eſpecially ſince many of them were her own ſubjects: beſides it ſeems an extraordinary way of courtſhip in them, to ruin the perſon to whom they make their addreſſes.

To ſolve this objection we muſt conſider the nature of the Grecian governments: the chief men of the land had great authority: though the government was monarchical, it was not deſpotick: Laertes was retired, and diſabled with age; Telemachus was yet in his minority; and the fear of any violence either againſt her own perſon, or againſt her ſon, might deter Penelope from uſing any endeavours to remove men of ſuch inſolence, and ſuch power. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 319.] I diſapprove this eliſion totally, but cannot promiſe a preferable couplet:

E'en by the Nobles of our iſle are fed
The hopes preſumptuous of my mother's bed.

She ſeems attentive to their pleaded vows,
Her heart deteſting what her ear allows.
They, vain expectants of the bridal hour,
My ſtores in riotous expence devour,
In feaſt and dance the mirthful months employ,
And meditate my doom, to crown their joy.
With tender pity touch'd, the Goddeſs cry'd:
Soon may kind heav'n a ſure relief provide,
Soon may your ſire diſcharge the vengeance due,
And all your wrongs the proud oppreſſors rue!
Oh! in that portal ſhould the chief appear,
Each hand tremendous with a brazen ſpear,
In radiant panoply his limbs incas'd;
(For ſo of old my father's court he grac'd,
When ſocial mirth unbent his ſerious ſoul,
O'er the full banquet, and the ſprightly bowl)
He then from Ephyré, the fair domain
Of Ilus, ſprung from Jaſon's royal ſtrain,
Meaſur'd a length of ſeas, a toilſome length, in vain.
For voyaging to learn the direful art
To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart;

Ver. 327.] The true force of the original is better ſeen in Chapman:

This Pallas ſigh'd, and anſwer'd: O (ſaid ſhe)
Abſent Ulyſſes is much miſt by thee.

Ver. 334.] The original preſcribes, and not inelegantly, in my opinion,

My father's court (*I ſaw him*) *thus* he grac'd.

Ver. 341. *To taint with deadly drugs the barbed dart.*] It is

Obſervant of the Gods, and ſternly juſt,
Ilus refus'd t' impart the baneful truſt:
With friendlier zeal my father's ſoul was fir'd,
The drugs he knew, and gave the boon deſir'd.
Appear'd he now with ſuch heroick port,
As then conſpicuous at the Taphian court;
Soon ſhould yon' boaſters ceaſe their haughty ſtrife,
Or each atone his guilty love with life.

neceſſary to explain this paſſage. It ſeems at firſt view, as if Ulyſſes had requeſted what a good man could not grant. Ilus, ſays Mentes, denied the poiſon, becauſe he feared the anger of the Gods; and the poiſon itſelf is called by Homer Ἀνδροφόνον, as if it were deſigned againſt mankind. Euſtathius defends Ulyſſes variouſly: he intended, ſays he, to employ it againſt beaſts only, that infeſted his country, or in hunting. He aſſigns another reaſon, and ſays that the Poet is preparing the way to give an air of probability to the deſtruction of the Suitors. He poiſons his arrows, that every wound may be mortal; on this account the poiſon may be called ἀνδροφόνον; for it is certain in the wars of Troy poiſoned arrows were not in uſe, for many perſons who were wounded recovered; ſo that of neceſſity they muſt be reſerved for domeſtick occaſions. From what has been ſaid we may collect the reaſon why Anchialus granted the poiſon to Ulyſſes, and Ilus denied it; Anchialus was the friend of Ulyſſes, and knew that he would not employ it to any ill purpoſe: but Ilus, who was a ſtranger to him, was afraid leſt he ſhould abuſe it. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 343.] This ungraceful eliſion inclines me to propoſe a couplet of more fidelity:

Ilus, in fear of heav'n's avenging ire,
Refus'd the baneful ſecret to thy ſire.

Ver. 344.] Or thus, with Ogilby's rhymes:

The boon, his timorous ſcruples had deni'd,
My father's warmth of friendly zeal ſuppli'd.

Ver. 348.] An admirable couplet! but ſome attempt ſhould have been made to preſerve the beautiful phraſeology of the

But of his wiſh'd return the care reſign;
Be future vengeance to the pow'rs divine.
My ſentence hear: with ſtern diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the Suitor-crowd:
When next the morning warms the purple eaſt,
Convoke the Peerage, and the Gods atteſt;
The ſorrows of your inmoſt ſoul relate;
And form ſure plans to ſave the ſinking ſtate.
Should ſecond love a pleaſing flame inſpire,
And the chaſte Queen connubial rites require;
Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care

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original. I can only point the path of ſucceſs to a more ſkilful artiſt:

Soon would this crew be number'd with the dead;
Soon Fate's cold hands would dreſs their nuptial bed!

Ver. 352.] Ogilby is more faithful, and, in my opinion, preferable after ſome caſtigation:

But hear my ſentence, and conſider well,
How beſt thou may'ſt this haughty *tribe* expell.

Ver. 357.] After this verſe the couplet above ſhould be thus inſerted, with ſuitable adjuſtments of connection:

Their lawleſs revels with diſtaſte avow'd,
To their own diſtricts drive the Suitor-crowd:

for the preceding couplet is unauthoriſed by the original.

Ver. 360. *Diſmiſs'd with honour, let her hence repair*] I will lay before the reader literally what Euſtathius obſerves upon theſe words. There is a ſoleciſm, ſays he, in theſe verſes or words, that cannot be reduced to the rules of conſtruction. It ſhould be μήτης, not μητέρα ἄψ' ἴτω. How then comes the accuſative caſe to be uſed inſtead of the nominative? Mentes, adds he, may be ſuppoſed to have intended to have ſaid ἀπωπέμψον, (ſend thy mother away;) but conſidering in the midſt of the ſentence, that ſuch advice was not ſuitable to be given to Telemachus, he checks

Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
Then let this dictate of my love prevail:
Inſtant, to foreign realms prepare to ſail,
To learn your father's fortunes: Fame may prove,
Or omen'd voice, (the meſſenger of Jove)

---

himſelf and ſuppreſſes ἀποπέμψον; and no other word immediately occurring, that required an accuſative caſe, he falls into a ſoleciſm.

But perhaps this is more ingenious than true; though Mentes was in haſte when he ſpoke it, Homer was not when he compoſed it. Might not an errour creep into the original by the negligence of a tranſcriber, who might write Μηλίρα for Μήτηρ? This is the more probable, becauſe the one ſtands in the verſe in every reſpect as well as the other.

What Euſtathius adds is very abſurd: he ſays that Telemachus muſt obſerve both the interpretations, either ſend thy mother away, or let thy mother retire. So that the advice was double, ſend thy mother away if thou doſt not love her; but if thou art unwilling to grieve her, let her receſs be voluntary. P.

Our tranſlator ſeems willing to engage in philological diſcuſſions, for which his ſtudies had not qualified him. Theſe ſuſpended and abrupt conſtructions are very common, in modern as well as ancient poetry. See an inſtance of a ſimilar complexion in my note on v. 525 of this book. Such is the language of Nature and Paſſion.

Ver. 362.] Rhymes beyond all ſufferance. Thus? more exactly:

Will guide her paſſion, and that dower beſtow,
Such fond affections to a fav'rite owe.

Ver. 367. *Omen'd voice——of Jove.*] There is a difficulty in this paſſage. In any caſe of enquiry, any words that were heard by accident were called by the Latins, *omens*; by Homer, *the voice of* Jupiter; and he ſtiles them ſo, becauſe it is through his providence that thoſe words come to our knowledge: κλέος ſignifies *fame* or *rumour*; and the ancients referred all voices or ſounds to Jupiter; and ſtiled him Ζεὺς πανομφαῖος. So that the voice of Jove implies any words that we hear by chance, from whence we can draw any thing that gives light to our concerns or enquiries. *Dacier. Euſtathius.* P.

Propitious to the ſearch. Direct your toil
Thro' the wide ocean firſt to ſandy Pyle;
Of Neſtor, hoary ſage, his doom demand:
Thence ſpeed your voyage to the Spartan ſtrand;
For young Atrides to th' Achaian coaſt
Arriv'd the laſt of all the victor hoſt.
If yet Ulyſſes views the light, forbear,
'Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year.
But if his ſoul hath wing'd the deſtin'd flight,
Inhabitant of deep diſaſtrous night;
Homeward with pious ſpeed repaſs the main,
To the pale ſhade funereal rites ordain,
Plant the fair column o'er the vacant grave,
A hero's honours let the hero have.
With decent grief the royal dead deplor'd,
For the chaſte Queen ſelect an equal Lord.
Then let revenge your daring mind employ,
By fraud or force the Suitor-train deſtroy,
And ſtarting into manhood, ſcorn the boy.

Ver. 368.] The vicious rhymes require a ſubſtitution. Thus?

Propitious to the ſearch. *Firſt o'er the main*
Direct *thy way to Pylos'* ſandy *plain.*

Ver. 378.] By a ſimple ſubſtitution in this verſe, under a full compliance with every demand of the original, I would ſupplant the preceding couplet, which is but a heavy exaggeration, thus:

If dead, with pious ſpeed—.

Ver. 379.] This and the *four* ſucceeding lines are the repreſentatives of only the following portion of his author:

A mound conſtruct, the funeral rites perform
With fit profuſion; and thy mother wed.

Ver. 384.] Thus Ogilby:

Haſt thou not heard how young Oreſtes, fir'd
With great revenge, immortal praiſe acquir'd?
His virgin-ſword, Ægyſthus' veins imbru'd;
The murd'rer fell, and blood aton'd for blood.
O greatly bleſs'd with every blooming grace!
With equal ſteps the paths of glory trace;
Join to that royal youth's your rival name,
And ſhine eternal in the ſphere of fame. —
But my aſſociates now my ſtay deplore,
Impatient on the hoarſe-reſounding ſhore.

Then let thy mother wed, and laſt *imploy*,
Thy wits how thou theſe Suitors mai'ſt *deſtroy*,
By force or fraud.

Ver. 387. *Haſt thou not heard*, &c.] It may ſeem that this example of Oreſtes does not come fully up to the purpoſe intended: there is a wide difference in the circumſtances: Oreſtes ſlew an adulterer, and a ſingle perſon, with an adultereſs. The deſigns of Telemachus are not againſt one, but many enemies; neither are they adulterers, nor have they ſlain the father of Telemachus, as is the caſe of Oreſtes: nor is Penelope an adultereſs. The intent therefore of the Goddeſs is only to ſhew what a glorious act it is to defend our parents. Oreſtes, ſays Mentes, is every where celebrated for honouring his father, and thou ſhalt obtain equal honour by defending thy mother.

The ſenſe that πατροφόνος here bears is remarkable. It ſignifies not only a perſon who kills his own father, but who kills the father of any other perſon. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 389.] Thus? on account of the vicious rhymes:

His virgin-ſword, *to filial duty true*,
His father's murderer, *falſe* Ægiſthus, *ſlew.*

Our tranſlator, I preſume, improved his couplet from Ogilby:

He in Ægiſthus' breaſt, that regicide
Who Agamemnon ſlew, *his weapon dy'd:*

who again labours to recommend himſelf to his royal maſter.

Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed;
My praiſe the precept is, be thine the deed.
The counſel of my friend (the youth rejoin'd)
Imprints conviction on my grateful mind.
So fathers ſpeak (perſuaſive ſpeech and mild)
Their ſage experience to the fav'rite child.
But, ſince to part, for ſweet refection due,
The genial viands let my train renew:
And the rich pledge of plighted faith receive,
Worthy the heir of Ithaca to give.

Ver. 399.] The rhymes cannot be approved. Thus? more faithfully:

To Pallas then the prudent youth replies:
Thy counſels ſpeak a faithful friend and wiſe:
Such counſel fathers to their ſons impart;
No lapſe of time ſhall wear them from my heart.

Ver. 403.] So Milton, Par. Loſt, viii. 645.

— — — — — — *Since to part,*
Go, heav'nly gueſt!

But our tranſlator is too conciſe. The following repreſentation is literal:

Yet ſtay, thought bent on ſpeed; and let the bath
Refreſh thy limbs, and food recruit thy heart;
Nor, by ſome boon ungratified, return:
Some precious, honour'd gift, memorial ſweet
Of me; and ſuch as friends to friends may give.

Ver. 405.] The rhymes are vicious; but the turn of the next couplet is exquiſitely happy, and glorioufly poetical: to make amends for the uncommon ſlovenlineſs and inaccuracy of the remainder of this ſpeech. Thus Chapman, with fidelity to his author:

Detaine me not (ſaid ſhe) ſo much inclinde
To haſte my voyage. What thy loved minde
Commands to give, at my returne this way,
Beſtow on me; that I directly may
Convey it home; which (more of price to me)
The more it aſkes my recompence to thee.

Defer the promis'd boon, (the Goddeſs cries,
Celeſtial azure bright'ning in her eyes)
And let me now regain the Reithrian port:
From Temeſé return'd, your royal court
I ſhall reviſit; and that pledge receive;
And gifts, memorial of our friendſhip, leave.
Abrupt, with eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;
Inſtant inviſible to mortal eye.
Then firſt he recogniſ'd th' ætherial gueſt;
Wonder and joy alternate fire his breaſt:
Heroick thoughts, infus'd, his heart dilate:
Revolving much his father's doubtful fate,
At length, compos'd, he join'd the ſuitor-throng;
Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.

Ver. 408.] Spence in his *Eſſay* cenſures this verſe: to me it appears an ingenious variation of the ſtanding *epithet* γλαυκωπις.

Ver. 413. —— *With eagle-ſpeed ſhe cut the ſky;*
Inſtant inviſible ——]

I paſs over the ſeveral interpretations that have been given to the word ἀνωπαια; ſome ſay it implies ſhe flew up the chimney, &c. In reality it ſignifies a ſpecies of an eagle: but it may alſo ſignify the ſame as ἀφανὴς (inviſible,) either of the latter ſenſes are natural: or both together, *like an eagle ſhe diſappeared. Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 414.] From Par. Loſt, iii. 55.

Of things *inviſible to mortal ſight.*

Ver. 419. The unauthoriſed interpolations of this paſſage I would venture to abbreviate by the following adjuſtment:

He found, with ears erect the ſuitor-throng
The theme imbibing of the warbled ſong;
The ſad return from Troy acroſs the main,
Impos'd by Pallas on the Grecian train.

Ver. 420. *Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.*] There may

Thou, heedful of advice, ſecure proceed;
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The theme imbibing of the warbled ſong;
The ſad return from Troy acroſs the main,
Impos'd by Pallas on the Grecian train.

Ver. 420. *Huſh'd in attention to the warbled ſong.*] There may

His tender theme the charming Lyriſt choſe
Minerva's anger, and the direful woes
Which voyaging from Troy the victors bore,
While ſtorms vindictive intercept the ſhore.
The ſhrilling airs the vaulted roof rebounds,
Reflecting to the Queen the ſilver ſounds.

be two reaſons why this is inſerted; either the Suitors were pleaſed with the ſweetneſs of the ſong, or the ſubject of it; they ſat attentive to hear the death of Ulyſſes, in the proceſs of his ſtory. This gives us a reaſon why immediately Penelope deſcended to ſtop the ſong; ſhe feared leſt he might touch upon the ſtory of Ulyſſes, and ſay that he died in his return. This would have reduced her to the utmoſt neceſſity, and ſhe could not have deferred to marry. Phemius would have certainly found credit, for Poets were believed to be inſpired by the Gods; they were looked upon as Prophets, and to have ſomething of divinity in them, as appears from Demodocus in the eighth book of the Odyſſey. Beſides there was a further neceſſity to put a ſtop to the ſong. If Phemius had declared him to be dead, Penelope could not have avoided marriage; if alive, the Suitors might have deſiſted, or armed themſelves againſt Ulyſſes, and then their deaths, one of the principal incidents of the Poem, could not have followed; neither could Telemachus have gone in ſearch of his father, if he had foreknown his death, or ſudden return. It is therefore artful in the Poet to cut the ſong ſhort; he reſerves the ſtory of Ulyſſes for future narration; and brings all this about by a very probable method, by the interpoſition of Penelope, who requeſts that ſome other ſtory may be choſen, a ſtory that ſhe can hear without ſorrow.

It is very cuſtomary for women to be preſent at the entertainments of men; as appears from the conduct of Helen, Arete, Nauſicaa, and Penelope, in divers parts of the Odyſſey: ſhe is here introduced with the greateſt decency; ſhe enters not the room, but ſtands with tears at the threſhold; and even at that diſtance appears with her face ſhaded by a veil. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 425.] Pope's *St. Cecilia:*

'Till *the roofs* all around
The ſhrill echoes *rebound.*

With grief renew'd the weeping fair deſcends;
Their ſov'reign's ſtep a virgin train attends:
A veil of richeſt texture wrought, ſhe wears,
And ſilent to the joyous hall repairs.
There from the portal, with her mild command
Thus gently checks the minſtrel's tuneful hand.
Phemius! let acts of Gods, and heroes old,
What ancient bards in hall and bow'r have told,
Attemper'd to the lyre, your voice employ;
Such the pleas'd ear will drink with ſilent joy.
But oh! forbear that dear, diſaſtrous name,
To ſorrow ſacred, and ſecure of fame:
My bleeding boſom ſickens at the ſound,
And ev'ry piercing note inflicts a wound.
Why, deareſt object of my duteous love,
(Reply'd the Prince) will you the Bard reprove?

Ver. 431.] More fully expreſſive of the author, thus:

There, from the portal, *ſhe* with mild command,
Her maids beſide her, checks the minſtrel's hand.

Ver. 435.] *Dunciad*, ii. 256.

Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthuſiaſt blows;
High ſound, *attemper'd* to the vocal noſe.

Ver. 438.] The latter clauſe is a miſerable botch, for the relief of the verſifier. Thus?

But oh! that hapleſs name, for ever dear!
To tears and ſadneſs conſecrate, forbear.

Or thus:

That name, for ever ſad, for ever dear!
To ſilent ſorrow conſecrate, forbear.

Ver. 440.] After this verſe a diſtich of his original is paſſed by, which may thus be rendered:

That man, whoſe glory Greece and Argos fills,
On my fond memory ſuch regret inſtills!

Oft', Jove's ætherial rays (reſiſtleſs fire)
The chanter's ſoul and raptur'd ſong inſpire;
Inſtinct divine! nor blame ſevere his choice,
Warbling the Grecian woes with harp and voice:
For novel lays attract our raviſh'd ears;
But old, the mind with inattention hears;

Ver. 443. *Oft, Jove's ætherial rays*, &c.] Telemachus here reproves his mother for commanding Phemius to deſiſt, or not to make Ulyſſes the ſubject of his ſong: by ſaying, that it was not in the Poet's own power to chuſe his ſubject, which was frequently dictated and inſpired by the Gods. This is a particular inſtance of the opinion the ancients held as to the immediate inſpiration of their Poets. The words in the original evidently bear this ſenſe. *If the ſubject diſpleaſe you, it is not the Poet, but Jupiter is to blame, who inſpires men of invention, as he himſelf pleaſes.* And Madam Dacier ſtrangely miſtakes this paſſage, in rendering it, *it is not the Poet, but Jupiter, who is the cauſe of our misfortunes, for it is he who diſpenſes to wretched mortals good or evil as he pleaſes.* At the ſame time ſhe acknowledges the word ἀλφησταὶ, which ſhe here renders *laborious*, or *wretched*, to ſignify *perſons of wit*, in the beginning of lib. vi. *and perſons of ſkill and ability in their art*, in lib. xiii. P.

Our tranſlator, treading in the ſteps of Chapman and Ogilby, moſt miſerably miſtakes his author, his criticiſms notwithſtanding: nor leſs the laſt runner of this race, Mr. Cowper himſelf. Hobbes and Dacier are right. The paſſage is parallel to Il. T. 86. and to Virg. Æn. ii. 601. referred to by Clarke. Thus? beginning the line before us, and proceeding to ver. 449.

Let the ſweet ſongſter's unreſtrained choice
Wake his free lyre, and tune his varied voice.
No bard with woes our teeming meaſure fills;
Great Jove alone diſpenſes human ills.
What, if his theme the woes of Greece diſplay?
Our raviſh'd ears approve the novel lay.

Ver. 447.] Dryden's *St. Cecilia*:

With *raviſh'd ears*
The monarch *hears*.

Patient permit the ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain;
Familiar now with grief, your tears refrain,
And in the publick woe forget your own;
You weep not for a periſh'd Lord, alone.
What Greeks, now wand'ring in the Stygian gloom,
With your Ulyſſes ſhar'd an equal doom!
Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil
And various labours of the loom beguile;
There rule, from palace-cares remote and free,
That care to man belongs, and moſt to me.
Mature beyond his years the Queen admires
His ſage reply, and with her train retires.

Ver. 449.] Pope in his *St. Cecilia:*

In a *ſadly-pleaſing ſtrain,*
Let the warbling lute complain.

Ver. 455. *Your widow'd hours, apart, with female toil,* &c.] Theſe verſes are taken literally from the ſixth book of the *Iliad*, except that μῦθος is inſerted inſtead of πόλεμος; Euſtathius explains the paſſage thus: *Women are not forbid intirely to ſpeak, for women are talking animals,* λαλητὸν ζῶον, *they have the faculty of talking, and* indeed *are rational creatures*; but they muſt *not give too much liberty to that unruly member, in the company of men.* Sophocles adviſes well,

Γύναι, γυναικὶ κόσμον ἡ σιγὴ φέρει.

O woman, ſilence is the ornament of thy ſex. Madam Dacier, though ſhe plunders almoſt every thing, has ſpared this obſervation. P.

Bad rhymes. Thus more accurately, and faithfully to the original:

You with the maids, in your ſequeſter'd room,
Beguile your hours with labours of the loom.
There from *debates and broils continue* free:
Theſe to our ſex belong, and moſt to me.

Then ſwelling ſorrows burſt their former bounds,
With echoing grief afreſh the dome reſounds;
'Till Pallas, piteous of her plaintive cries,
In ſlumber clos'd her ſilver-ſtreaming eyes.
Meantime, rekindl'd at the royal charms,
Tumultuous love each beating boſom warms;
Intemp'rate rage a wordy war began;
But bold Telemachus aſſum'd the man.
Inſtant (he cry'd) your female diſcord end,
Ye deedleſs boaſters! and the ſong attend;
Obey that ſweet compulſion, nor profane
With diſſonance the ſmooth melodious ſtrain.
Pacifick now prolong the jovial feaſt;
But when the dawn reveals the roſy eaſt,

Ver. 461.] Better, perhaps, with the brevity of the original:

There each ſad eye freſh ſtreams of ſorrow ſteep,
'Till Pallas clos'd with the ſoft ſeal of ſleep.

Ver. 471.] A very happy complication of phraſe, congenial with this before us, occurs in Vincent Bourne's verſion of Addiſon's Hymns:

While in the confidence of prayer
My ſoul took hold on thee:
Dum ſe recepit anima numen ad tuum
Confiſa *humillimæ* precum *violentiæ*.

Our tranſlator's expreſſion is from Milton, Par. Loſt, ix. 473.

Thoughts, whither have ye led me! with what *ſweet*
Compulſion thus tranſported to forget
What hither brought us!

Ver. 472.] Paradiſe Loſt, vii. 32.

But drive far off the barbarous *diſſonance*
Of Bacchus and his revelers.

I, to the Peers aſſembled, ſhall propoſe
The firm reſolve, I here in few diſcloſe.
No longer live the cankers of my court;
All to your ſeveral ſtates with ſpeed reſort;
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flock ſhall bleed;
Judge and revenge my right, impartial Jove!—
By him and all th' immortal thrones above,
(A ſacred oath) each proud oppreſſor, ſlain,
Shall with inglorious gore this marble ſtain.
Aw'd by the Prince, thus haughty, bold, and young,
Rage gnaw'd the lip, and wonder chain'd the tongue.

Ver. 476.] Dryden, Æn. x. 24.

Thus Jupiter *in few* unfolds the charge.

Ver. 480.] Homer preſcribes the following alteration:

There *in alternate banquetings* carouſe.

Ver. 483.] This repreſentation of the paſſage is not correct. Rather, thus:

I witneſs now th' *eternal powers* above,
If chance thy ſovereign will, avenging Jove!
Will grant to view each proud oppreſſor's gore
Shed on this violated manſion's floor.

Ver. 487.] Chapman is nervous, and reflects a good image of his author. I only ſubſtitute a ſingle word:

At this, all bit their lips, and *much* admire
His words ſent from him with ſuch phraſe and fire.

Silence at length the gay Antinous broke,
Conſtrain'd a ſmile, and thus ambiguous ſpoke.
What God to your untutor'd youth affords
This headlong torrent of amazing words?

Ver. 490.] This line is mere interpolation. I ſhould propoſe the baniſhment of the whole couplet by an adjuſtment of the next, as follows:

What God to your untutor'd youth affords
(*Antinous cries*) this *flood* of *boiſterous* words?

Ver. 491. *The ſpeech of Antinous.*] Antinous and Eurymachus are Ithacenſians, and are called the chief of the Suitors. It is therefore neceſſary to diſtingniſh their characters; Antinous is violent, and determined againſt Ulyſſes; Eurymachus more gentle and ſubtle; Antinous derides, Eurymachus flatters.

This ſpeech of Antinous is a concealed raillery; he tells Telemachus, that Jove inſpires his ſoul with wiſdom, but means that his education has been ſuch, that he had learned nothing from man; he wiſhes (out of a ſeemingly kind concern for him) that he may never reign in Ithaca, becauſe the weight of a crown is a burden; and concludes with mentioning his hereditary title to it, to inſinuate that it is by his deſcent only, and not by merit.

Telemachus, in his anſwer, wiſely diſſembles the affront of Antinous, he takes it in the better ſenſe, and ſeems to differ only in opinion about the regality. Think you, ſays he, that to be a King is to be miſerable? To be a King, in my judgment, is to enjoy affluence and honour. He aſſerts his claim to the ſucceſſion of his father, yet ſeems to decline it, to lay the ſuſpicions of the Suitors aſleep, that they may not prevent the meaſures he takes to obtain it. *Euſtathius.*

The ſpeech of Eurymachus confirms the former obſervation, that this Suitor is of a more ſoft and moderate behaviour than Antinous: he cloaths ill deſigns with a ſeeming humanity, and appears a friend, while he carries on the part of an enemy: Telemachus had ſaid, that if it was the will of Jupiter, he would aſcend the throne of Ithaca: Eurymachus anſwers, that this was as the Gods ſhould determine; an inſinuation that they regarded not his claim from his father. Telemachus ſaid he would maintain himſelf in the poſſeſſion of his preſent inheritance: Eurymа-

May Jove delay thy reign, and cumber late
So bright a genius with the toils of ſtate!
Thoſe toils (Telemachus ſerene replies)
Have charms, with all their weight, t' allure the wiſe.
Faſt by the throne obſequious Fame reſides,
And Wealth inceſſant rolls her golden tides.
Nor let Antinous rage, if ſtrong deſire
Of wealth and fame a youthful boſom fire:
Elect by Jove his delegate of ſway,
With joyous pride the ſummons I'd obey.
Whene'er Ulyſſes roams the realm of Night,
Shou'd factious pow'r diſpute my lineal right,

---

chus wiſhes that no one may arrive to diſpoſſeſs him: the latent meaning of which is, "we of your own country are ſufficient "for that deſign." If theſe obſervations of Euſtathius be true, Eurymachus was not a leſs enemy than Antinous, but a better diſſembler. P.

Ver. 496.] This inelegant eliſion may be readily removed:

Have charms, with all their weight, *to win* the wiſe.

But this couplet of the tranſlation is general, and bears little or no reſemblance to the original; the ſenſe and order of which are more correctly exhibited by Chapman, as follows:

Be not offended (he replide) if I
Shall ſay, I would aſſume this emperie,
If Jove gave leave. You are not he that ſings,
"The rule of kingdomes is the worſt of things."
Nor is it ill, at all, to ſway a throne.

Ver. 503.] The purport of theſe *two* couplets, as far as they are authorized by the original, may be well digeſted into *one*, and with more fidelity; thus:

But, ſince Ulyſſes roams the realm of night,
Others there are to claim the ſovereign right.

Some other Greeks a fairer claim may plead;
To your pretence their title wou'd precede.
At leaſt, the ſcepter loſt, I ſtill ſhou'd reign
Sole o'er my vaſſals, and domeſtick train.
To this Eurymachus. To heav'n alone
Refer the choice to fill the vacant throne.
Your patrimonial ſtores in peace poſſeſs;
Undoubted all your filial claim confeſs:
Your private right ſhou'd impious pow'r invade,
The peers of Ithaca wou'd arm in aid.
But ſay, that ſtranger-gueſt who late withdrew,
What and from whence? his name and lineage ſhew.
His grave demeanour, and majeſtick grace
Speak him deſcended of no vulgar race:

Ver. 513.] The original runs thus:

Let not that man appear, who dares by force
To wreſt thy wealth, while Ithaca has men.

And, through the whole of this book, the tranſlation is very general in it's repreſentation of Homer's ſenſe, with little attention to the complexion of his language: and in numerous inſtances has more of a commentary than a verſion: but betrays, notwithſtanding, in the execution, an uncommon ſhare of technical ingenuity and the true genius of poetry.

Ver. 517.] Thus, more faithfully to the original:

How ſwift he paſt, as ſhunning to be ſeen!
No common worth beſpake his noble mien.

And in Homer this couplet follows the next of the verſion, and concludes the ſpeech.

Ver. 518.] So Dacier: "A ſon air on voit bien que ce n'eſt pas un "homme d'une naiſſance obſcure." But I deem this reſemblance caſual: for Fenton, whoſe portion of tranſlation was inconſider-

Did he ſome loan of antient right require,
Or came fore-runner of your ſcepter'd Sire?
Oh ſon of Polybus! the Prince replies,
No more my Sire will glad theſe longing eyes:
The Queen's fond hope inventive rumour cheers,
Or vain diviners' dreams divert her fears.
That ſtranger-gueſt the Taphian realm obeys,
A realm defended with incircling ſeas.
Mentes, an ever-honour'd name, of old
High in Ulyſſes' ſocial liſt inroll'd.
Thus he, tho' conſcious of th' ætherial gueſt,
Anſwer'd evaſive of the ſly requeſt.
Meantime the lyre rejoins the ſprightly lay;
Love-dittied airs, and dance, conclude the day.
But when the ſtar of eve, with golden light
Adorn'd the matron-brow of ſable night;
The mirthful train diſperſing quit the court,
And to their ſeveral domes to reſt reſort.

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able, appears to have derived little or no benefit from his predeceſſors; conſulted by Pope, who was wearied with the length of his undertaking, and unacquainted with the original language of his author, with unfailing aſſiduity.

Ver. 525.] The rhymes will not paſs with an ear of feeling. Thus?

But know, that ſtranger-gueſt, his regal ſway
The Taphians, fam'd for naval ſkill, obey.

I have ſpoken elſewhere in theſe notes with approbation of that adoption into Engliſh poetry of the *ſuſpended nominative*, from the Greeks and Romans, on occaſion of a ſimilar inſtance in Pope's tranſlation.

Ver. 534.] So Chapman:

The *fable* even deſcended.

A tow'ring ſtructure to the palace join'd;
To this his ſteps the thoughtful Prince inclin'd;
In his pavilion there, to ſleep repairs;
The lighted torch, the ſage Euryclea bears:
(Daughter of Ops, the juſt Piſenor's ſon,
For twenty beeves by great Laertes won;
In roſy prime with charms attractive grac'd,
Honour'd by him, a gentle lord and chaſte,
With dear eſteem: too wiſe, with jealous ſtrife
To taint the joys of ſweet, connubial life.
Sole with Telemachus her ſervice ends,
A child ſhe nurs'd him, and a man attends.)
Whilſt to his couch himſelf the Prince addreſt,
The duteous dame receiv'd the purple veſt:
The purple veſt with decent care diſpos'd,
The ſilver ring ſhe pull'd, the door reclos'd;

Ver. 537.] The rhymes are exceptionable, and require a ſubſtitution.

A towering chamber from the hall aſcends:
To this the prince in penſive ſorrow bends.

Ver. 540. *The ſage Euryclea.*] Euryclea was a very aged perſon; ſhe was bought by Laertes to nurſe Ulyſſes; and in her old age attends Telemachus: ſhe coſt Laertes twenty oxen; that is, a certain quantity of money (ὕλης μεταλλικῆς) which would buy twenty oxen: or perhaps the form of an ox was ſtamped upon the metal, and from thence had its appellation.

The ſimplicity of theſe heroick times is remarkable; an old woman is the only attendant upon the ſon of a King: ſhe lights him to his apartment, takes care of his cloaths, and hangs them up at the ſide of his bed. Greatneſs then conſiſted not in ſhew, but in the mind: this conduct proceeded not from the meanneſs of poverty, but from the ſimplicity of manners. *Euſtathius.* P.

The bolt, obedient to the ſilken cord,
To the ſtrong ſtaple's inmoſt depth reſtor'd,
Secur'd the valves. There, wrapt in ſilent ſhade,
Penſive, the rules the Goddeſs gave, he weigh'd;
Stretch'd on the downy fleece, no reſt he knows,
And in his raptur'd ſoul the viſion glows.

Ver. 545.] So Hobbes:

T' avoid ſuſpicion, and domeſtick ſtrife.

Ver. 548.] A moſt elegant and delightful verſe!

Ver. 552.] Thus Chapman:

Then made ſhe haſte forth from him; and did bring
The doore together with a *ſilver ring*.

Ver. 555.] If the following alteration be made, perfectly correſpondent to the original,

Secur'd the valves. *All night on fleeces laid*;

the concluding couplet may be ſpared, as an elegant viſion of the tranſlator's only. Editor.

Having now gone through the firſt book, I ſhall only obſerve to the reader, that the whole of it does not take up the compaſs of an intire day: when Minerva appears to Telemachus, the Suitors were preparing to ſit down to the banquet at noon; and the buſineſs of the firſt book concludes with the day. It is true, that the Gods hold a debate before the deſcent of Minerva, and ſome ſmall time muſt be allowed for that tranſaction. It is remarkable, that there is not one ſimile in this book, except we allow thoſe three words to be one, ὄρνις δ' ὣς ἀνόπαια; the ſame obſervation is true of the firſt book of the Iliad. See the notes on that place. P.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

ODYSSEY

SECOND BOOK

THE ARGUMENT.

The Council of Ithaca.

TELEMACHUS, in the aſſembly of the Lords of Ithaca, complains of the injuſtice done him by the Suitors, and inſiſts upon their departure from his Palace; appealing to the Princes, and exciting the people to declare againſt them. The Suitors endeavour to juſtify their ſtay, at leaſt till he ſhall ſend the Queen to the Court of Icarius her father; which he refuſes. There appears a prodigy of two Eagles in the ſky, which an Augur expounds to the ruin of the Suitors. Telemachus then demands a veſſel to carry him to Pylos and Sparta, there to enquire of his father's fortunes. Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor (an ancient friend of Ulyſſes) helps him to a ſhip, aſſiſts him in preparing neceſſaries for the voyage, and imbarks with him that night; which concludes the ſecond day from the opening of the Poem.

The Scene continues in the palace of Ulyſſes in Ithaca. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THIS book opens with the firſt appearance of Telemachus upon the ſtage of action. And Boſſu obſerves the great judgment of the Poet, in beginning with the tranſactions of Ithaca in the abſence of Ulyſſes: by this method he ſets the conduct of Telemachus, Penelope, and the Suitors, in a ſtrong point of light; they all have a large ſhare in the ſtory of the Poem, and conſequently ought to have diſtinguiſhing characters. It is as neceſſary in Epick Poetry, as it is on the Theatre, to let us immediately into the character of every perſon whom the Poet introduces: this adds perſpicuity to the ſtory, and we immediately grow acquainted with each perſonage, and intereſt ourſelves in the good or ill fortune that attends them through the whole relation.

Telemachus is now about twenty years of age: in the eleventh book, the Poet tells us, he was an infant in the arms of his mother when Ulyſſes ſailed to Troy; that Hero was abſent near twenty years, and from hence we may gather the exact age of Telemachus. He is every where deſcribed as a perſon of piety to the Gods, of duty to his parents, and as a lover of his country: he is prudent, temperate, and valiant: and the poet well ſets off the importance of this young Hero, by giving him the Goddeſs of War and Wiſdom for his conſtant attendant. P.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

NOW red'ning from the dawn, the morning-ray
Glow'd in the front of heav'n, and gave the day.
The youthful hero, with returning light,
Roſe anxious from th' inquietudes of night.
A royal robe he wore with graceful pride,
A two-edg'd falchion threaten'd by his ſide,

NOTES.

Ver. 5.] Thus his author: (but fidelity made the verſification much more difficult, and a hackneyed deſcription was eaſily accommodated to the tranſlator's purpoſe)

A royal robe with graceful pride he wore;
And a ſharp ſword athwart his ſhoulders bore.

Embroider'd ſandals glitter'd as he trod,
And forth he mov'd, majeſtick as a God.
Then by his heralds, reſtleſs of delay,
To council calls the peers: the peers obey.
Soon as in ſolemn form th' aſſembly ſat,
From his high dome himſelf deſcends in ſtate.
Bright in his hand a pond'rous jav'lin ſhin'd;
Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind;

Ver. 7. So Chapman:

— — — — who, when *he trod*
The open earth, to men ſhewd like *a god.*

Ver. 13. — — *In his hand a pond'rous jav'lin ſhin'd.*] The Poet deſcribes Telemachus as if he were marching againſt an enemy, or going to a council of war, rather than to an aſſembly of peers in his own country: two reaſons are aſſigned for this conduct; either this was the common uſage of princes in thoſe times, or Telemachus might look upon the Suitors as enemies, and conſequently go to council in arms as againſt enemies. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 14. *Two dogs, a faithful guard, attend behind.*] This paſſage has not eſcaped the raillery of the Criticks; they look upon it as a mean deſcription of a hero and a prince, to give him a brace of dogs only for his guards or attendants: but ſuch was the ſimplicity of ancient princes, that except in war they had rarely any attendants or equipage. And we may be confident Homer copies after the cuſtom of the time, unleſs we can be ſo abſurd as to ſuppoſe, he would feign low circumſtances unneceſſarily, through a want of judgment.

Virgil judged otherwiſe, and thought this circumſtance worthy of his imitation.

" Quin etiam gemini cuſtodes limine ab alto
" Procedunt, greſſumque canes comitantur Herilem."

Patroclus is deſcribed in the Iliad with the ſame attendants.

— — nine large dogs domeſtick at his board. B. xxiii.

Pallas with grace divine his form improves,
And gazing crouds admire him as he moves.
His father's throne he fill'd: while diſtant ſtood
The hoary peers, and aged Wiſdom bow'd.
'Twas ſilence all, at laſt Ægyptius ſpoke;
Ægyptius, by his age and ſorrows broke:
A length of days his ſoul with prudence crown'd,
A length of days had bent him to the ground.
His eldeſt * hope in arms to Ilion came,
By great Ulyſſes taught the path to fame;

Poetry, obſerves Dacier, is like painting, which draws the greateſt beauties from the ſimpleſt cuſtoms: and even in hiſtory, we receive a ſenſible pleaſure from the leaſt circumſtance that denotes the cuſtoms of ancient times. It may be added, that the poet, as well as the painter, is obliged to follow the cuſtoms of the age of which he writes, or paints: a modern dreſs would ill become Achilles or Ulyſſes, ſuch a conduct would be condemned as an abſurdity in painting, and ought to be ſo in poetry. P.

Ver. 15.] Or thus, as the former verſe of the couplet ſeems ſuſceptible of improvement:

Around him Pallas grace *cæleſtial throws*;
And gazing crouds admire him as he *goes*.

Ver. 18.] The latter clauſe is the tranſlator's interpolation, for the gain of an intolerable rhyme. Thus?

The throne he mounted of his father's ſway:
The hoary ſeniors to the prince give way.

Ver. 20.] The ſentiment of the ſucceeding couplet ſhould not be anticipated. The following attempt is not wide of the original:

The council throng'd in liſtening ſilence ſate:
At length Ægyptius open'd the debate.

* Antiphus.

But, hapleſs youth! the hideous Cyclops tore
His quiv'ring limbs, and quaff'd his ſpouting gore.
Three ſons remain'd: to climb with haughty fires
The royal bed, Eurynomus aſpires;
The reſt with duteous love his griefs aſſwage,
And eaſe the fire of half the cares of age.
Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns;
And as he ſtood, he ſpoke and wept by turns.
Since great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian plains,
Within theſe walls inglorious ſilence reigns.

Ver. 25.] It were eaſy to obſerve more fidelity, as follows:

Of all his comrades laſt, the Cyclops tore—.

Ver. 27.] The phraſe *haughty fires* ſeems harſh and forced. I ſhall propoſe a ſubſtitution:

Three ſons remain'd: with *wild ambition fir'd,*
To win the queen Eurynomus *aſpir'd.*

Ver. 31. *Yet ſtill his Antiphus he loves, he mourns.*] Homer, ſays Euſtathius, inſerts theſe particularities concerning the family of Ægyptius, to give an air of truth to his ſtory: it does not appear that Ægyptius knew the certainty of the death of Antiphus: (for it is the poet who relates it, and not the father;) whence, as Dacier obſerves, ſhould he learn it? He only laments him, according to the prevailing opinion that all the companions of Ulyſſes were loſt with Ulyſſes. P.

May the inaccuracy of the rhyme be ſuperſeded thus?

Yet ſtill *the flame of ſtrong affection burns*
For Antiphus. He *ſpake*, and wept by turns.

Ver. 33.] *Since great Ulyſſes, &c.*] We here are told, that there never had been any council convened in Ithaca, ſince the departure of Ulyſſes. The general deſign and moral of the Odyſſey, is to inform us of the miſchievous effects which the abſence of a king and father of a family produces: we deprive, as Boſſu obſerves, the poem of its very ſoul, and ſpoil the fable, if we retrench from it the diſorders which the Suitors create in the

Say then, ye peers! by whoſe commands we meet?
Why here once more in ſolemn council ſit?
Ye young, ye old, the weighty cauſe diſcloſe:
Arrives ſome meſſage of invading foes?
Or ſay, does high neceſſity of ſtate
Inſpire ſome patriot, and demand debate?
The preſent Synod ſpeaks its author wiſe;
Aſſiſt him, Jove, thou regent of the ſkies!
He ſpoke. Telemachus with tranſport glows,
Embrac'd the omen, and majeſtick roſe:
(His royal hand th' imperial ſcepter ſway'd)
Then thus, addreſſing to Ægyptius, ſaid.

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abſence of Ulyſſes, both in his family and dominions. Nothing can give us a greater image of thoſe diſorders, than what is here related: what muſt a kingdom ſuffer in twenty years without a ruler, without a council to make laws or puniſh enormities? Such is the condition of Ithaca: Laertes is ſuperannuated; Penelope oppreſſed by the violence of the Suitors; and Telemachus to this time, in his minority.

It is very artful in the poet to open the aſſembly by Ægyptius: Telemachus was the perſon who convened it: and being the greateſt perſonage preſent, it might be expected that he ſhould open the deſign of it: but to give Telemachus courage, who was young and inexperienced, Ægyptius firſt riſes, and by praiſing the perſon who had ſummoned them (of whom he ſeems ignorant) gives Telemachus to underſtand he has friends among the aſſembly: this he could no other way ſo ſafely have done, conſidering the power of the Suitors. By this means Telemachus is encouraged to ſpeak boldly, and arraign the diſorders of the Suitors with the utmoſt freedom. P.

Ver. 35.] No proper rhymes. Thus?

Why then in ſolemn council meet to-day?
By whoſe commands, ye Ithacenſians! ſay?

Ver. 45.] Our tranſlator is too haſty and conciſe. The following attempt is conformable to the original:

Rev'rend old man! lo here confeſt he ſtands
By whom ye meet; my grief your care demands.
No ſtory I unfold of publick woes,
Nor bear advices of impending foes:
Peace the bleſt land, and joys inceſſant crown;
Of all this happy realm, I grieve alone.
For my loſt ſire continual ſorrows ſpring,
The great, the good; your father, and your king.
Yet more: our houſe from its foundation bows,
Our foes are pow'rful, and your ſons the foes:

The prince, to ſpeak impatient, takes his ſtand
In the mid council: (then receiv'd his hand
The ſceptre from Piſenor, wiſe with age)
And thus addreſt Ægyptius, reverend ſage:
Old man rever'd! lo here he ſtands confeſt
By whom ye meet: ſuch grief o'erwhelms my breaſt!

Ver. 51.] This is wide of the original. Chapman is exact:

Onely mine owne affaires all this procure,
That in my houſe a double ill endure.

Ver. 54. *Your father, and your king.*] Telemachus here ſets the character of Ulyſſes, as a king, in the moſt agreeable point of light: he ruled his people with the ſame mildneſs as a father rules his children. This muſt needs have a very happy effect upon the audience; not only as it ſhews Ulyſſes to have been a good governor; but as it recalls the memory of the happineſs they received from that mild government, and obliquely condemns them of ingratitude who had forgot it. By this method alſo the poet intereſts us deeply in the ſufferings of Ulyſſes; we cannot ſee a good man and good king in diſtreſs, without the moſt tender emotions. P.

Ver. 55. *Yet more; our houſe, &c.*] What Telemachus here ſays, has given offence to the Criticks; they think it indecent for a ſon to ſay, that he bears with more regret the diſorder of his family than the loſs of his father; yet this objection will vaniſh,

Hither, unwelcome to the Queen they come;
Why ſeek they not the rich Icarian dome?
If ſhe muſt wed, from other hands require
The dow'ry: is Telemachus her ſire?
Yet thro' my court the noiſe of revel rings,
And waſtes the wiſe frugality of kings.
Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice;
Scarce all my wine their midnight hours ſupplies.

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if we weigh Penelope, Telemachus, and his whole poſterity, againſt the ſingle perſon of Ulyſſes.

But what chiefly takes away this objection is, that Telemachus was ſtill in hopes of his father's return: for ἀπώλεσα does not imply neceſſarily his death, but abſence: and then both with juſtice and decency, Telemachus may ſay that he grieves more for the deſtruction of his family, than for the abſence of Ulyſſes. P.

A very inaccurate repreſentation of his author. Thus?

A weightier evil ſtill our houſe deplores;
Such waſteful riot ſquanders all our ſtores.
Unwelcome Suitors to my mother come
Your ſons: but dread to ſeek th' Icarian dome.

Ver. 63. *Scarce all my herds their luxury ſuffice.*] This paſſage is ridiculed by the Criticks; they ſet it in a wrong light, and then grow very pleaſant upon it: Telemachus makes a ſad outcry becauſe the Suitors eat his ſheep, his beeves and fatted goats; and at laſt falls into tears. The truth is, the riches of Kings and Princes, in thoſe early ages, conſiſted chiefly in flocks and cattle; thus Æneas and Paris are deſcribed as tending their flocks, &c. And Abraham in the ſcriptures, as abounding in this kind of wealth.

Theſe Criticks would form a different idea of the ſtate and condition of Telemachus, if they conſidered that he had been capable to maintain no fewer than an hundred and eight perſons in a manner very expenſive for many years; for ſo many (with their attendants) were the Suitors, as appears from the ſixteenth book: and at the ſame time he kept up the dignity of his own court, and lived with great hoſpitality.

Safe in my youth, in riot ſtill they grow,
Nor in the helpleſs orphan dread a foe.
But come it will, the time when manhood grants
More pow'rful advocates than vain complaints.
Approach that hour! unſufferable wrong
Cries to the Gods, and Vengeance ſleeps too long.
Riſe then, ye peers! with virtuous anger riſe;
Your fame revere, but moſt th' avenging ſkies.
By all the deathleſs pow'rs that reign above,
By righteous Themis and by thund'ring Jove,
(Themis, who gives to councils, or denies
Succeſs; and humbles, or confirms the wiſe)

But it is a ſufficient anſwer to the objections againſt this paſſage, to obſerve, that it is not the expence, but manner of it, that Telemachus laments: this he expreſly declares by the word μαψιδίως; and ſurely a ſober man may complain againſt luxury, without being arraigned of meanneſs; and againſt profuſion, without being condemned for parſimony. P.

Ver. 66.] More faithfully,
Nor in *my father's abſence* dread a foe.

Ver. 67.] Thus his author, literally exhibited:
Unfit am I for vengeance: all too weak,
All inexpert, my ſtrength betrays my will;
With power reſponſive ſoon would vengeance come.
And to this the couplet before us, which is defective in rhyme, and perverſe in meaning, is intended to correſpond.

Ver. 75.] *Themis, who gives to councils, or denies*
Succeſs;———]
Euſtathius obſerves, that there was a cuſtom to carry the ſtatue of Themis to the aſſemblies in former ages, and carry it back again when thoſe aſſemblies were diſſolved; and thus Themis may be ſaid to form, and diſſolve an aſſembly. Dacier diſlikes this aſſertion, as having no foundation in antiquity; ſhe thinks that the

Riſe in my aid! ſuffice the tears that flow
For my loſt ſire, nor add new woe to woe.
If e'er he bore the ſword to ſtrengthen ill,
Or having pow'r to wrong, betray'd the will,
On me, on me your kindled wrath aſſwage,
And bid the voice of lawleſs riot rage.
If ruin to our royal race ye doom,
Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.
Then might we hope redreſs from juſter laws,
And raiſe all Ithaca to aid our cauſe:
But while your ſons commit th' unpuniſh'd wrong,
You make the arm of violence too ſtrong.
While thus he ſpoke, with rage and grief he frown'd,
And daſh'd th' imperial ſcepter to the ground.

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aſſertion of Telemachus is general, that he intimates, it is juſtice alone that eſtabliſhes the councils of mankind, and that injuſtice confounds and brings the wicked deſigns of men to confuſion.

I have followed this interpretation, not only as it ſuits beſt with the uſual morality of Homer, but alſo as Jupiter is mentioned with Themis; and no ſuch cuſtom is pretended concerning his ſtatue. He is expreſly ſtiled by the ancients Ζεὺς ἀγοραῖος. In Sicily there was an altar of Ζεὺς ἀγοραῖος, or of Jupiter, *who preſides over Councils*. *Euſtathius* from *Herodotus*. P.

Ver. 84. *Be you the ſpoilers, and our wealth conſume.*] To underſtand this paſſage, we muſt remember, as Euſtathius remarks, that Telemachus is pleading his cauſe before the Ithacenſians; them he conſtitutes the judges of his cauſe: he therefore prevents an anſwer which they might make, *viz. We are not the men that are guilty of theſe outrages*; Telemachus rejoins, "It were better "for me to ſuffer from your hands; for by your quieſcence you "make my affairs deſperate;" an intimation that they ſhould riſe in his defence. P.

The big round tear hung trembling in his eye:
The ſynod griev'd, and gave a pitying ſigh,
Then ſilent ſat—at length Antinous burns
With haughty rage, and ſternly thus returns.
O inſolence of youth! whoſe tongue affords
Such railing eloquence, and war of words.
Studious thy country's worthies to defame,
Thy erring voice diſplays thy mother's ſhame.
Eluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.

Ver. 91. *The big round tear hung trembling in his eye.*] This paſſage is not one of thoſe, where the Poet can be blamed for cauſing a hero to weep. If we conſider the youth of Telemachus, together with the tenderneſs agreeable to that time of life; the ſubjects that demand his concern; the apprehenſion of the loſs of a father; and the deſolate ſtate of his mother and kingdom: all theſe make his readineſs to burſt into tears an argument, not of any want of ſpirit in him, but of true ſenſe, and goodneſs of nature; and is a great propriety, which ſhews the right judgment of the Poet. P.

Ver. 95. *O inſolence of youth!* &c.] We find Antinous always ſetting himſelf in the ſtrongeſt oppoſition to Telemachus; and therefore he is the firſt that falls by the ſpear of Ulyſſes; the Poet obſerves juſtice, and as Antinous is the firſt in guilt, he is the firſt in puniſhment. What Antinous ſays in this ſpeech, concerning the treachery of the female ſervant of Penelope, prepares the way for the puniſhment Ulyſſes inflicts on ſome of the maids in the concluſion of the Poem: this is an act of poetical juſtice; and it is as neceſſary in Epick as in Tragick Poety, to reward the juſt, and puniſh the guilty. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 98.] Rather, perhaps,

Thy erring voice *but ſpeaks* thy mother's ſhame.

Ver. 99. *Eluſive of the bridal day, ſhe gives*
Fond hopes to all, and all with hopes deceives.]

It will be neceſſary to vindicate the character of Penelope, the

Did not the ſun, thro' heav'n's wide azure roll'd,
For three long years the royal fraud behold?
While ſhe, laborious in deluſion ſpread
The ſpacious loom, and mix'd the various thread:

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heroine of the Poem, from the aſperſion of Antinous. It muſt be confeſt that ſhe has a very hard game to play, ſhe neither dares conſent, nor deny: if ſhe conſents, ſhe injures Ulyſſes, whom ſhe ſtill expects to return; if ſhe denies, ſhe endangers the throne, and the life of Telemachus, from the violence of the Suitors; ſo that no other method is left to elude their addreſſes.

I muſt not conceal what Euſtathius has mentioned from ſome authors, as Lycophron, &c. who ſay that Penelope was καττωρίδα, in plain Engliſh, *an harlot:* and he quotes Herodotus, as affirming that ſhe had a ſon, named Pan, by Hermes; but the Biſhop declares it is all a ſcandal; and every body muſt conclude the ſame, from her conduct, as deſcribed in Homer.

To vindicate her in this place, we muſt conſider who it is that ſpeaks: Antinous, an unſucceſsful lover: and what he blames as a crime, is really her glory; he blames her becauſe ſhe does not comply with their deſires; and it had been an act of guilt to have complied. He himſelf ſufficiently vindicates her in the concluſion of his ſpeech, where he extols her above all the race of womankind: ſo that the ſeeming inconſiſtence of Penelope muſt be imputed to the neceſſity of her affairs: ſhe is artful, but not criminal.

The original ſays, ſhe deceived the Suitors by her meſſages; a plain intimation, that ſhe uſed no extraordinary familiarities with her admirers; and through the whole courſe of the Poem ſhe ſeldom appears in their aſſemblies. P.

This rhyme is of perpetual recurrence in our correcteſt verſifiers; but is, in my opinion, juſtly exceptionable. Thus?

She gives, eluſive of the bridal day,
Fond hopes to all; *but* all *theſe* hopes *betray*.

Ver. 102.] This *royal fraud* I ſuſpect to be one of Pope's corrections; who loſt no occaſion of a ſatirical fling at the reigning family: as I have before remarked.

Where as to life the wond'rous figures riſe,
Thus ſpoke th' inventive Queen, with artful ſighs.
" Tho' cold in death Ulyſſes breathes no more,
" Ceaſe yet a while to urge the bridal hour;
" Ceaſe, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath
" A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death.
" Leſt when the fates his royal aſhes claim,
" The Grecian matrons taint my ſpotleſs fame;
" When he, whom living mighty realms obey'd,
" Shall want in death a ſhroud to grace his ſhade."

Ver. 105.] A playful invention has fabricated this couplet from the following words of Homer:

— — — — — and ſpake to us apart.

Ver. 107.] Rhymes not to be borne. Thus?

Though my fam'd ſpouſe have clos'd his vital day,
Awhile, ye youths! my bridal hour delay.

Or otherwiſe:

Awhile, ye youths! though death's all-conquering power
Have claim'd my ſpouſe, defer the bridal hour.

Ver. 109.] *Ceaſe, 'till to great Laërtes I bequeath*
A taſk of grief, his ornaments of death.]

It was an ancient cuſtom to dedicate the fineſt pieces of weaving and embroidery, to honour the funerals of the dead: and theſe were uſually wrought by the neareſt relations in their life-time. Thus in the twenty-ſecond Iliad, Andromache laments, that the body of Hector muſt be expoſed to the air, without thoſe ornaments.

— — ἀτὰρ τοι εἵματ' ἐνὶ μεγάροισι κέονται,
Λεπτά τε καὶ χαρίεντα, τετυγμένα χερσὶ γυναικῶν.

And the mother of Euryalus in Virgil, to her ſon.

" — — — Nec te tua funera mater
" Produxi, preſſive oculos, aut vulnera lavi,
" Veſte tegens, tibi quam noctes feſtina dieſque
" Urgebam, & tela curas ſolabar aniles."

Thus ſhe: at once the gen'rous train complies,
Nor fraud miſtruſts in virtue's fair diſguiſe.
The work ſhe ply'd; but ſtudious of delay,
By night revers'd the labours of the day.
While thrice the ſun his annual journey made,
The conſcious lamp the midnight fraud ſurvey'd;
Unheard, unſeen, three years her arts prevail;
The fourth, her maid unfolds th' amazing tale.
We ſaw, as unperceiv'd we took our ſtand,
The backward labours of her faithleſs hand.
Then urg'd, ſhe perfects her illuſtrious toils;
A wond'rous monument of female wiles!
But you, oh peers! and thou, oh prince! give ear;
(I ſpeak aloud, that every Greek may hear)
Diſmiſs the Queen; and if her ſire approves,
Let him eſpouſe her to the peer ſhe loves:
Bid inſtant to prepare the bridal train,
Nor let a race of princes wait in vain.
Tho' with a grace divine her ſoul is bleſt,
And all Minerva breathes within her breaſt,

Ver. 116.] We are indebted for this beautiful verſe to the invention of the tranſlator only. The whole paſſage is executed with ſuperior taſte.

Ver. 125.] This couplet is foreign in it's purport, and unſatisfactory in its rhymes. Thus?

Lamenting then her fruſtrated deceit,
Conſtrain'd ſhe makes the lingering work complete.

In wond'rous arts than woman more renown'd,
And more than woman with deep wiſdom crown'd;
Tho' Tyro nor Mycene match her name,
Nor great Alcmena (the proud boaſts of fame)
Yet thus by heav'n adorn'd, by heav'n's decree
She ſhines with fatal excellence, to thee:
With thee, the bowl we drain, indulge the feaſt,
'Till righteous heav'n reclaim her ſtubborn breaſt.
What tho' from pole to pole reſounds her name!
The ſon's deſtruction waits the mother's fame:
For 'till ſhe leaves thy court, it is decreed,
Thy bowl to empty, and thy flock to bleed.
While yet he ſpeaks, Telemachus replies:
Ev'n Nature ſtarts, and what ye aſk denies.

Ver. 140.] *She ſhines with fatal excellence to thee.*] Euſtathius obſerves, that Antinous, in the opening of his ſpeech, throws the fault upon Penelope, to engage the favour of the multitude: but being conſcious that he had ſaid things which Penelope would reſent, he extols her in the concluſion of it. He aſcribes an obſtinacy of virtue to her, and by this double conduct endeavours to make both Penelope and the multitude his friends. P.

Ver. 145.] This is leſs accurate to the original, than the following attempt:

Not one, 'till ſhe the fav'rite youth ſhall take,
Of all her Suitors will this houſe forſake.

Ver. 147. *Telemachus's reply.*] Telemachus every where ſpeaks with an openneſs and bravery of ſpirit; this ſpeech is a teſtimony of it, as well as his former; he anſwers chiefly to the diſmiſſion of Penelope, ſays it would be an offence againſt heaven and earth; and concludes with a vehemence of expreſſion, and tells Antinous that ſuch a word, μῦθον, ſhall never fall from his tongue.

The Criticks have found fault with one part of the ſpeech, as betraying a ſpirit of avarice and meanneſs in Telemachus.

Thus, ſhall I thus repay a mother's cares,
Who gave me life, and nurs'd my infant years?

How to Icarius, in the bridal-hour,
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dow'r?

They think it unworthy of Telemachus to make the dower of Penelope an argument againſt her diſmiſſion, and conſequently aſcribe his detention of her, not to duty, but to covetouſneſs. To take away this objection, they point the verſes in a different manner, and place a ſtop after ἀποτίνειν, and then the ſenſe runs thus: "I cannot conſent to diſmiſs her who bore me, and nurſed "me in my infancy, while her huſband is abſent, or perhaps "dead; beſides, hard would be the puniſhment I ſhould ſuffer, if "I ſhould voluntarily ſend away Penelope to Icarius."

Dacier diſlikes this ſolution, and appeals to the cuſtoms of thoſe ages, to juſtify her opinion: if a ſon forced away his mother from his houſe, he was obliged to reſtore her dower, and all ſhe brought in marriage to her huſband: but if ſhe retired voluntarily to engage in a ſecond marriage, the dower remained with the ſon as lawful heir. This opinion of Dacier may be confirmed from Demoſthenes in his orations, καὶ μετὰ ταῦτα, ἀνδρὸς αὐτῆς τελευτήσαντος, ἀπολιποῦσα τὸν οἶκον, καὶ κομισαμένη τὴν προῖκα. *Afterwards upon the deceaſe of her huſband, leaving his family, and receiving back her portion,* &c. The ſame author adds, that the reaſon why the Suitors are ſo urgent to ſend away Penelope, is, that ſhe may chuſe to marry ſome one of them, rather than return to Icarius; ſo that Telemachus only takes hold of their argument for her diſmiſſion, in order to detain her. They addreſſed Penelope more for the ſake of her riches than her beauty, (for ſhe muſt be about forty years old) and he tells them, that if he ſends her away againſt her conſent, he muſt reſtore thoſe riches, which they covet more than the perſon of Penelope. This I confeſs is very refined; and perhaps it may be ſufficient to take off the objection of covetouſneſs in Telemachus, to underſtand no more than what the words at the firſt view ſeem to imply, *viz.* an abhorrence of their riots, deſcribed by Telemachus to have ariſen to ſuch a degree as to have almoſt ruined his kingdom, and made their demands im-

While ſad on foreign ſhores Ulyſſes treads,
Or glides a ghoſt with unapparent ſhades;
How to Icarius in the bridal hour
Shall I, by waſte undone, refund the dow'r?
How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?
How would my mother curſe my hated head?
And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?

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poſſible. I ſee nothing unnatural or mean in this interpretation, eſpecially if we remember that the prodigious diſorders of his family enter into the eſſence of the Poem. The greater the diſorders are, the greater are the ſufferings of Ulyſſes. P.

This variation is deſtitute of authority. The tranſlator ſhould have contented himſelf with the practice of his predeceſſors, and the direct preſcription of his author.

To him, diſtreet Telemachus replies.

Ver. 151.] Faulty rhymes. Thus?

Whether my father ſtrays ſome diſtant coaſt,
Or Pluto's gloom detains his hapleſs ghoſt.

Ver. 155. *How from my father ſhould I vengeance dread?*] There is an ambiguity in the word Father; it may either ſignify Icarius or Ulyſſes, as Euſtathius obſerves: but I think the context determines the perſon of Ulyſſes; for Telemachus believes him to be yet living, and conſequently might fear his vengeance, if he offered any indignity to Penelope. P.

Ver. 157. *And while in wrath to vengeful fiends ſhe cries,*
How from their hell would vengeful fiends ariſe?]

In the ninth Iliad we are told that the father of Phœnix imprecated the furies againſt his ſon.

My ſire with curſes loads my hated head,
And cries, "Ye Furies! barren be his bed."
Infernal Jove, the vengeful fiends below,
And ruthleſs Proſerpine, confirm'd his vow.

In the ſame book the furies hear the curſes of Althea upon her ſon,

Abhorr'd by all, accurs'd my name would grow,
The earth's diſgrace, and humankind my foe.
If this diſpleaſe, why urge ye here your ſtay?
Haſte from the court, ye ſpoilers, haſte away:
Waſte in wild riot what your land allows,
There ply the early feaſt, and late carouſe.
But if, to honour loſt, 'tis ſtill decreed
For you my bowl ſhall flow, my flocks ſhall bleed;
Judge and aſſert my right, impartial Jove!
By him, and all th' immortal hoſt above,
(A ſacred oath) if heav'n the pow'r ſupply,
Vengeance I vow, and for your wrongs ye die.

She beat the ground, and call'd the pow'rs beneath,
On her own ſon to wreak her brother's death.
Hell heard her curſes from the realms profound,
And the fell fiends who walk the nightly round.

Theſe paſſages ſhew the opinion the ancients had of the honour due from children to parents, to be ſuch, that they believed there were Furies particularly commiſſioned to puniſh thoſe who failed in that reſpect, and to fulfil the imprecations made againſt them by their offended parents. There is a greatneſs in this idea, and it muſt have had an effect upon the obedience of the youth. We ſee Telemachus is full of the ſenſe of it. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 160.] After this verſe, an omiſſion of a ſentiment in the original may be thus ſupplied:

Never, ye Suitors! never hope from me
(My will is fix'd) this baſe unkind decree!

Ver. 163.] This paſſage, to the concluſion of the ſpeech, has already occurred in book i. verſe 479. with ſome variations of the tranſlators; to which I refer the reader.

With that, two eagles from a mountain's height
By Jove's command direct their rapid flight;
Swift they deſcend, with wing to wing conjoin'd,
Stretch their broad plumes, and float upon the wind.
Above th' aſſembled peers they wheel on high,
And clang their wings, and hov'ring beat the ſky;
With ardent eyes the rival train they threat,
And ſhrieking loud, denounce approaching fate.

Ver. 171, &c. *The prodigy of the two eagles.*] This prodigy is uſhered in very magnificently, and the verſes are lofty and ſonorous. The eagles are Ulyſſes and Telemachus: *by* Jove's *command* they fly *from a mountain's height:* this denotes that the two heroes are inſpired by Jupiter, and come from the country to the deſtruction of the Suitors: the eagles fly *with wing to wing conjoin'd*; this ſhews, that they act in concert and unity of councils: at firſt they *float upon the wind*; this implies the calmneſs and ſecreſy of the approach of thoſe heroes: at laſt they *clang their wings, and hovering beat the ſkies*; this ſhews the violence of the aſſault: *with ardent eyes the rival train they threat.* This, as the poet himſelf interprets it, denotes the approaching fate of the Suitors. *Then ſailing o'er the domes and tow'rs they fly, Full tow'rd the eaſt*; this ſignifies that the Suitors alone are not doomed to deſtruction, but that the men of Ithaca are involved in danger, as Halitherſes interprets it.

Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca muſt bleed.

See here the natural explication of this prodigy, which is very ingenious! *Euſtathius, verbatim.* P.

Ver. 173.] I would thus ſupplant the vicious rhymes of this couplet, with one more faithfully adherent to the original:

The pair, at firſt, with wings contiguous ſail,
And ſkim, majeſtic, with the driving gale:
But, o'er th' aſſembled peers—.

Ver. 177.] More correctly thus:

They cuff, they tear; their cheeks and neck they rend,
And from their plumes huge drops of blood deſcend:
Then ſailing o'er the domes and tow'rs, they fly
Full tow'rd the eaſt, and mount into the ſky.
The wond'ring rivals gaze with cares oppreſt,
And chilling horrours freeze in ev'ry breaſt.
'Till big with knowledge of approaching woes
The prince of augurs, Halitherſes, roſe:
Preſcient he view'd th' aërial tracks, and drew
A ſure preſage from ev'ry wing that flew.
Ye ſons (he cry'd) of Ithaca, give ear,
Hear all! but chiefly you, oh rivals! hear.
Deſtruction ſure o'er all your heads impends;
Ulyſſes comes, and death his ſteps attends.
Nor to the great alone is death decreed;
We, and our guilty Ithaca muſt bleed.
Why ceaſe we then the wrath of heav'n to ſtay?
Be humbled all, and lead, ye great! the way.
For lo! my words no fancy'd woes relate:
I ſpeak from ſcience, and the voice is fate.

View with fierce eyes the Suitors as they ſate;
And in loud ſcreams pronounce the voice of Fate.

Perhaps, however, another orthography is preferable, to diſtinguiſh this *verb* from *ſate*, to *ſatisfy*: as perſpicuity, which is the firſt aim of good writing, demands every diſcrimination of this nature, that a language will admit.

When great Ulyſſes ſought the Phrygian ſhores
To ſhake with war proud Ilion's lofty tow'rs,
Deeds then undone my faithful tongue foretold:
Heav'n ſeal'd my words, and you thoſe deeds behold.
I ſee (I cry'd) his woes, a countleſs train;
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd beneath the main;
How twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore he roams;
Now twice ten years are paſt, and now he comes!

Ver. 199.] The rhymes are faulty. Thus, with more fidelity alſo to the original:

His courſe from home when wiſe Ulyſſes bore,
To war with Greece combin'd on Ilium's ſhore.

Ver. 203. *I ſee (I cry'd) his woes* ———
I ſee his friends o'erwhelm'd, &c.]

In three lines (obſerves Euſtathius) the Poet gives us the whole Odyſſey in miniature; and it is wonderful to think, that ſo plain a ſubject ſhould produce ſuch variety in the proceſs of it. Ariſtotle obſerves the ſimplicity of Homer's platform; which is no more than this: a prince is abſent from his country; Neptune deſtroys his companions; in his abſence his family is diſordered by many princes that addreſs his wife, and plot againſt the life of his only ſon; but at laſt after many ſtorms he returns, puniſhes the Suitors, and re-eſtabliſhes his affairs: this is all that is eſſential to the poem, the reſt of it is made up of epiſodes. And yet with what miracles of poetry (*ſpecioſa miracula*, as Horace ſtyles them) has he furniſh'd out his poem? P.

Ver. 204.] More accurately thus:

See *all* his *comrades whelm'd* beneath the main.

Ver. 205.] The following couplet is leſs exceptionable in its rhymes:

He twice ten years from ſhore to ſhore *will* roam:
Theſe years are *paſs'd*; *expect your hero home.*

To whom Eurymachus: Fly, dotard, fly;
With thy wiſe dreams, and fables of the ſky.
Go propheſy at home; thy ſons adviſe:
Here thou art ſage in vain — I better read the ſkies.
Unnumber'd birds glide thro' th' aërial way,
Vagrants of air, and unforeboding ſtray.
Cold in the tomb, or in the deeps below
Ulyſſes lies: oh wert thou laid as low!
Then would that buſy head no broils ſuggeſt,
Nor fire to rage Telemachus's breaſt.
From him ſome bribe thy venal tongue requires,
And int'reſt, not the god, thy voice inſpires.
His guideleſs youth, if thy experienc'd age
Miſlead fallacious into idle rage,
Vengeance deſerv'd thy malice ſhall repreſs,
And but augment the wrongs thou would'ſt redreſs.

Ver. 207. *The ſpeech of Eurymachus.*] It has been obſerved, that Homer is the father of oratory as well as poetry, and it muſt be confeſſed, that there is not any one branch of it, that is not to be found in his poetry. The invective, perſuaſive, ironical, &c. may all be gathered from it. Nothing can be better adapted to the purpoſe than this ſpeech of Eurymachus: he is to decry the credit of the predictions of Halitherſes. he derides, he threats, and deſcribes him as a venal prophet. He is ſpeaking to the multitude, and endeavours to bring Halitherſes into contempt, and in order to it he uſes him contemptuouſly. P.

Thus Ogilby:

— — — Thy children ſo perſwade,
Dotard, at home.

Telemachus may bid the queen repair
To great Icarius, whoſe paternal care
Will guide her paſſion, and reward her choice,
With wealthy dow'r, and bridal gifts of price.
'Till ſhe retires, determin'd we remain,
And both the prince and augur threat in vain:
His pride of words, and thy wild dream of fate,
Move not the brave, or only move their hate.
Threat on, oh prince! elude the bridal day,
Threat on, 'till all thy ſtores in waſte decay.
True, Greece affords a train of lovely dames,
In wealth and beauty worthy of our flames:
But never from this nobler ſuit we ceaſe;
For wealth and beauty leſs than virtue pleaſe.
To whom the youth. Since then in vain I tell
My num'rous woes, in ſilence let them dwell.

Ver. 223.] Compare book i. verſe 360.

Ver. 227.] Theſe *two* couplets afford as fine a ſpecimen of tranſlation, at once faithful, elegant, and compact, as can be found in the Engliſh language.

Ver. 233.] The verſion here is rambling and careleſs. Let the reader accept a literal tranſlation, and commenſurate to the original:

We Virtue ſue, nor other flames regard,
Such as might elſe become our rank to wed.

Ogilby with very ſlight correction is not amiſs:

Her *Virtue* ſo *allures*, and curious arts:
None, *none* but ſhe can captivate our hearts.

But heav'n, and all the Greeks, have heard my wrongs:
To heav'n, and all the Greeks, redreſs belongs.
Yet this I aſk (nor be it aſk'd in vain)
A bark to waft me o'er the rolling main;
The realms of Pyle and Sparta to explore,
And ſeek my royal ſire from ſhore to ſhore:

Ver. 239. —— *All the Greeks have heard my wrongs.*] It is neceſſary for the reader to carry in his mind, that this aſſembly conſiſts not only of the peers, but of the people of Ithaca: for to the people Telemachus here appeals.

It is evident, that the place of the aſſembly was at leaſt open to the air in the upper parts: for otherways how ſhould the eagles be viſible to the Suitors? and ſo very plainly, as to be diſcovered to threat them with their eyes? There was no doubt a place ſet apart for council, uſually in the market: for Telemachus is ſaid to ſeat himſelf in his father's throne, in the beginning of this book: but Ulyſſes had been abſent twenty years; and therefore it is evident, that his throne had ſtood in the ſame place for the ſpace of twenty years. It is paſt contradiction, that in Athens, and other cities of Greece, there were Βουλευτήρια, publick halls for the conſultation of affairs. P.

Ver. 241.] Chapman is not deſpicable, and gives the circumſtantial language of his original:

Yet with my other friends, let love prevaile
To fit me with a veſſell, free of ſaile;
And twentie men; that may divide to me
My readie paſſage through the yeelding ſea.

Ver. 242.] The reader may compare Fenton's execution of the ſame verſes in book i. verſe 365.

Ver. 243.] Thus Chapman:

For Sparta, and Amathoon Pylos *ſhore*
I now am bound; in purpoſe to *explore*
My long lackt father.

If, or to Fame his doubtful fate be known,
Or to be learn'd from Oracles alone?
If yet he lives; with patience I forbear,
'Till the fleet hours reſtore the circling year:
But if already wand'ring in the train
Of empty ſhades; I meaſure back the main,
Plant the fair column o'er the mighty dead,
And yield his conſort to the nuptial bed.

He ceas'd; and while abaſh'd the peers attend,
Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend:
[When fierce in arms he ſought the ſcenes of war,
"My friend (he cry'd) my palace be thy care;

Ver. 253.] The portion that intervenes the ſpeech of Mentor, is the moſt licentious tranſlation, which has yet occurred; and withal groſsly miſrepreſents the original, as Chapman and Dacier had done before. The following effort is plain and faithful:

Thus ſpeaking, he ſat down; and next aroſe
That Mentor, whom renown'd Ulyſſes choſe,
When firſt for Troy he left his native land,
To rule the houſehold with a friendly hand;
That all ſhould own his delegated ſway.
The reverend ſenior thus began to ſay.

Ver. 254. *Mentor aroſe, Ulyſſes' faithful friend.*] The name of Mentor is another inſtance of the gratitude of our Poet's temper, it being the ſame which belonged to a friend of his by whom he was entertained in Ithaca, during a defluxion on his eyes which ſeized him in his voyages: and at whoſe houſe he is ſaid to have laid the plan of this poem. This character of Mentor is well ſuſtained by his ſpeech, and by the aſſiſtance he gratefully gives to young Telemachus on all occaſions. P.

" Years roll'd on years my god-like ſire decay,
" Guard thou his age, and his beheſts obey."]
Stern as he roſe, he caſt his eyes around,
That flaſh'd with rage; and as he ſpoke, he frown'd.
O never, never more! let king be juſt,
Be mild in pow'r, or faithful to his truſt!
Let tyrants govern with an iron rod,
Oppreſs, deſtroy, and be the ſcourge of God;
Since he who like a father held his reign,
So ſoon forgot, was juſt and mild in vain!
True, while my friend is griev'd, his griefs I ſhare;
Yet now the rivals are my ſmalleſt care:

Ver. 258. *Guard thou my ſire, and his beheſts obey.*] The original ſays only, " *Obey the old man.*" Euſtathius rightly determines, that the expreſſion means Laertes. The Poet loſes no opportunity of giving Ulyſſes an excellent character; this is as neceſſary as continually to repeat the diſorders of the Suitors.

— — — — " Servetur ad imum
" Qualis ab incœpto proceſſerit, & ſibi conſtet."

This conduct contributes admirably to the deſign of the poem; and when the Poet in the unravelling of his fable comes to reward and puniſh the chief actors, we acknowledge his juſtice in the death of the Suitors, and re-eſtabliſhment of Ulyſſes. P.

Euſtathius is moſt certainly miſtaken. And ſo Hobbes and Ogilby ſeem to have thought; and undoubtedly Mr. Cowper, with his uſual accuracy.

Ver. 261.] Ogilby is not to be deſpiſed:

No more let kings be pious, mild, nor juſt;
Nor act by law, nor reaſon, but their luſt,
Since none Ulyſſes minds, who rul'd this land,
Rul'd, like a father, with a gentle hand.'

They, for the mighty miſchiefs they deviſe,
E'er long ſhall pay: their forfeit lives the price.
But againſt you, ye Greeks! ye coward train,
Gods! how my ſoul is mov'd with juſt diſdain?
Dumb ye all ſtand, and not one tongue affords
His injur'd prince the little aid of words.
While yet he ſpoke, Leocritus rejoin'd:
O pride of words, and arrogance of mind!
Would'ſt thou to riſe in arms the Greeks adviſe?
Join all your pow'rs! in arms, ye Greeks, ariſe!
Yet would your pow'rs in vain our ſtrength oppoſe;
The valiant few o'ermatch an hoſt of foes.
Should great Ulyſſes ſtern appear in arms,
While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms;

Ver. 269.] The rhyme is incorrect. Thus, more faithfully and fully:

For all their deeds of force and rapine, they
A grievous price, their forfeit lives, ſhall pay:
Ulyſſes' wealth, inſatiate, they deſtroy,
Nor think him deſtin'd to return from Troy.

Ver. 275.] The remark on verſe 147. is alike applicable here; and the rhymes are bad. Thus?

To Mentor then Leocritus replied:
O fraught with malice, ſottiſhneſs, and pride!

And, I now ſee, theſe are the rhymes of Chapman, who has acquitted himſelf very well, as follows:

Evenor's ſonne (Liocritus) replide;
Mentor! the railer, made a foole with pride!

Ver. 282. *While the bowl circles, and the banquet warms.*] The original is not without obſcurity: it ſays, περὶ Δαιτὶ: or, *in the time of the banquet.* Euſtathius interprets it, τοῦ οἴνου στρατηγοῦντος.

Tho' to his breaſt his ſpouſe with tranſport flies,
Torn from her breaſt, that hour, Ulyſſes dies.

αὐτοῖς, *The wine as it were fighting on their ſide*; and this agrees with what follows.

The deſign of this ſpeech is to deter the people of Ithaca from riſing in the cauſe of Ulyſſes: Mentor ſpeaks juſtly; Leocritus inſolently; Mentor ſets before them the worth of Ulyſſes; Leocritus the power of the Suitors: Mentor ſpeaks like a brave man; Leocritus (obſerves Euſtathius) like a coward, who wanting true courage, flies to the aſſiſtance of wine to raiſe a falſe one.

Perhaps it may be objected, that there is not a ſufficient diſtinction in the characters of ſeveral Suitors; they are all deſcribed as inſolent voluptuaries. But though they agree in this general character, yet there is ſomething diſtinguiſhing in the particular perſons: thus Antinous derides, Eurymachus covers villainy with mildneſs; Antinous is ever the foremoſt in outrage, Eurymachus generally his ſecond: a greater diſtinction is neither neceſſary, nor poſſible to be repreſented. What the Poet is to deſcribe, is the inſolence of the Suitors, and the diſorders they create in his family and kingdom; he is obliged to dwell upon theſe circumſtances, becauſe they are eſſential to his deſign: and conſequently that general reſemblance of their characters is not a fault in the Poet. P.

Our annotator, in the former part of this remark, has wrongly tranſlated the words of Euſtathius: they ſhould be rendered thus: "The wine leading them on to battle;" like a general.

Ver. 283.] This turn is ingenious, but not ſufficiently exact. Ogilby's verſes are above contempt in point of neatneſs, and much more faithful:

When we with wine are heightned at a feaſt,
Should then Ulyſſes, an unwelcome gueſt,
Arrive, and think to drive us from his houſe,
Small joy would find his long-expecting ſpouſe,
Ore-match'd, to ſee him ſlain at his return.
You counſel ill. Let ſtraight this court adjourn;
Then thou and Halitherſes, if you liſt,
Who were his father's friends, may him aſſiſt.

But hence retreating to your domes repair;
To arm the veſſel, Mentor! be thy care,
And Halitherſes! thine: be each his friend;
Ye lov'd the father: go, the ſon attend.
But yet, I truſt, the boaſter means to ſtay
Safe in the court, nor tempt the wat'ry way.
Then, with a ruſhing ſound, th' aſſembly bend,
Diverſe their ſteps: the rival rout aſcend
The royal dome; while ſad the prince explores
The neighb'ring main, and ſorrowing treads the ſhores.
There, as the waters o'er his hands he ſhed,
The royal ſuppliant to Minerva pray'd.
O Goddeſs! who deſcending from the ſkies
Vouchſaf'd thy preſence to my wond'ring eyes,

Ver. 291. *Then, with a ruſhing ſound, &c.*] The aſſembly which was convened by Telemachus, is broke up in a riotous manner by Leocritus, who had no right to diſſolve it. This agrees with the lawleſs ſtate of the country in the abſence of it's king, and ſhews (ſays Euſtathius) that the Suitors had uſurped the chief authority.

There is a fine contraſt between the behaviour of Telemachus and that of the Suitors. They return to repeat their diſorders and debauches; Telemachus retires to ſupplicate the Goddeſs of Wiſdom, to aſſiſt him in his enterpriſes. Thus the Poet raiſes the character of Telemachus; he has ſhewed him to be a youth of a brave ſpirit, a good ſpeaker, and here repreſents him as a perſon of piety. P.

Ver. 295.] Good poetry will not endure theſe rhymes. Thus it

To Pallas there a lowly ſuppliant ſtands;
And pours the cleanſing waters o'er his hands.

By whoſe commands the raging deeps I trace,
And ſeek my ſire thro' ſtorms and rolling ſeas!
Hear from thy heav'ns above, oh warriour-maid!
Deſcend once more, propitious to my aid.
Without thy preſence, vain is thy command;
Greece, and the rival train, thy voice withſtand.
Indulgent to his pray'r, the Goddeſs took
Sage Mentor's form, and thus like Mentor ſpoke.
O prince, in early youth divinely wiſe,
Born, the Ulyſſes of thy age to riſe!
If to the ſon the father's worth deſcends,
O'er the wide waves ſucceſs thy ways attends:
To tread the walks of death he ſtood prepar'd,
And what he greatly thought, he nobly dar'd.

Ver. 299.] There is the ſame imperfection here; which demands ſome ſubſtitution:

By whoſe commands *I go to tempt the main,*
And ſeek my *father thro' the wat'ry reign*—.

Ver. 305.] Here alſo, from the ſame objection, I would propoſe the following couplet:

Then Pallas, liſtening to the youth's requeſt,
With Mentor's form and Mentor's voice addreſt.

Ver. 307. *The ſpeech of Minerva.*] This ſpeech of Minerva is ſuited to encourage a young man to imitate the virtue of his father, and not to ſuffer himſelf to be overcome by any appearance of difficulties. She ſets his father before his eyes, and tells him, there was never any danger which he durſt not encounter; if he ſhould ſuffer himſelf to be diſcouraged, he would prove himſelf an unworthy ſon of a brave father. *Dacier. Euſtathius.* P.

Were not wiſe ſons deſcendent of the wiſe,
And did not heroes from brave heroes riſe;
Vain were my hopes: few ſons attain the praiſe
Of their great ſires, and moſt their ſires diſgrace.
But ſince thy veins paternal virtue fires,
And all Penelope thy ſoul inſpires:
Go, and ſucceed! the rivals' aims deſpiſe;
For never, never, wicked man was wiſe.
Blind they rejoice, tho' now, ev'n now they fall;
Death haſtes amain: one hour o'erwhelms them all!
And lo, with ſpeed we plough the wat'ry way;
My pow'r ſhall guard thee, and my hand convey:
The winged veſſel ſtudious I prepare,
Thro' ſeas and realms companion of thy care.
Thou to the court aſcend; and to the ſhores
(When night advances) bear the naval ſtores;

Ver. 313.] Thus, with ſuperior fidelity; and more unexceptionable rhymes:

Wert thou not *born of parents good and* wiſe,
And did not heroes *ſtill* from heroes riſe,
Vain were my hopes. Few ſons *in glories race*
Outſtrip their ſires: *moſt lag with failing pace.*

Ver. 321.] This couplet is not elegant, but laboured and proſaic. Thus?

Fools! in one day their tranſient glories fade;
Black Fate involves them in his deadly ſhade.

Ver. 325.] Or thus, more faithfully:

I, *erſt thy father's friend,* the *ſhip* prepare.

Or, with Ogilby's rhymes, as follows:

The ſhip, now thine, as erſt thy father's friend,
Myſelf will furniſh, and thy ſteps attend.

Bread, that decaying man with ſtrength ſupplies,
And gen'rous wine, which thoughtful ſorrow flies.
Meanwhile the mariners by my command
Shall ſpeed aboard, a valiant choſen band.
Wide o'er the bay, by veſſel veſſel rides;
The beſt I chuſe to waft thee o'er the tides.
She ſpoke: to his high dome the prince returns,
And as he moves, with royal anguiſh mourns.
'Twas riot all, among the lawleſs train;
Boar bled by boar, and goat by goat lay ſlain.
Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous preſt,
And thus deriding, with a ſmile addreſt.

Ver. 329.] Chapman has preſerved the very phraſe of his author; and, in my opinion at leaſt, very elegantly:

And meale, the very marrow of a man.

Ver. 334.] Thus, more faithfully:

Ships numerous, new and old, our harbour ride:
The beſt I chuſe to waft *us* o'er the *tide*.

Ver. 335.] A wretched couplet all together, and too conciſe for his author. I ſhall propoſe the following ſubſtitution:

Thus, Jove's unconquer'd daughter, Pallas ſaid:
And now no more Telemachus delaid.
Soon as his ear the heavenly ſounds impreſt,
He homeward haſten'd with a penſive breaſt.

Ver. 339.] To avoid a too quick return of theſe rhymes, employed in the ſubſtitution juſt propoſed, we may thus modify the preſent couplet: the rhymes of which, however, though perpetually uſed without ſcruple by our beſt Poets, will not paſs muſter with a taſte properly faſtidious in it's poetical perceptions:

Arriv'd, his hand the gay Antinous *takes*,
And thus with *counterfeited ſmiles beſpeaks*.

Grieve not, oh daring prince! that noble heart;
Ill ſuits gay youth the ſtern heroick part.
Indulge the genial hour, unbend thy ſoul,
Leave thought to age, and drain the flowing bowl.
Studious to eaſe thy grief, our care provides
The bark, to waft thee o'er the ſwelling tides.
Is this (returns the prince) for mirth a time?
When lawleſs gluttons riot, mirth's a crime;

Ver. 341.] *Antinous's ſpeech.*] This ſpeech muſt be underſtood ironically: ἔργον τι ἔπος τι is uſed as before, and has relation to the preceding harangues of Telemachus to the people, and his intended voyage; by way of deriſion Antinous bids him not trouble his brave ſpirit in contriving any more orations, or in any bold attempt to find out Ulyſſes; or to act the orator, or hero's part.

The Criticks have almoſt generally condemned theſe pieces of gaiety and raillery, as unworthy of heroick Poetry: if ever they are proper, they muſt be ſo in the mouths of theſe Suitors; perſons of no ſerious or noble characters: mirth, wine and feaſting is their conſtant employment; and conſequently if they fall into abſurdities, they act ſuitably to their characters. Milton, the beſt and greateſt imitator of Homer, has followed him unworthily in this reſpect; I mean, has debaſed even this low raillery into greater lowneſs, by playing upon words and ſyllables. But in this place the raillery is not without its effect, by ſhewing the utmoſt contempt of Telemachus; and ſurely it is the loweſt degree of calamity to be at once oppreſſed and deſpiſed. P.

Ver. 346.] We may thus ſupply what the tranſlator has omitted of his author, after this verſe:

With a choice band of ſailors. Go, enquire
In ſandy Pylos for thy noble ſire.

Ver. 348.] This is colloquial and undignified. Thus?
With lawleſs gluttons, mirth *I deem* a crime.

The luſcious wines, diſhonour'd, loſe their taſte;
The ſong is noiſe, and impious is the feaſt.
Suffice it to have ſpent with ſwift decay
The wealth of Kings, and made my youth a prey.
But now the wiſe inſtructions of the ſage,
And manly thoughts inſpir'd by manly age,
Teach me to ſeek redreſs for all my woe,
Here, or in Pyle—in Pyle, or here, your foe.
Deny your veſſels, ye deny in vain;
A private voyager I paſs the main.
Free breathe the winds, and free the billows flow,
And where on earth I live, I live your foe.
He ſpoke and frown'd, nor longer deign'd to ſtay,
Sternly his hand withdrew, and ſtrode away.

Ver. 349.] The rhymes of this couplet alſo are incorrect, nor is the couplet authoriſed by the original.

Ver. 355.] This couplet is unneceſſary, and is in itſelf conſtrained and clumſy. The ſenſe and rhymes immediately return below. But ſome adjuſtment of the preceding lines is hereby rendered neceſſary; as thus:

But now th' *inſtructive precepts* of the ſage
Inſpire my ſoul, matur'd by manly age.

Ver. 360.] Better, perhaps,
Alike in Pyle and here I live your foe:
Or,
In Pyle I live, I live at home, your foe.

Ver. 362.] Rather, as the original preſcribes,
His hand *in haſte* withdrew.

Meantime, o'er all the dome, they quaff, they feaſt,
Deriſive taunts were ſpread from gueſt to gueſt,
And each in jovial mood his mate addreſt.
Tremble ye not, oh friends! and coward fly,
Doom'd by the ſtern Telemachus to die?
To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies,
Big with revenge, the mighty warriour flies:
Or comes from Ephyré with poiſons fraught,
And kills us all in one tremendous draught?
Or who can ſay (his gameſome mate replies)
But while the dangers of the deeps he tries,
He, like his ſire, may ſink depriv'd of breath,
And puniſh us unkindly by his death?
What mighty labours would he then create,
To ſeize his treaſures, and divide his ſtate,

Ver. 363.] For the ſake of accuracy in the rhymes, we might alter,

— — — — — — they quaff, they *jeſt*.

Ver. 368. *To Pyle or Sparta to demand ſupplies.*] It is obſervable, ſays Euſtathius, that the Poet had in his choice ſeveral expedients to bring about the deſtruction of the Suitors, but he rejects them, and chuſes the moſt difficult method, out of reverence to truth, being unwilling to falſify the hiſtories of Sparta and Pylos. This has a double effect; it furniſhes the Poet with a ſeries of noble incidents; and alſo gives an air of probability to the ſtory of Ulyſſes and Telemachus. P.

Ver. 369.] It is very inartificial to employ rhymes with ſuch trivial variation as diſtinguiſhes theſe from the preceding. At leaſt, a different word ſhould have been introduced here; and one was at hand, ſufficiently elevated for the ſubject:

— — — — — — the mighty warriour *flies*.

The royal palace to the Queen convey,
Or him ſhe bleſſes in the bridal day!
Meantime the lofty rooms the prince ſurveys,
Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race: 381

Ver. 378. *The royal palace to the Queen convey.*] The Suitors allot the palace to Penelope: it being, ſays Euſtathius, the only thing that they cannot conſume; and adds, that the expreſſion of the Suitors, concerning the labour they ſhould undergo in dividing the ſubſtance of Ulyſſes, ſhews the wealth and abundance of that hero. Dacier has found out an alluſion between φόνον in the firſt ſpeech, and πόνον in the ſecond; they differing only in one letter: ſhe calls this a beauty, which ſhe laments ſhe cannot preſerve in her tranſlation. She is the only Commentator that ever was quick-ſighted enough to make the diſcovery. The words have no relation; they ſtand at a ſufficient diſtance; and I believe Homer would have thought ſuch trifling unworthy of his poetry. So that all the honour which accrues from that obſervation muſt be aſcribed (in this caſe, as in many others) to the Commentator, and not the Author. P.

Ver. 380.] Vile rhymes indeed! I would thus correct; and with more exactneſs:

Mean time, the lofty rooms the prince *explores*,
Where *treaſur'd* lay *his father's wealthy ſtores*.
Here gold and braſs *were ſeen in piled rows*;
There poliſh'd *coffers many a veſt encloſe*.
Here oils *their fragrance* breath'd; there *pureſt* wine
Stood rang'd in caſks, of nectarous juice divine.

Ver. 381. *Where lay the treaſures of th' Ithacian race.*] Such paſſages as theſe have ever furniſhed Criticks with matter of raillery; they think ſuch houſhold cares unworthy of a King, and that this conduct ſuits better with vulgar perſons of leſs fortune. I confeſs, ſuch deſcriptions now would be ridiculous in a Poet, becauſe unſuitable to our manners. But if we look upon ſuch paſſages as pictures and exact repreſentaions of the old world, the reader will find a ſenſible pleaſure in them.

It is a true obſervation, that the Iliad is chiefly ſuitable to the condition of Kings and Heroes; and conſequently filled with cir-

Here ruddy braſs and gold refulgent blaz'd;
There poliſh'd cheſts embroider'd veſtures grac'd;
Here jars of oil breath'd forth a rich perfume;
There caſks of wine in rows adorn'd the dome.
(Pure flav'rous wine, by Gods in bounty giv'n,
And worthy to exalt the feaſts of heav'n.)
Untouch'd they ſtood, 'till his long labours o'er
The great Ulyſſes reach'd his native ſhore.
A double ſtrength of bars ſecur'd the gates:
Faſt by the door the wiſe Euryclea waits;
Euryclea, who, great Ops! thy lineage ſhar'd,
And watch'd all night, all day; a faithful guard,

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cumſtances in which the greateſt part of mankind can have no concern or intereſt: the Odyſſey is of more general uſe; the ſtory of it is a ſeries of calamities, which concern every man, as every man may feel them. We can bring the ſufferings of Ulyſſes in ſome degree home to ourſelves, and make his condition our own; but what private perſon can ever be in the circumſtances of Agamemnon or Achilles? What I would infer from this is, that the reader ought not to take offence at any ſuch deſcriptions, which are only mean as they differ from the faſhions of the latter ages. In the Iliad, Achilles, when he acts in the common offices of life, and not as an hero, is liable to the ſame objection. But if the manners of the ancient ages be conſidered, we ſhall be reconciled to the actions of the ancient heroes; and conſequently to Homer. P.

Ver. 386.] This couplet may well be expunged, as an expanſion of two epithets, *pure* and *divine*, comprehended in the preceding ſubſtitution.

Ver. 392.] The rhymes are faulty, but the correction of all were endleſs, and might endanger the patience of the reader, who cannot dwell with pleaſure upon paſſages not intereſting by magnificence of language or ſublimity of ſentiment.

To whom the prince. O thou, whoſe guardian care
Nurs'd the moſt wretched King that breathes the air;
Untouch'd and ſacred may theſe veſſels ſtand,
'Till great Ulyſſes views his native land.
But by thy care twelve urns of wine be fill'd,
Next theſe in worth, and firm thoſe urns be ſeal'd;
And twice ten meaſures of the choiceſt flour
Prepar'd, ere yet deſcends the ev'ning hour.
For when the fav'ring ſhades of night ariſe,
And peaceful ſlumbers cloſe my mother's eyes,

Ver. 394. — — — *O thou, whoſe guardian care*
Nurs'd the moſt wretched King ——]

Euryclea was not properly the nurſe of Telemachus, but of Ulyſſes; ſo that ſhe is called ſo not in a ſtrict ſenſe, but as one concerned in his education from his infancy, and as a general appellation of honour. Telemachus here reſerves the beſt wines for Ulyſſes; a leſſon (obſerves Euſtathius) that even in the ſmalleſt matters we ought to pay a deference to our parents. Theſe occaſional and ſeemingly-trivial circumſtances are not without their uſe, if not as poetical ornaments, yet as moral inſtructions. P.

There is but a faint ſhadow of the original in this verſion, which may be literally given, as follows:

Nurſe, draw me off ſome wine in two-ear'd urns,
Sweet wine, beſt flavour'd next to that you keep,
Your hapleſs lord expecting, if, perchance
Divine Ulyſſes come, eſcap'd from death.
Twelve veſſels fill, and fit them well with lids:
And pour me flour in cloſe-compacted ſkins.
Twelve meaſures let there be of flour well-ground;
Plenteous proviſion, only known to thee.

And this extends to verſe 401 of our tranſlator.

Me from our coaſt ſhall ſpreading ſails convey,
To ſeek Ulyſſes thro' the wat'ry way.
While yet he ſpoke, ſhe fill'd the walls with cries,
And tears ran trickling from her aged eyes.
Oh whither, whither flies my ſon? ſhe cry'd,
To realms, that rocks and roaring ſeas divide?
In foreign lands thy father's days decay'd,
And foreign lands contain the mighty dead.
The wat'ry way ill-fated if thou try,
All, all muſt periſh, and by fraud you die!
Then ſtay, my child! ſtorms beat, and rolls the main;
Oh beat thoſe ſtorms, and roll the ſeas in vain!

Ver. 404.] More accurately, thus:

Me ſhall *the* ſails, to ſeek *my ſire*, convey
To Pyle and Sparta thro' the wat'ry way.

Ver. 409.] I ſhould prefer,

To realms, that *Ocean's ample waves* divide?

Or,

To realms, *far ſever'd by the raging tide?*

Ver. 410.] This careleſsneſs of verſification is highly cenſurable. Thus, with more fullneſs and fidelity; and in connection with the foregoing couplet:

Our only hope: thy father now no more!
A corſe neglected on ſome foreign ſhore.

Ver. 413.] Thus, accurately:

Your wealth is ſquander'd, and by fraud you die!

Ver. 415.] The reader muſt have obſerved, how extremely fond our tranſlator appears of theſe reduplications of expreſſion, from the frequent employment of them in this book. An occaſional uſe is elegant and gratifying: but too ſtudied a repetition, like every other artifice of language, betrays that effort and contrivance, which is repugnant to Nature, and ceaſes for that reaſon to be pleaſing.

Far hence (reply'd the prince) thy fears be driv'n:
Heav'n calls me forth; theſe counſels are of heav'n.
But by the pow'rs that hate the perjur'd, ſwear,
To keep my voyage from the royal ear,
Nor uncompell'd the dang'rous truth betray,
'Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day:
Leſt the ſad tale a mother's life impair,
And grief deſtroy what time a-while would ſpare.
Thus he. The matron with uplifted eyes
Atteſts th' all-ſeeing Sov'reign of the ſkies.
Then ſtudious ſhe prepares the choiceſt flour,
The ſtrength of wheat, and wines an ample ſtore.
While to the rival train the prince returns,
The martial Goddeſs with impatience burns;

Ver. 418.] An omitted verſe of his author might have been well introduced after this, to form a triplet, as follows:

Unleſs ſhe aſk, and of my abſence hear.

Ver. 421. *'Till twice ſix times deſcends the lamp of day.*] It may be demanded how it was probable, (if poſſible) that the departure of Telemachus could be concealed twelve days from the knowledge of ſo fond a mother as Penelope? It muſt be allowed, that this would not be poſſible, except in a time of ſuch great diſorder as the Suitors created: Penelope confined herſelf almoſt continually within her own apartment, and very ſeldom appeared publickly; ſo that there is no improbability in this relation. *Dacier.*

Euſtathius makes a criticiſm upon the words ἀπομνύναι and ὑπομνύναι, the former is uſed negatively, the latter affirmatively; namely, the former in ſwearing *not to perform* a thing, the latter *to perform it.* P.

Ver. 426.] The pretence to rhyme may be realiſed thus:

Then wine in urns her hands officious pour,
And fill the ſkins with ſtore of choiceſt flour.

Like thee, Telemachus, in voice and ſize,
With ſpeed divine from ſtreet to ſtreet ſhe flies,
She bids the mariners prepar'd, to ſtand,
When night deſcends, embody'd on the ſtrand.
Then to Noemon ſwift ſhe runs, ſhe flies,
And aſks a bark: the chief a bark ſupplies.
And now, declining with his ſloping wheels,
Down ſunk the ſun behind the weſtern hills.
The Goddeſs ſhov'd the veſſel from the ſhores,
And ſtow'd within its womb the naval ſtores.

Ver. 432. *She bids the mariners*, &c.] It is probable that this paſſage of Minerva preparing the mariners, *&c.* is thus to be underſtood: the men of Ithaca retaining in memory the ſpeech of Telemachus, and believing that what he then ſaid, and now requeſts, was agreeable to juſtice; and having as it were his image graven upon their hearts, voluntarily reſolve to lend him aſſiſtance: ſo that Minerva is to be taken allegorically, to imply that it was every perſon's own reaſon that induced him to aſſiſt Telemachus. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 434.] This repetition of ſenſe and rhymes is very unſeaſonable and inaccurate: and the cuſtomary failing is imputable to the ſucceeding couplet. Thus?

A bark to furniſh, then the maid addreſt
Noemon: he denied not her requeſt.
At length the ſun's deſcending glories fade,
And earth lies darken'd in ſurrounding ſhade.

Ver. 435. *Noemon——the bark ſupplies.*] It may be aſked why this particularity is neceſſary, and may it not be thought that ſuch a little circumſtance is inſignificant? The anſwer is, that a great deal depends upon this particularity; no leſs than the diſcovery of the voyage of Telemachus to the Suitors; and conſequently, whatever the Suitors act in order to intercept him, takes its riſe from this little incident; the fountain is indeed ſmall, but a large ſtream of poetry flows from it. P.

Full in the op'nings of the ſpacious main
It rides; and now deſcends the ſailor-train.
Next, to the court, impatient of delay,
With rapid ſtep the Goddeſs urg'd her way:
There ev'ry eye with ſlumb'rous chains ſhe bound,
And daſh'd the flowing goblet to the ground.
Drowſy they roſe, with heavy fumes oppreſt,
Reel'd from the palace, and retir'd to reſt.
Then thus, in Mentor's rev'rend form array'd,
Spoke to Telemachus the Martial Maid.

Ver. 440.] There is no care and accuracy here. Thus, exactly:

At the bay's end it rides: the naval band,
Chear'd by her voice, comes crouding on the ſtrand.

Ver. 444. *There ev'ry eye with ſlumb'rous chains ſhe bound.*] The words in the original are ἔυδειν and ὕπνῳ, which are not to be taken for being aſleep, but drowſy; this is evident from the uſage of καθεύδειν, in the concluſion of the firſt book of the Iliad, where the ſignification has been miſtaken by moſt tranſlators: they make Jupiter there to be aſleep; though two lines afterwards, in the ſecond book, Homer expreſly ſays,

Th' immortals ſlumber'd on their thrones above:
All, but the ever-waking eyes of Jove.

It may be aſked how Minerva can be ſaid to occaſion this drowſineſs in the Suitors, and make them retire ſooner than uſual? Euſtathius replies, that the perſon who furniſhed the wine ſupplied it in greater quantities than ordinary, through which wine they contracted a drowſineſs: in this ſenſe Minerva, or wiſdom, may be ſaid to aſſiſt the deſigns of Telemachus. P.

Ver. 446.] We ſhall come nearer the words of the author by the following correction:

With drowſy *ſtupifying* fumes oppreſs'd,
They roſe; and *through the city* reel'd to reſt.

Lo! on the ſeas, prepar'd the veſſel ſtands,
Th' impatient mariner thy ſpeed demands.
Swift as ſhe ſpoke, with rapid pace ſhe leads;
The footſteps of the Deity he treads.
Swift to the ſhore they move: along the ſtrand
The ready veſſel rides, the ſailors ready ſtand.
He bids them bring their ſtores; th' attending train
Load the tall bark, and lanch into the main.
The prince and Goddeſs to the ſtern aſcend;
To the ſtrong ſtroke at once the rowers bend.
Full from the weſt ſhe bids freſh breezes blow;
The ſable billows foam and roar below.

Ver. 450.] Rhymes too ſimilar recur too ſoon. Thus?

Lo! on the ſeas prepar'd the veſſel *rides:*
Thy *ſtay* the mariner impatient *chides.*

Ver. 456.] Into this couplet the haſte and lazineſs of the tranſlator has huddled *ſeven* verſes of his author.

Then ſpake the blooming vigorous youth divine:
Be now, dear comrades! our proviſions brought:
All ſtor'd at home they lie: our purpoſe yet
Nor knows my mother, nor her maids, ſave one.
He ſpake, and led the way: they follow'd ſtraight;
The ſtores together brought, and in their bark,
Ulyſſes' much-lov'd ſon directing, ſtow'd.

Ver. 458.] This couplet alſo condenſes twice the compaſs of his original, who may be thus literally given:

On board he goes: Minerva leads the way,
And at the ſtern ſits down: there by her ſide
He takes his ſeat: the ſailors looſe the ropes,
Scale the ſhip's ſides, and on the benches range.

Ver. 460. — — — *She bids freſh breezes blow.*] This alſo is an allegory, and implies that the ſailors had the experience and

The chief his orders gives; th' obedient band
With due obſervance wait the chief's command;
With ſpeed the maſt they rear, with ſpeed unbind
The ſpacious ſheet, and ſtretch it to the wind.
High o'er the roaring waves the ſpreading ſails
Bow the tall maſt, and ſwell before the gales;
The crooked keel the parting ſurge divides,
And to the ſtern retreating roll the tides.
And now they ſhip their oars, and crown with wine
The holy goblet to the pow'rs divine:

art to guide the ſhip before the winds; but poetry, that delights to raiſe every circumſtance, exalts it into the marvellous, and aſcribes it to the Goddeſs of Wiſdom. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 464. *With ſpeed the maſt they rear.*] It is obſervable, that Homer never paſſes by an opportunity of deſcribing the ſea, or a ſhip under ſail; and in many other places, as well as in this, he dwells largely upon it: I take the reaſon to be, not only becauſe it furniſhed him with variety of poetical images, but becauſe he himſelf having made frequent voyages, had a full idea of it, and conſequently was delighted with it: this is evident from his conduct in the Iliad, where variety of alluſions and ſimilitudes are drawn from the ſea, and are not the ſmalleſt ornaments of his poetry. P.

Ver. 469.] This line excepted, the paſſage is finely executed. I ſhall propoſe an alteration, which conſults fidelity at the ſame time:

Swift flies the veſſel; roar the *purple* tides.

Ver. 470. — — — — *And crown with wine*
The holy goblet to the Pow'rs divine.]

This cuſtom of libations was frequent upon all ſolemn occaſions, before meat, before ſleep, voyages, journies, and in all religious rites, ſacrifices, &c. They were always made with wine, pure and unmixed, whence ἄκρατον is a word frequent in ancient authors. Sometimes they uſed mixed wines in ſacrifices; but Euſtathius ſays,

Imploring all the Gods that reign above,
But chief, the blue-ey'd Progeny of Jove.
Thus all the night they ſtem the liquid way,
And end their voyage with the morning ray. 475

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that this mixture was of wine with wine, and not of wine with water; hence came the diſtinction of ἴνσπονδον and ἄσπονδον, the unlawful and lawful libation; wine unmixed was lawful, the mixed unlawful. Homer in this place uſes ἐπιστεφέας κρητῆρας, or *goblets crowned with wine*; that is, filled till the wine ſtood above the brim of the goblet; they eſteemed it an irreverence to the Gods not to fill the cups full, for then only they eſteemed the libation *whole* and *perfect*, ὅλον καὶ τέλειον. P.

Ver. 472.] Thus Chapman:

— — — — — Of all yet thron'd *above*,
They moſt obſerv'd the grey-ey'd ſeed of *Jove*.

This book takes up the ſpace of one day and one night: it opens with the morning; the ſpeeches in the Counſel, with the preparations for the voyage of Telemachus, are the ſubject of the day; and the voyage is finiſhed by the next morning. By this laſt circumſtance we may learn that Ithaca was diſtant from Pylos but one night's voyage, nay ſomething leſs, there being ſome time ſpent after the ſetting of the ſun, in carrying the proviſions from the palace to the veſſel.

The book conſiſts chiefly in the ſpeeches of Telemachus and his friends againſt thoſe of the Suitors. It ſhews the great judgment of the Poet in chuſing this method: hence we ſee the cauſes preceding the effects, and know from what ſpring every action flowed: we are never at a loſs for a reaſon for every incident; the ſpeeches are as it were the ground-work upon which he builds all that relates to the adventures of Telemachus.

In the Iliad, after the diſſolution of the Council in the firſt book, and the diſſenſion between Agamemnon and Achilles, we immediately ſee upon what hinge the fable turns. So in the Odyſſey, after the Poet has laid before us the warm debates between the Suitors and Telemachus, we immediately expect them to act as enemies: the war is declared, and we become judges as well as ſpectators of the ſcenes of action. Thus Homer adds the perſpicuity of Hiſtory to the ornaments of Poetry. P.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Interview of Telemachus and Neſtor.

TELEMACHUS, guided by Pallas in the ſhape of Mentor, arrives in the morning at Pylos, where Neſtor and his ſons are ſacrificing on the ſea-ſhore to Neptune. Telemachus declares the occaſion of his coming, and Neſtor relates what paſt in their return from Troy, how their fleets were ſeparated, and he never ſince heard of Ulyſſes. They diſcourſe concerning the death of Agamemnon, the revenge of Oreſtes, and the injuries of the Suitors. Neſtor adviſes him to go to Sparta, and inquire further of Menelaus. The ſacrifice ending with the night, Minerva vaniſhes from them in the form of an eagle: Telemachus is lodged in the palace. The next morning they ſacrifice a bullock to Minerva, and Telemachus proceeds on his journey to Sparta, attended by Piſiſtratus.

The Scene lies on the Sea-ſhore of Pylos. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

THE ſcene is now removed from Ithaca to Pylos, and with it a new vein of poetry is opened: inſtead of the riots of the Suitors, we are entertained with the wiſdom and piety of Neſtor. This and the following book are a kind of Supplement to the Iliad; the nature of Epick Poetry requires that ſomething ſhould be left to the imagination of the reader, nor is the picture to be intirely drawn at full length. Homer therefore, to ſatisfy our curioſity, gives an account of the fortunes of thoſe great men, who made ſo noble a figure at the ſiege of Troy. This conduct alſo ſhews his art: variety gives life and delight; and it is much more neceſſary in Epick than in Comick or Tragick Poetry, ſometimes to ſhift the ſcenes, to diverſify and embelliſh the ſtory. But as on the ſtage the Poet ought not to ſtep at once from one part of the world to a too remote country, (for this deſtroys credibility, and the auditor cannot fancy himſelf this minute here, and the next a thouſand miles diſtant) ſo in Epick Poetry, every removal muſt be within the degrees of probability. We have here a very eaſy tranſition; the Poet carries his hero no farther than he really might ſail in the compaſs of time he allots for his voyage. If he had ſtill dwelt upon the diſorders of the Suitors without interruption, he muſt grow tireſome; but he artfully breaks the thread of their ſtory with beautiful incidents and epiſodes, and reſerves the further recital of their diſorders for the end of his Poem: by this method we ſit down with freſh appetite to the entertainment, and riſe at laſt not cloyed, but ſatisfied. P.

THE

THIRD BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE ſacred ſun, above the waters rais'd,
Thro' heav'n's eternal, brazen portals blaz'd;
And wide o'er earth diffus'd his chearing ray,
To Gods and men to give the golden day.
Now on the coaſt of Pyle the veſſel falls,
Before old Neleus' venerable walls.

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *Thro' heav'n's eternal, brazen portals* ——] The original calls heaven πολύχαλκον, or *brazen*; the reaſon of it ariſes either from the palaces of the Gods being built of braſs by Vulcan; or rather the word implies no more than the ſtability of heaven, which in other places is called σιδήρειον, or *framed of iron*. *Euſtathius*. P.

Ver. 3.] Or, with ſomewhat more exactneſs, and, I think, a better conſtruction:

And wide o'er *bounteous* earth *with* chearing ray
To Gods and mortals *gave* the golden day.

There, ſuppliant to the Monarch of the flood,
At nine green theatres the Pylians ſtood,
Each held five hundred, (a deputed train)
At each, nine oxen on the ſand lay ſlain.
They taſte the entrails, and the altars load
With ſmoking thighs, an off'ring to the God.

Ver. 8. *At nine green theatres.*] It may be aſked why the Poet is ſo very particular as to mention that the Pylians were divided into nine aſſemblies; and may it not ſeem a circumſtance of no importance? Euſtathius anſwers from the ancients, that there were nine cities ſubject to the power of Neſtor: five in Pylos, the reſt in Bœotia; the Poet therefore allots one bank or theatre to every city, which conſiſted of five hundred men, the whole number amounting to four thouſand five hundred: theſe cities furniſhed the like compliment of men to Neſtor for the war at Troy: he ſailed in ninety veſſels, and allowing fifty men to each veſſel, they amount to that number. Hence it appears that this was a national ſacrifice, every city furniſhed nine bulls, and by conſequence the whole nation were partakers of it. P.

The ſacrifice of the Pylians.] This was a very ſolemn ſacrifice of the Pylians: how comes it then to paſs, that Homer paſſes it over in one line? Euſtathius anſwers, that the occaſion diſallows a longer deſcription, and Homer knows when to ſpeak, and when to be ſilent. He chuſes to carry on the adventures of Telemachus, rather than amuſe himſelf in deſcriptions that contribute nothing to the ſtory; he finds a time of more leiſure in the latter part of this book, and there he deſcribes it at length. P.

Ver. 11. *They taſte the entrails.*] That is, every perſon eat a ſmall portion of the ſacrifice, and by this method every perſon became partaker of it.

There is nothing in Homer that ſhews where this ſacrifice was offered, whether in a temple, or in the open air. But Euſtathius tells us from Strabo, that it was in the temple of Samian Neptune, ἐν ἱερῷ Σαμίου Ποσειδῶνος. P.

I have no better couplet than the following, as a ſubſtitute for the vicious rhymes of that before us:

Full for the port the Ithacenſians ſtand,
And furl their ſails, and iſſue on the land.
Telemachus already preſt the ſhore;
Not firſt, the pow'r of Wiſdom march'd before,
And ere the ſacrificing throng he join'd,
Admoniſh'd thus his well attending mind.
Proceed, my ſon! this youthful ſhame expel;
An honeſt buſineſs never bluſh to tell.
To learn what fates thy wretched ſire detain,
We paſt the wide, immeaſurable main.
Meet then the ſenior far renown'd for ſenſe,
With rev'rend awe, but decent confidence:
Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;
And ſure he will: for Wiſdom never lies.

They taſte the entrails; and, *a grateful* load!
On the *god*'s altars ſmoaking thighs *beſtow'd*.

Ver. 17.] Upon the ſame exception, I would here propoſe, as follows:

And, ere he join'd the ſacrificing throng,
The prince admoniſht *as they walk along*.

Ver. 20.] A line of interpretation, ſeaſonably inſerted by our tranſlator to render perſpicuous the ſententious brevity of his author.

Ver. 21.] Thus his original:

To learn what fate, what land, my ſire detain:

Or, with ſtill more fidelity:

To learn what lands thy wretched father hide,
What fate befalls, we meaſur'd ocean's tide.

Ver. 25. *Urge him with truth to frame his fair replies;*
And ſure he will: for Wiſdom never lies.]

This ſentiment is truly noble, and as nobly expreſſed: the ſimpli-

Oh tell me, Mentor! tell me, faithful guide,
(The youth with prudent modeſty reply'd)
How ſhall I meet, or how accoſt the Sage,
Unſkill'd in ſpeech, nor yet mature of age?
Awful th' approach, and hard the taſk appears,
To queſtion wiſely men of riper years.

To whom the martial Goddeſs thus rejoin'd.
Search, for ſome thoughts, thy own ſuggeſting mind;
And others, dictated by heav'nly pow'r,
Shall riſe ſpontaneous in the needful hour.
For nought unproſp'rous ſhall thy ways attend,
Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend.

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city of the diction correſponds with that of the thought. Homer in many places teſtifies the utmoſt abhorrence of a lie. This verſe is twice repeated in the preſent book, as in ſome others; and nothing can be ſtronger in the ſame view than that of Achilles in the ninth Iliad:

Who dares think one thing, and another tell,
My heart deteſts him as the gates of hell. P.

Ver. 38. *Born with good omens, and with heav'n thy friend.*] There is ſome obſcurity in the Greek expreſſion, and the ancient Criticks have made it more obſcure by their falſe interpretations; they imagine that the Poet only meant to ſay, that Telemachus was the legitimate ſon of Penelope and Ulyſſes. *Euſtathius.*

Dacier very juſtly condemns this explication, as unworthy of Homer; and gives us a more plain and natural interpretation, viz. "You were not born in deſpight of the gods; that is, you "are well made, and of a good preſence, you have good incli- "nations, and in a word, your birth is happy." She explains τραφίμεν after the ſame manner. "You were not educated in "deſpight of the gods;" that is, "the gods have bleſſed your "education." This explication ſeems to be juſt, and anſwers

She ſpoke, and led the way with ſwifteſt ſpeed:
As ſwift, the youth purſu'd the way ſhe led;
And join'd the band before the ſacred fire,
Where ſat, encompaſt with his ſons, the Sire.
The youth of Pilos, ſome on pointed wood
Transfix'd the fragments, ſome prepar'd the food.
In friendly throngs they gather to embrace
Their unknown gueſts, and at the banquet place.
Piſiſtratus was firſt, to graſp their hands,
And ſpread ſoft hides upon the yellow ſands;

---

perfectly the deſign of Minerva; which was to give a decent aſſurance to Telemachus: you are a perſon, ſays the goddeſs, of a good preſence, and happy education, why then ſhould you be aſhamed to appear before Neſtor? P.

Ver. 39.] Faulty rhymes; and may be thus ſuperſeded:

Minerva ſpake, and *goes before* with ſpeed:
The *prince the footſteps of the Goddeſs lead.*

Ver. 48. *And ſpread ſoft hides upon the yellow ſands.*] It is with great pleaſure that I read ſuch paſſages in an author of ſo great antiquity, as are pictures of the ſimplicity of thoſe heroick ages: it is the remark of Euſtathius, that Piſiſtratus the ſon of a king does not ſeat theſe ſtrangers upon purple tapeſtry, or any other coſtly furniture, but upon the ſkins of beaſts, that had nothing to recommend them but their ſoftneſs; being ſpread upon the ſand of the ſea-ſhores.

This whole paſſage pleaſes me extremely; there is a ſpirit of true devotion, morality and good ſenſe in it; and the decency of behaviour between Neſtor and Telemachus is deſcribed very happily: Neſtor ſhews great benevolence to Telemachus; Telemachus great reverence to Neſtor: the modeſty of the one, and the humanity of the other, are worthy of our obſervation. We ſee the ſame picture of Neſtor in the Odyſſey, that was drawn of him in the Iliad, with this only difference, that there he was a counſellor of war, here he is painted in ſofter colours, ruling his people in

Along the ſhore th' illuſtrious pair he led,
Where Neſtor ſat with youthful Thraſymed.
To each a portion of the feaſt he bore,
And held a golden goblet foaming o'er;
Then firſt approaching to the elder gueſt,
The latent Goddeſs in theſe words addreſt.
Whoe'er thou art, whom fortune brings to keep
Theſe rites of Neptune, monarch of the deep,
Thee firſt it fits, oh ſtranger! to prepare
The due libation and the ſolemn pray'r;
Then give thy friend to ſhed the ſacred wine:
Tho' much thy younger, and his years like mine,
He too, I deem, implores the pow'rs divine;
For all mankind alike require their grace,
All born to want; a miſerable race!

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peace, and diffuſing a ſpirit of piety through his whole territories. He had now ſurvived the war of Troy almoſt ten years; and the Gods reward the old age of this wiſe and religious Prince with peace and happineſs. P.

Ver. 51.] This appears to me a poor couplet. What follows, is more cloſe, if not more poetical:

To each a portion of the feaſt *ſerv'd up*,
And *wine preſented in a* golden *cup*.

Ver. 59.] An erroneous conception of the original diſfigures this paſſage, which may be obviated thus:

Then, *nor till then*, thy friend the ſacred wine
May ſhed; thy younger, and his years like mine.

The words of Homer are perfectly perſpicuous, and are clearly apprehended by every tranſlator but Chapman; who was, unfortunately, our Poet's guide on this occaſion.

For I ſuppoſe, *his youth* doth prayers uſe,
Since all men need the Gods.

He ſpake, and to her hand preferr'd the bowl:
A ſecret pleaſure touch'd Athena's ſoul,
To ſee the pref'rence due to ſacred age
Regarded ever by the juſt and ſage.
Of Ocean's King ſhe then implores the grace.
Oh thou! whoſe arms this ample globe embrace,
Fulfil our wiſh, and let thy glory ſhine
On Neſtor firſt, and Neſtor's royal line;
Next grant the Pylian ſtates their juſt deſires,
Pleas'd with their hecatomb's aſcending fires;
Laſt deign Telemachus and me to bleſs,
And crown our voyage with deſir'd ſucceſs.

Ver. 68.] Our tranſlator has given us a compound of Chapman and Ogilby together; of whom the former renders thus:

— — — Heare thou whoſe vaſt *embrace*
Enſpheres the whole earth; nor diſdaine thy *grace*
To us that aſke it:

and thus the latter:

Oh thou! great king, *whoſe* circling *armes* are hurl'd
Round the *vaſt body* of the mighty world.

Homer ſays only,

Hear, earth-containing Neptune!

Ver. 74. *Laſt, deign Telemachus and me to bleſs* ——] Since Minerva here mentions the name of Telemachus in her prayer; how comes it to paſs, that Neſtor is at a loſs to know Telemachus? Minerva ſat cloſe by Neſtor; he muſt therefore be ſuppoſed to hear the prayer; and yet in the following lines he enquires who theſe ſtrangers are? We can ſcarce imagine Neſtor ignorant that the ſon of Ulyſſes was named Telemachus, there being ſo ſtrict a friendſhip between Neſtor and Ulyſſes. Perhaps therefore Minerva prayed in ſecret mentally; or perhaps Neſtor might not take notice of what was not addreſt immediately to him, and conſequently make inquiry about it for the greater certainty. P.

Thus ſhe; and having paid the rite divine,
Gave to Ulyſſes' ſon the roſy wine.
Suppliant he pray'd. And now the victims dreſt
They draw, divide, and celebrate the feaſt.
The banquet done, the narrative old man,
Thus mild, the pleaſing conference began.
Now, gentle gueſts! the genial banquet o'er,
It fits to aſk you, what your native ſhore,
And whence your race? on what adventure, ſay,
Thus far ye wander thro' the wat'ry way?
Relate, if buſineſs, or the thirſt of gain,
Engage your journey o'er the pathleſs main:

Ver. 76.] Our poet follows Ogilby in omitting a clauſe of his author, which is quaintly exhibited by Chapman:

Thus praid ſhe: and her ſelfe, her ſelfe obaid;
In th' end performing all for which ſhe praid.

Ver. 82.] There is more vivacity in the turn of the original, thus preſerved by Chapman:

Now life's deſire is ſerv'd, as farre as fare;
Time fits me to enquire, what gueſts theſe are.
Faire gueſts, what are ye?

Ver. 86. *Relate, if buſineſs, or the thirſt of gain, &c.*] If we form our images of perſons and actions in ancient times, from the images of perſons and actions in modern ages, we ſhall fall into great miſtakes: thus in the preſent paſſage, if we annex the ſame idea of piracy, as it was practiſed three thouſand years paſt, to piracy as it is practiſed in our ages; what can be a greater affront than this inquiry of Neſtor? But, ſays Euſtathius, piracy was formerly not only accounted lawful, but honourable. I doubt not but Thucydides had this paſſage in view, when he ſays, that the ancient poets introduce men inquiring of thoſe who frequent the ſea, if they be pirates, as a thing no way ignominious. Thucydides tells us in the ſame place, that all thoſe who lived on the ſea-coaſt, or in the iſlands, maintained themſelves by frequent inroads

Where ſavage pirates ſeek thro' ſeas unknown
The lives of others, vent'rous of their own.
Urg'd by the precepts by the Goddeſs giv'n,
And fill'd with confidence infus'd from heav'n,
The youth, whom Pallas deſtin'd to be wiſe
And fam'd among the ſons of men, replies.
Inquir'ſt thou, father! from what coaſt we came?
(Oh grace and glory of the Grecian name!)
From where high Ithaca o'erlooks the floods,
Brown with o'er-arching ſhades and pendent woods,
Us to theſe ſhores our filial duty draws,
A private ſorrow, not a publick cauſe.
My ſire I ſeek, where-e'er the voice of fame
Has told the glories of his noble name,
The great Ulyſſes; fam'd from ſhore to ſhore
For valour much, for hardy ſuff'ring more.
Long time with thee before proud Ilion's wall
In arms he fought; with thee beheld her fall.

upon unfortified towns, and if ſuch piracies were nobly performed, they were accounted glorious. Herodotus alſo writes, that many of the ancients, eſpecially about Thrace, thought it ignominious to live by labouring the ground, but to live by piracy and plunder was eſteemed a life of honour. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 89.] Thus, more fluently:

The lives of others, *and expoſe* their own.

Ver. 90.] An aukwardneſs attends the repetition of this trivial word, which I ſhould wiſh to ſee removed:

Urg'd by *Minerva*'s precepts *lately* giv'n—.

Of all the chiefs, this hero's fate alone
Has Jove reſerv'd, unheard of, and unknown;
Whether in fields by hoſtile fury ſlain,
Or ſunk by tempeſts in the gulfy main?
Of this to learn, oppreſt with tender fears,
Lo, at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon appears.
If or thy certain eye, or curious ear,
Have learnt his fate, the whole dark ſtory clear:
And oh! whate'er heav'n deſtin'd to betide,
Let neither flatt'ry ſooth, nor pity hide.
Prepar'd I ſtand: he was but born to try
The lot of man; to ſuffer, and to die.

Ver. 108.] Thus Chapman:

If on the continent, by enemies *ſlaine*;
Or with the waves eat, of the ravenous *maine*.

And the reader of diſcernment and taſte will diſcover through the fine flow of verſe and unlaboured elegance of expreſſion the hand of a ſuperiour artiſt, the hand of Pope himſelf, in the verſion of this ſpeech.

Ver. 110.] I know not whether the reader, to avoid too great a ſimilarity of rhymes, will approve the following ſubſtitution:

Of this to learn, with tender fears *diſmaid*,
Lo, at thy knee his ſuppliant ſon *is laid*.

Or thus:

From tender fears *his boding ſoul to free*,
Behold his ſon *a* ſuppliant at thy knee.

Ver. 112.] Thus, with more fidelity:

If *knows* thy certain eye, or curious ear,
That wretch's fate, the whole dark ſtory clear:

or, if this diſpleaſe, "his wretched fate:" but I prefer the former.

Ver. 116.] A beautiful couplet; but miſtakenly amplified from a ſentiment briefly expreſſed in the preceding ſubſtitution.

Oh then, if ever thro' the ten years war
The wife, the good Ulyſſes claim'd thy care;
If e'er he join'd thy council, or thy ſword,
True in his deed, and conſtant to his word;
Far as thy mind thro' backward time can ſee,
Search all thy ſtores of faithful memory:
'Tis ſacred truth I aſk, and aſk of thee.
To him experienc'd Neſtor thus rejoin'd.
O friend! what ſorrows doſt thou bring to mind?
Shall I the long, laborious ſcene review,
And open all the wounds of Greece anew?
What toils by ſea! where dark in queſt of prey
Dauntleſs we rov'd; Achilles led the way:

Ver. 122.] This triplet is ſwollen from one line of Homer:

Now think on this, and all the truth unfold.

Ver. 125. *The ſpeech of Neſtor.*] Euſtathius obſerves the modeſty of Neſtor: Telemachus had aſcribed the fall of Troy in a great meaſure to Neſtor; but Neſtor ſpeaks not in particular of himſelf, but is content with his ſhare of glory in common with other warriours; he ſpeaks in the plural number, and joins all the Greeks as in the war, ſo in the glory of it. Neſtor mentions the ſufferings of the Greeks by ſea, as well as by land, during the ſiege of Troy: to underſtand this, it is neceſſary to remember, that the Greeks made many expeditions againſt other places during the war, both by ſea and land, as appears from many paſſages in the Iliad, particularly from what Achilles ſays in the ninth book. P.

This frequent ſpecimen of vicious rhyme I have often cenſured, and often paſſed without notice, from an apprehenſion of diſguſt to the reader in ſuch an uniformity of remark. In the preſent inſtance, we may adopt the following ſuccedaneum:

To him, *the ſage Geronian knight replies:*
Friend! what *old* ſorrows to *my* mind *ariſe?*

What toils by land! where mixt in fatal fight
Such numbers fell, ſuch heroes ſunk to night:
There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave,
There wiſe Patroclus, fill an early grave:
There too my ſon—ah once my beſt delight,
Once ſwift of foot, and terrible in fight,
In whom ſtern courage with ſoft virtue join'd,
A faultleſs body, and a blameleſs mind:

Ver. 132.] He ſhould have written,

— — — — ſuch heroes *ſank* to night:

ſunk, the abbreviation of *ſunken*, is the *participle*.

Ver. 133. *There Ajax great, Achilles there the brave.*] I have obſerved, that the Poet inſerts into the Odyſſey ſeveral incidents that happened after the fall of Troy, and by that method agreeably diverſifies his poetry, and ſatisfies the curioſity of the reader. Euſtathius remarks here, that he gives a title of honour to all the heroes he mentions, except only to Achilles. Achilles had been the occaſion of the ſufferings and death of many of the Greeks by his anger, and obſtinacy in refuſing to obey Agamemnon; therefore while Neſtor is lamenting the calamities of the Greeks, he paſſes over Achilles without any honourable mention, who had ſo greatly added to their ſufferings. But I think this remark chimerical: one may as well ſay Achilles needed no epithet to diſtinguiſh him.

It is with pleaſure I ſee the old man dwell upon the praiſe of Antilochus: the father enlarges upon the fame of the ſon; he gives him four epithets of glory; and while Ajax is only praiſed as a warriour, Antilochus is great and good, excellent in the ſtanding fight, or ſwift to purſue an enemy. Longinus has obſerved upon the beauty of this paſſage. P.

Ver. 137.] To avoid this imperfection of rhyme, and to keep cloſer to the compaſs of the original, which ſtands as follows:

There my Antilochus, both brave and good;
Moſt dear! undaunted warriour, ſwift of foot:

I could wiſh to ſee the tranſlation confined to a couplet. Thus?

Antilochus—what more can I relate?
How trace the tedious ſeries of our fate?
Not added years on years my taſk could cloſe,
The long hiſtorian of my country's woes:
Back to thy native iſlands might'ſt thou ſail,
And leave half-heard the melancholy tale.
Nine painful years on that deteſted ſhore;
What ſtratagems we form'd, what toils we bore?
Still lab'ring on, 'till ſcarce at laſt we found
Great Jove propitious, and our conqueſt crown'd.
Far o'er the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd,
In wit, in prudence, and in force of mind.

There *brave* Antilochus, my beſt delight;
All virtuous! ſwift *to run*, and *bold to* fight.

Ver. 142.] Thus Goldſmith in his *Deſerted Village:*

The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain:

a verſe, not inferiour in merit to that before us.

Ver. 144.] This is poetry indeed! and yet I ſhould like to ſee the leading thought of the author not excluded, if poſſible. Thus?

Thou, *fated*, to thy native *iſle wouldſt* ſail—.

Ver. 148.] This verſe wants either ſenſe or conſtruction, according to the *two* ways, in which it may poſſibly be apprehended. I ſhall ſubjoin a remedy:

Great Jove propitious, and our *ſtruggles* crown'd.

Ver. 149. *Far o'er the reſt thy mighty father ſhin'd.*] Neſtor ſpeaks of Ulyſſes as an inſeparable friend; and it ſhews an excellent diſpoſition in them both, to be rivals, and yet without envy. But the art of Neſtor is remarkable; he firſt gives the character to Ulyſſes of being ſuperiour in wiſdom to all the Greeks; and yet at laſt he finds a way ſecretly to ſet himſelf on a level with him, if not above him: we ever, ſays he, thought the ſame

Art thou the ſon of that illuſtrious ſire?
With joy I graſp thee, and with love admire.
So like your voices, and your words ſo wiſe,
Who finds thee younger muſt conſult his eyes.
Thy ſire and I were one; nor vary'd aught
In publick ſentence, or in private thought;
Alike to council or th' aſſembly came,
With equal ſouls, and ſentiments the ſame.
But when (by wiſdom won) proud Ilion burn'd,
And in their ſhips the conqu'ring Greeks return'd;

---

thoughts, and were ever of the ſame ſentiments; which though it may imply that they were of equal wiſdom, yet there is room left for it to ſignify, that Ulyſſes always aſſented to the wiſdom of Neſtor. *Euſtathius.* P.

This wrong formation of the *tenſe* is common with our poet, and I might have contented myſelf with having noticed it before, as I cannot promiſe the reader a ſubſtitute that will content him.

In powers of mind thy father ſtood alone:
Such art, ſuch wit, in word and action ſhone!

Ver. 151.] Thus Ogilby:

And now I view thee better, I *admire*;
Thou look'ſt ſo like, and ſpeak'ſt ſo like, thy *ſire*.

Ver. 157. *The council or the aſſembly.*] There is a remarkable difference between βυλὴ and ἀγορὰ. The former denotes a ſelect number of men aſſembled in council, the latter a publick aſſembly where all the people were preſent. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 158.] The original is already ſufficiently dilated: otherwiſe, a neglected, but important, ſentiment, might be introduced thus:

Greece joy'd our ſchemes in harmony to ſhare:
The public intereſt was our only care:

Or thus:

There, anxious only for the public good,
Harmonious counſellors of Greece we ſtood.

'Twas God's high will the victors to divide,
And turn th' event, confounding human pride:
Some he deſtroy'd, ſome ſcatter'd as the duſt,
(Not all were prudent, and not all were juſt)
Then Diſcord, ſent by Pallas from above,
Stern daughter of the great avenger Jove,
The brother-kings inſpir'd with fell debate;
Who call'd to council all th' Achaian ſtate,

Ver. 163.] This compariſon of *the duſt* was interpolated by the tranſlator, not willing to encounter the trouble of deviſing a different turn for the verſe, from an obvious reaſon. And the ſentiment too, as far as it was authorized by his author, had been given in verſe 161. Thus? with fidelity:

On numbers, Fate with ſwift perdition flies:
Not all were *righteous*, and not all were *wiſe*.

Ver. 165. *Sent by Pallas* ———] Neſtor in modeſty conceals the reaſon of the anger of the Goddeſs; out of reſpect to Ajax the Locrian, who was then dead: the crime of Ajax was the violation of Caſſandra even in the temple of Minerva before her image. But why ſhould the Goddeſs be angry at others for the crime of Ajax? This is becauſe they omitted to puniſh the offender. If Ajax was criminal in offending, others are criminal for not puniſhing the offence. *Euſtathius.*

The crime of Ajax is mentioned in Virgil, Æn. i.

— — " Pallaſnè exurere claſſem
" Argivûm, atque ipſos potuit ſubmergere ponto,
" Unius ab noxam, & furias Ajacis Oilei?" &c.

Could angry Pallas with revengeful ſpleen
The Grecian navy burn, and drown the men?
She for the fault of one offending foe,
The bolts of Jove himſelf preſum'd to throw. *Dryd.*

Virgil borrowed the deſcription of the puniſhment of Ajax from the fourth of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 168, &c. *Who call'd to council* ———
But call'd untimely, &c.]

But call'd untimely (not the ſacred rite
Obſerv'd, nor heedful of the ſetting light,
Nor herald ſworn the ſeſſion to proclaim)
Sour with debauch, a reeling tribe they came.
To theſe the cauſe of meeting they explain,
And Menelaus moves to croſs the main;
Not ſo the King of men: he will'd to ſtay;
The ſacred rites and hecatombs to pay,
And calm Minerva's wrath. Oh blind to fate!
The Gods not lightly change their love, or hate.

It may ſeem at firſt view, that the Poet affirms the night to be an improper ſeaſon to convene a council. This is not his meaning: in the Iliad, there are ſeveral councils by night; nay, ἐν νυκτὶ βουλὴ is uſed proverbially to expreſs the beſt concerted councils. What therefore Neſtor here condemns is the calling not a ſelect, but a publick aſſembly of the ſoldiers in the night, when they are in no danger of an enemy, and when they are apt to fly into inſolence through wine, and the joy of victory. The night is then undoubtedly an ill choſen ſeaſon: becauſe the licence of the ſoldier cannot be ſo well reſtrained by night as by day. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 169.] Where our Poet found his commentary I have not diſcovered from the books before me; but the following line of his author is repreſented by theſe *three* verſes:

Raſh, in diſorder, at the ſetting ſun.

Ver. 177. *Oh blind to fate!*] It may be aſked why Neſtor condemns ſo ſolemnly this hero, calling him Νήπιον, when he deſcribes him in ſo pious an action? This is not becauſe the Gods are implacable, for as Homer himſelf writes, Στρεπτοὶ δὲ κὴ θεοὶ αὐτοὶ; but becauſe he vainly imagined that they would ſo ſoon be appeaſed, without any juſtice done upon the offender; Θεὸν ῥᾳδιὼς παλίντροπον are the words of Euſtathius. P.

Chapman is more explicit:

——Foole, that did not know
She would not ſo be wonne: for not with eaſe
Th' eternall gods are turn'd from what they pleaſe.

With ire-full taunts each other they oppoſe,
'Till in loud tumult all the Greeks aroſe.
Now diff'rent counſels ev'ry breaſt divide,
Each burns with rancour to the adverſe ſide.
Th' unquiet night ſtrange projects entertain'd;
(So Jove, that urg'd us to our fate, ordain'd.)
We, with the riſing morn our ſhips unmoor'd,
And brought our captives and our ſtores a-board;
But half the people with reſpect obey'd
The King of men, and at his bidding ſtay'd.
Now on the wings of winds our courſe we keep,
(For God had ſmooth'd the waters of the deep)
For Tenedos we ſpread our eager oars,
There land, and pay due victims to the pow'rs:
To bleſs our ſafe return we join in pray'r,
But angry Jove diſpers'd our vows in air,

Ver. 187.] This couplet is poliſhed from Ogilby:

The other half with Agamemnon ſtay,
And as their king and general obey.

Thus, literally, their model:

Half of the people checkt themſelves, and ſtaid
With Agamemnon, ſhepherd of the hoſt.

Ver. 190.] Better, perhaps, as more exactly, thus:

God ſmooth'd the *ſurface* of the *ſpacious* deep.

Ver. 191.] A moſt wretched diſtich indeed in every reſpect: the diction is mean and vague, and the rhymes intolerable. Thus?

To Tenedos *we come*; *our* victims *ſlay*,
And *honours* due to powers *immortal* pay.

And rais'd new diſcord. Then (ſo heav'n decreed)
Ulyſſes firſt and Neſtor diſagreed:
Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,
He there, tho' late, to pleaſe the monarch, ſtay'd.
But I, determin'd, ſtem the foamy floods,
Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.

Ver. 195.] Ogilby, who fully expreſſes the true ſenſe of his author, will ſerve to point out the deviation and interpolation of our Poet in the following period.

Ulyſſes' ſquadron on our general's ſcore
Sail'd back, and anchor'd where they rode before.

Ver. 197. *Wiſe as he was, by various counſels ſway'd,*
He there, tho' late, to pleaſe the monarch, ſtay'd.]
It is with great addreſs that Neſtor relates the return of Ulyſſes to Agamemnon; he aſcribes it not directly to Ulyſſes, but to his aſſociates in the voyage; he mollifies it, in complaiſance to Telemachus. But Neſtor, according to Dacier, conceals the true reaſon of his return; it was not to pleaſe Agamemnon, but out of fear of the Goddeſs Minerva, whoſe ſtatue he had taken by force from Troy: to appeaſe that Goddeſs, he returns to join in ſacrifice with Agamemnon. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 199.] Bad rhymes. May I venture a ſubſtitution?

I ſwiftly ſteer'd with all my navy home;
My mind preſaging the dire woes to come.

Nor are the rhymes of the next couplet to be applauded, or at verſe 205.

Ver. 200. *Warn'd of the coming fury of the Gods.*] It may be aſked how Neſtor attained this knowledge of evils which the Gods were preparing? Euſtathius aſcribes it to his great wiſdom, which gave him an inſight into futurity. Dacier with more reaſon tells us, that Neſtor knew that Minerva had been offended, and might conſequently apprehend a puniſhment was to be inflicted for the offence. P.

With us, Tydides fear'd, and urg'd his haſte:
And Menelaus came, but came the laſt.
He join'd our veſſels in the Leſbian bay,
While yet we doubted of our wat'ry way;
If to the right to urge the pilot's toil,
(The ſafer road) beſide the Pſyrian iſle;
Or the ſtraight courſe to rocky Chios plow,
And anchor under Mimas' ſhaggy brow?
We ſought direction of the pow'r divine:
The God propitious gave the guiding ſign;
Thro' the mid ſeas he bid our navy ſteer,
And in Eubœa ſhun the woes we fear.
The whiſtling winds already wak'd the ſky;
Before the whiſtling winds the veſſels fly,
With rapid ſwiftneſs cut the liquid way,
And reach Gereſtus at the point of day.

Ver. 212.] The *preſent time* can never be employed with propriety in ſuch connection with the *paſt*. We may alter thus;

Thro' the mid ſeas he bids our navy *go*,
And in Eubœa ſhun th' *impending woe*.

Ver. 213.] Our tranſlator has curiouſly accommodated the rhymes to his own purpoſe from a ſingular effort of Chapman.

Then did *a whiſtling wind* begin to *riſe*,
And ſwiftly *flew* we through the ſiſhie *ſkies*.

Ver. 214.] Rather, to avoid a ſating uniformity from the frequent repetition of the *article*,

Before the whiſtling winds *our* veſſels fly.

Ver. 216.] More properly, I think,

And reach Gereſtus *e'er the dawn* of day.

There hecatombs of bulls, to Neptune ſlain,
High-flaming pleaſe the monarch of the main.
The fourth day ſhone, when all their labours o'er
Tydides' veſſels touch'd the wiſh'd-for ſhore:
But I to Pylos ſcud before the gales,
The God ſtill breathing on my ſwelling ſails;
Sep'rate from all, I ſafely landed here;
Their fates or fortunes never reach'd my ear.
Yet what I learn'd, attend; as here I ſat,
And aſk'd each voyager each hero's fate;
Curious to know, and willing to relate.
Safe reach'd the Myrmidons their native land,
Beneath Achilles' warlike ſon's command.

Ver. 218.] Accurately to the original, thus:

Our run reward through ſuch a length of main:

But more poetically, as follows, nor with leſs fidelity:

We numerous thighs of bulls to Neptune gave,
Our kind conductor through the ſpacious wave.

Ver. 221. *But I to Pylos*, &c.] Euſtathius obſerves from the ancients, that the Poet with great judgment ſuſpends, and breaks off this relation of Neſtor; by this method he has an opportunity to carry Telemachus to other countries, and infert into his poem the ſtory of Menelaus and Helen: this method likewiſe gives an air of probability to what he writes; the Poet ſeems afraid to deceive, and when he ſends Telemachus to other parts for better intelligence, he ſeems to conſult truth and exactneſs. P.

Ver. 224.] More exactly, thus:

Nor reacht their fates, of life or death, mine ear.

Ver. 229. *Achilles' warlike ſon.*] The ſon of Achilles was named Neoptolemus, by others Pyrrhus; his ſtory is this: when he had reached Theſſaly with the Myrmidons of Achilles, by the advice of Thetis he ſet fire to his veſſels; and being warned by Helenus, from the oracles, to fix his habitation where he found

Thoſe, whom the heir of great Apollo's art,
Brave Philoctetes, taught to wing the dart;
And thoſe whom Idomen from Ilion's plain
Had led, ſecurely croſt the dreadful main.
How Agamemnon touch'd his Argive coaſt,
And how his life by fraud and force he loſt,

---

a houſe whoſe foundations were iron, whoſe walls were wood, and whoſe roof was wool; he took his journey on foot, and coming to a certain lake of Epirus, he found ſome perſons fixing their ſpears with the point downwards into the earth, and covering the tops of them with their cloaks, and after this manner making their tents: he looked upon the oracle as fulfilled, and dwelt there. Afterwards having a ſon by Andromache the wife of Hector, he named him Moloſſus, from whom the region took the name of Moloſſia. From this country are the Moloſſi canes, mentioned by Virgil. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 230.] This couplet is expanded from the following verſe:

Safe, Philoctetes, Pœan's ſon renown'd:

leſs violence, therefore, ſhould have been offered to his author by an effort more congenial to the tenour of his language. Thus?

And Philoctetes ſafely too, they ſay,
Pœan's fam'd ſon, o'er ocean urg'd his way:

than which no verſes, correſpondent to the original, can poſſibly be more exact.

Ver. 234.] Though the ſound be the ſame, a word ſimilarly written ſeems preferable, thus:

How brought our general back his Argive hoſt —.

But our tranſlator has executed the remainder of this ſpeech with but little attention to his author. The reader muſt accept a plain tranſlation, as nearly commenſurate, as our poetry will admit, to the original.

Ye hear, tho' diſtant, how Atrides ſped:
Our king return'd, by fell Ægiſthus bled.
The crafty murderer ſoon the forfeit paid,
And dy'd with blood the ſon's avenging blade.

And how the murd'rer paid his forfeit breath;
What lands ſo diſtant from that ſcene of death
But trembling heard the fame? and heard, admire
How well the ſon appeas'd his ſlaughter'd ſire!
Ev'n to th' unhappy, that unjuſtly bleed,
Heav'n gives poſterity, t' avenge the deed.
So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,
(On whom the virtues of thy ſire deſcend)
Make future times thy equal act adore,
And be what brave Oreſtes was before!

Bleſs'd goes that father to the Stygian coaſt,
Who leaves a child to ſoothe his murder'd ghoſt!
Thou too, my friend! aſſert a warriour's name:
Thy form and ſtature promiſe future fame.

Ver. 236.] Thus Chapman:

Done by Ægiſthus to a bitter *death*;
Who miſerably paid for forced *breath*.

Ver. 242. *So fell Ægyſthus; and may'ſt thou, my friend,* &c.] Neſtor introduces the mention of Ægyſthus very artfully; it is to raiſe an emulation in Telemachus to revenge Ulyſſes, as Oreſtes had Agamemnon; it has the intended effect, and we find that Telemachus dwells upon his ſtory with a virtuous envy; yet at the ſame time with great modeſty; Euſtathius gives a different reading in

— — — ἰσσομένοισι πύθεσθαι, or
ἰσσομένοισιν ἀοιδῆι.

Both the expreſſions are uſed in Homer, the preference is therefore ſubmitted to the reader. P.

Ver. 245.] Homer does not appear to me to have intended ſo direct an application; but Chapman and Dacier agree with our tranſlator, leſs agreeably to the ſequel.

The prudent youth reply'd. O thou the grace
And laſting glory of the Grecian race!
Juſt was the vengeance, and to lateſt days
Shall long poſterity reſound the praiſe.
Some God this arm with equal proweſs bleſs!
And the proud Suitors ſhall its force confeſs:
Injurious men! who while my ſoul is ſore
Of freſh affronts, are meditating more.
But heav'n denies this honour to my hand,
Nor ſhall my father repoſſeſs the land:
The father's fortune never to return,
And the ſad ſon's to ſuffer and to mourn!
Thus he; and Neſtor took the word: My ſon,
Is it then true, as diſtant rumours run,
That crowds of rivals for thy mother's charms
Thy palace fill with inſults and alarms?

Ver. 248.] So Chapman:

And him the Greeks will give a maſter *praiſe*;
Verſe finding him, to laſt all after *daies*.

Ver. 250.] He ſhould have ſeparated theſe ſimilar terminations, or have ſubſtituted another word. For example:

Some God this arm with equal *vigour* bleſs!

Ver. 254.] To theſe *four* verſes correſponds the following portion of his author:

But nor for me the Gods ſuch bliſs have woven,
Nor for my ſire: dull patience is my lot!

Thus? more faithfully and conciſely:

But for my ſire no fav'ring Gods appear,
Nor me; ſtill doom'd to ſuffer, and forbear!

Say, is the fault, thro' tame ſubmiſſion, thine?
Or leagu'd againſt thee, do thy people join,
Mov'd by ſome Oracle, or voice divine?
And yet who knows, but ripening lies in fate
An hour of vengeance for th' afflicted ſtate;
When great Ulyſſes ſhall ſuppreſs theſe harms,
Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.

Ver. 263.] A more accurate rhyme was obvious, and more fidelity:

Or do thy people *from diſlike combine?*

Ver. 264. *Mov'd by ſome oracle, or voice divine?*] The words in the original are, *following the voice of ſome God*, that is, ſome oracle; Homer does not confine the expreſſion either to a good or bad ſenſe, but the context plainly ſhews, that they muſt be underſtood in a bad ſenſe; namely to imply, that the people had recourſe to pretended Oracles to juſtify their rebellion. This is evident from what follows, where Neſtor encourages Telemachus to expect that Ulyſſes may puniſh them for their crimes, ἀποτίσεται ἄλθων——if there had been no crime, there ought to be no puniſhment. P.

Ver. 268. *Ulyſſes ſingly, or all Greece in arms.*] The Poet ſhews his great judgment in preparing the reader for the deſtruction of the Suitors; that great cataſtrophe is managed by few hands, and it might ſeem incredible that ſo few could deſtroy ſo many: the Poet therefore, to give an air of truth to his action, frequently inculcates the aſſiſtance of Pallas, which muſt at leaſt ſhew, that ſuch a great exploit is not impoſſible to be executed by ſtratagems and valour: it is by art, not ſtrength, that Ulyſſes conquers.

All Greece in arms.

This is ſpoken in a general ſenſe, and comprehends not only the ſubjects of Ulyſſes, or even the Pylians and Spartans, but implies, that all the Greeks would riſe in the cauſe of Ulyſſes. What the Suitors had ſpoken ſcoffingly in the preceding book, that Telemachus was ſailing to Pyle or Sparta for *ſupplies*, appears in this not to be impracticable; ſo that it was choice and not neceſſity that determined the Poet to make uſe of no ſuch eaſy expedients for the deſtruction of the Suitors. *Euſtathius.*

But if Athena, war's triumphant maid,
The happy ſon, will, as the father, aid,
(Whoſe fame and ſafety was her conſtant care
In ev'ry danger and in ev'ry war:
Never on man did heav'nly favour ſhine
With rays ſo ſtrong, diſtinguiſh'd and divine,
As thoſe with which Minerva mark'd thy ſire)
So might ſhe love thee, ſo thy ſoul inſpire!
Soon ſhould their hopes in humble duſt be laid,
And long oblivion of the bridal bed.

It may be added, that the very nature of Epick Poetry, and of the Odyſſey in particular, requires ſuch a conduct: in the Iliad, Achilles is the chief agent, and performs almoſt all the great actions; Æneas is painted after the ſame manner by Virgil; the one kills Hector, the other Turnus, both which are the deciſive actions; it was equally neceſſary to exalt the character of Ulyſſes, by bringing him into difficulties from which he is perſonally to extricate himſelf: this the Poet ſufficiently brings about by refuſing all the eaſy methods for his re-eſtabliſhment, becauſe the more difficult ways are moſt conducive to the honour of his hero: thus as Achilles and Æneas kill Hector and Turnus with their own hands, ſo the Suitors fall chiefly by the hand of Ulyſſes. It is neceſſary for the hero of the Poem to execute the deciſive action, for by this method the Poet compleats his character, his own greatneſs ſurmounts all difficulties, and he goes off the ſtage with the utmoſt advantage, by leaving a noble character upon the mind of the ſpectators. P.

Ver. 271.] Bad rhymes. Thus? more exactly, to the end of the ſpeech, which is dilated beyond meaſure, and not accurate:

(At Ilium ſhe his kind protectreſs ſtood,
In every danger of that ſcene of blood.
Ne'er deign'd ſuch open grace the powers of heav'n,
As that by Pallas to thy father given)
Soon would that lawleſs crew their wrongs bewail,
The nuptials ſhrouded by oblivion's veil;

Or,

And ſhroud their nuptials black oblivion's veil."

Ah! no ſuch hope (the prince with ſighs replies)
Can touch my breaſt; that bleſſing heav'n denies.
Ev'n by celeſtial favour were it giv'n,
Fortune or Fate would croſs the will of heav'n.
What words are theſe, and what imprudence thine?
(Thus interpos'd the martial maid divine)

Ver. 279.] Rather, to conſult fidelity and our ears,
——— the *prudent youth* replies.

Ver. 281.] As theſe rhymes have recently occurred in a propoſed ſubſtitution, this and the next couplet may be thus adjuſted:
E'en ſhould on me cœleſtial favour ſhine,
Fortune or Fate would croſs the will divine.
What words, Telemachus! thy lips eſcape?
(Replied the Goddeſs, loſt in Mentor's ſhape.)

Ver. 282. *Fortune or Fate wou'd croſs the will of heav'n.*] It may be aſked how an expreſſion ſo near blaſphemy, as Euſtathius obſerves, could eſcape a perſon of ſuch piety as Telemachus? It is true, the Poet makes Minerva herſelf correct it; but yet the objection remains, *viz.* how could Telemachus ſpeak it? I think ſince the Poet himſelf condemns it, we may give it up as an indecency in Telemachus; it is natural for men in deſpair (and that was the condition of Telemachus) to uſe a vehemence of expreſſion, and this might tranſport Telemachus beyond the bounds of prudence. The only poſſible way that occurs to me to take off the impiety, is to have recourſe to deſtiny: it was the opinion of the antients, that the Gods could not alter deſtiny: and then Telemachus may mean no more, than that it was decreed by the deſtinies that Ulyſſes ſhould return no more, ſo the Gods themſelves could not reſtore him.

Thus in the xvth of the Metamorphoſis, Venus in vain applies to the Gods to preſerve Julius Cæſar.

—— "Superoſque movet, qui rumpere quanquam
"Ferrea non poſſunt veterum decreta ſororum," &c.

And a little lower Jupiter ſays to Venus,

——— "Sola inſuperabile fatum,
"Nata, movere paras?"

Forgetful youth! but know, the Pow'r above
With eaſe can ſave the object of his love;
Wide as his will, extends his boundleſs grace;
Nor loſt in time, nor circumſcrib'd by place.
Happier his lot, who many ſorrows paſt,
Long lab'ring gains his natal ſhore at laſt;
Than who too ſpeedy, haſtes to end his life
By ſome ſtern ruffian, or adult'rous wife.
Death only is the lot which none can miſs,
And all is poſſible to heav'n, but this.

Ver. 289. *Happier his lot, who,* &c.] Nothing can be better imagined to encourage Telemachus, than what the Poet here delivers: Minerva ſets Agamemnon in oppoſition to Ulyſſes: Agamemnon made a ſpeedy voyage to his country, and there fell by treachery; Ulyſſes has long been abſent, but yet is happier than Agamemnon: the Gods perhaps reſerve him for better fortunes, at leaſt nothing can be concluded from his long abſence, and this is ſufficient to teach Telemachus not to deſpair. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 291.] Thus, more faithfully and explicitly:

Than end *at home, like Atreus' ſon,* his life,
By ſome falſe ruffian, or adult'rous wife.

Thus Chapman, very tolerably:

As Agamemnon did; who loſt his *life,*
By falſe Ægiſthus, and his falſer *wife:*

whom Ogilby has followed:

So hapleſs Agamemnon loſt his *life,*
By ſly Ægiſtus, and his curſed *wife.*

Ver. 293.] Or thus?

Not e'en th' immortal power of Gods can ſave
Their deareſt votary from th' all-claiming grave.
All ſink, obedient to the general doom
Preſcrib'd by Fate, in death's eternal gloom.

Ver. 294. *And all is poſſible to heav'n, but this.*] What Minerva here ſays juſtifies the remark I made, that what Telemachus ſeemed

The beſt, the deareſt fav'rite of the ſky
Muſt taſte that cup, for man is born to die.
Thus check'd, reply'd Ulyſſes' prudent heir:
Mentor, no more—the mournful thought forbear;
For he no more muſt draw his country's breath,
Already ſnatch'd by Fate, and the black doom of death!
Paſs we to other ſubjects; and engage
On themes remote the venerable ſage:

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to have ſpoken raſhly, may be ſoftened, if not vindicated, by having recourſe to deſtiny: it is evident from this paſſage, that deſtiny was ſuperiour to the power of the Gods: otherwiſe Minerva ſpeaks as blaſphemouſly as Telemachus: for what difference is there between ſaying, that the Gods cannot preſerve even thoſe they love from death, and ſaying that the Gods could not ſave Ulyſſes? Why therefore may not the words of Telemachus be thought to have a reſpect to deſtiny?

I am of opinion, that the Poet had ſomething further in view by putting theſe words into the mouth of Minerva: the words of Telemachus, if taken groſsly, might appear ſhocking to ſo pious a perſon as Neſtor, and make an ill impreſſion upon him to the diſadvantage of Telemachus; Minerva therefore artfully explains it, and ſoftens the horrour of it by reconciling it to the theology of thoſe ages. P.

Ver. 299.] This ſeems a ſtrange phraſe; and ſuch, I think, as the reader will not judge tolerable. Perhaps, even the following line were preferable:

For he no more, *at home*, muſt draw his breath.

Ver. 301.] *Paſs we to other ſubjects*;——] Telemachus here puts ſeveral queſtions, as it were in a breath, to Neſtor; and Plutarch obſerves upon this paſſage, that he who enquires any thing of an old man, though the old man himſelf has no concern in the ſtory, wins his heart at once; and incites a perſon, who is upon all occaſions very willing to diſcourſe. He introduces this as an inſtance of the art Telemachus uſes, in adapting himſelf by

(Who thrice has ſeen the periſhable kind
Of men decay, and thro' three ages ſhin'd,
Like Gods majeſtick, and like Gods in mind.)
For much he knows, and juſt concluſions draws
From various precedents, and various laws.
O ſon of Neleus! awful Neſtor, tell
How he, the mighty Agamemnon fell?

---

his queſtions to the temper of the perſon with whom he converſes: he puts together, continues he, ſeveral queſtions upon ſeveral ſubjects, which is more judicious than to confine his anſwer to a ſingle interrogatory, and by that method deprive Neſtor of one of the moſt pleaſant enjoyments of old age, I mean the pleaſure of talking. *Plutarch. Sympoſiac.* P.

Ver. 303. *Who thrice had ſeen the periſhable kind*
Of men decay, ——]

The Poet here tells us that Neſtor was now in his fourth generation: Ovid took the word γένεα to ſignify an hundred years; but then Neſtor muſt have been above three hundred years old. Others with more probability underſtand it to ſignify a generation, or ſuch a portion of time in which any race of men flouriſh together, which is computed to be about thirty years. I refer the reader to the Note of the 333d verſe of the firſt book of the Iliad, for the particular age of Neſtor. According to that computation, he muſt now be about ninety-five years of age. P.

Ver. 304.] Here he properly employs the legitimate *participle* of the verb *ſhine:* ſee the note on verſe 149 of this book.

Ver. 306.] His author ſays only,

In laws and prudence eminently wiſe:

but our tranſlator ſeems to have recollected at the time a well-known couplet by Creech, if my memory fail me not, in his Lucretius:

Which from firm premiſes juſt reaſon draws,
And a deep inſight into nature's laws.

Ver. 309. *How he, the mighty Agamemnon fell?*] Telemachus does not aſk this queſtion out of curioſity, but with great judg-

By what ſtrange fraud Ægyſthus wrought, relate,
(By force he could not) ſuch a hero's fate?
Liv'd Menelaus not in Greece! or where
Was then the martial brother's pious care?
Condemn'd perhaps ſome foreign ſhore to tread;
Or ſure Ægyſthus had not dar'd the deed.
To whom the full of days. Illuſtrious youth,
Attend (tho' partly thou haſt gueſt) the truth.
For had the martial Menelaus found
The ruffian breathing yet on Argive ground;
Nor earth had hid his carcaſe from the ſkies,
Nor Grecian virgins ſhriek'd his obſequies,
But fowls obſcene diſmember'd his remains,
And dogs had torn him on the naked plains.

---

ment; he knows there were deſigns againſt his life, as well as there had been againſt Agamemnon; he therefore aſks it, that he may learn how to defeat them; chiefly to inſtruct himſelf how beſt to aſſiſt his father upon his return, by aiding him in eſcaping the Snares of the Suitors. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 314.] The rhymes are bad. Thus? more accurately:
An exile, doom'd a wand'ring life to lead?

Ver. 316.] Ogilby renders, as follows:
Then Neſtor thus; I ſhall *moſt noble youth*,
Reſolve thee ſtreight, thou hint'ſt upon *the truth*;
Had Menelaus there arriving *found*
Ægyſthus, living, he not under *ground*
Had lay'd his body.

Ver. 323.] Our tranſlator ſhould have cloſely expreſſed his model:
And dogs had torne him on the *diſtant* plain.

While us the works of bloody Mars employ'd,
The wanton youth inglorious peace enjoy'd;
He, ſtretch'd at eaſe in Argos' calm receſs,
(Whoſe ſtately ſteeds luxuriant paſtures bleſs)
With flattery's inſinuating art
Sooth'd the frail queen, and poiſon'd all her heart.
At firſt with worthy ſhame and decent pride,
The royal dame his lawleſs ſuit deny'd.
For virtue's image yet poſſeſt her mind,
Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind:

Ver. 324.] More accurately, thus:

Whilſt us *continual toils of war* employ'd.

Ver. 330.] Or thus? with more fidelity and conciſeneſs, and rhymes unexceptionable:

At firſt, *protected by ingenuous* ſhame,
His lawleſs ſuit *rejects* the royal dame.
For virtue's image yet poſſeſt her ſoul
By ſtains of vice unſullied: ſuch controul
Still o'er his charge maintain'd the virtuous bard
Atrides left her chaſtity to guard.

Ver. 333. *Taught by a maſter of the tuneful kind.*] Homer through the whole Odyſſey ſpeaks much in honour of the art which he himſelf loved, and in which he ſo eminently excelled: from theſe and other paſſages we may learn the ſtate of poetry in thoſe ages: "Poets (ſays Euſtathius) were ranked in the claſs of Phi-"loſophers; and the ancients made uſe of them as preceptors in "muſick and morality:" Strabo quotes this very paſſage as an inſtance of the excellence of poetry in forming the ſoul to worthy actions: Ægyſthus could not debauch Clytemneſtra, until he baniſhed the Poet who was her guide and inſtructor.

Various are the conjectures of the antients about the name of the bard here celebrated: ſome, ſays Euſtathius, tell us, it was Chariades, ſome Demodocus, ſome Glaucus, &c. but I paſs them over, becauſe they are conjectures.

Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Conſign'd the youthful conſort to his care.
True to his charge, the Bard preſerv'd her long
In honour's limits; ſuch the pow'r of Song.
But when the Gods theſe objects of their hate
Dragg'd to deſtruction, by the links of fate;
The Bard they baniſh'd from his native ſoil,
And left all helpleſs in a deſert iſle:
There he, the ſweeteſt of the ſacred train,
Sung dying to the rocks, but ſung in vain.

There were many degrees of theſe ἀοιδοὶ; ſome were ἀοιδοὶ θρήνων, others ἀοιδοὶ περὶ γάμους; but ſuch bards as are here mentioned were of an higher ſtation, and retained as inſtructors by kings and princes.

I cannot omit one remark of Euſtathius: he tells us, that ſome perſons write that theſe ἀοιδοὶ had their names from hence, ὡς ἀοιδοῖα μὴ ἔχοντες; exactly reſembling the modern Italian ſingers: madam Dacier is not to be forgiven for paſſing over a remark of ſuch importance; if this be true, it makes a great difference between the antient and modern Poets, and is the only advantage I know we have over them. P.

Ver. 340.] Thus correct the verſification and the ambiguity:

The bard he *baniſht* from his native *land*,
Left helpleſs *on an iſland's* deſert *ſtrand*.

And the reader will excuſe in a profeſſor of the tuneful art this excurſion in celebration of a predeceſſor: otherwiſe, this ſubject of the minſtrel is diſpatched in *two* verſes of Homer, thus faithfully exhibited:

He to a deſert iſle the bard convey'd,
And left, a prey to prowling vultures made.

Thus, with Chapman's rhymes:

He to a deſart iſle the minſtrel led:
The prowling birds the minſtrel's carcaſe fed.

Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,
She fell, to luſt a voluntary prey.
Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adult'rous ſpouſe,
With impious thanks, and mockery of vows,
With images, with garments, and with gold;
And od'rous fumes from loaded altars roll'd.
Meantime from flaming Troy we cut the way,
With Menelaus, thro' the curling ſea.

Ver. 344. *Then Virtue was no more; her guard away,*
She fell, —— &c.]

There is a fine moral couched in the ſtory of the Bard and Clytemneſtra; it admirably paints the advantage we draw from wiſe companions for the improvement of our virtues: Clytemneſtra was chaſte, becauſe her inſtructor was wiſe: his wiſdom was an inſuperable guard to her modeſty. It was long before ſhe yielded; virtue and honour had a long conteſt; but ſhe no ſooner yielded to adultery, but ſhe aſſiſted in the murder of her huſband; from whence we may draw another moral, that one vice betrays us into another; and when once the fences of honour are thrown down, we become a prey to every paſſion. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 346. *Ev'n to the temple ſtalk'd th' adult'rous ſpouſe.*] Here is a ſurpriſing mixture of religion and impiety: Ægyſthus, upon the accompliſhment of ſo great a crime as adultery, returns thanks to the Gods by oblations, as if they had aſſiſted him in the execution of it. Neſtor dwells upon it at large, to ſhew that Ægyſthus greatly aggravated his guilt by ſuch a piece of impious devotion. *Dacier.* P.

Thus, more exactly:

Pleas'd with his feat, to heaven th' adult'rous ſpouſe
Paid impious thanks, and mockery of vows;
With *gifts adorn'd the fanes, rich veſts* and gold,
Whilſt victim-fumes from *laden* altar's roll'd.

Ver. 350.] A vicious rhyme; of perpetual recurrence. More accurately, thus;

But when to Sunium's ſacred point we came,
Crown'd with the temple of th' Athenian dame;
Atrides' pilot, Phrontes, there expir'd;
(Phrontes, of all the ſons of men admir'd
To ſteer the bounding bark with ſteady toil,
When the ſtorm thickens, and the billows boil)
While yet he exercis'd the ſteerman's art,
Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart;

Meantime, myſelf and Sparta's prince convey
Our ſocial ſquadrons o'er the wat'ry way:

Or, as follows:

Now me, with Sparta's friendly monarch, bore
The fleet from Ilium to our native ſhore.

Ver. 356.] *Steady toil* appears to me but an aukward phraſe, and much leſs elegant than commodious. Thus? with no leſs fidelity:

With *ſteadieſt ſkill* the bounding bark to *guide*,
When *winds blow furious*, and *when ſwells the tide:*

Or,

When *blaſts tempeſtuous rouſe the rolling tide.*

Ver. 358.] There is too much amplification here with no great fidelity; and the word *bell* ſhould be ſent to the place, whence it came. Let the reader excuſe a preſumption, that grows upon me:

He held the rudder, and the veſſel fled,
When the mild ſhafts of Phoebus ſtruck him dead.
There ſtopt the king, by pious office bound,
To lay his dear companion in the ground.
And now, the rites diſcharg'd, *their* courſe *they* keep—:

and conformable to this conſtruction ſhould the ſequel be conducted; for Neſtor is not ſpeaking now of his own adventures, but of the fates of Menelaus only.

Ogilby corrected ſeems preferable to our author, eſpecially in fidelity:

The rites perform'd, their *fleet* through ocean glides,
Till riſe in air Malea's rocky ſides:
There a *dread* paſſage *thundering* Jove deſign'd;
And waves, like mountains, *ſwell'd before the* wind.

Ver. 359. *Apollo touch'd him with his gentle dart.*] Homer

Ev'n with the rudder in his hand, he fell.
To pay whoſe honours to the ſhades of hell,
We check'd our haſte, by pious office bound,
And laid our old companion in the ground.
And now the rites diſcharg'd, our courſe we keep
Far on the gloomy boſom of the deep:
Soon as Malæa's miſty tops ariſe,
Sudden the Thund'rer blackens all the ſkies,
And the winds whiſtle, and the ſurges roll
Mountains on mountains, and obſcure the pole.
The tempeſt ſcatters, and divides our fleet;
Part, the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete,

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calls the darts of Apollo ἀγνιὰ, or gentle; to ſignify that thoſe who die thus ſuddenly, die without pain. *Euſtathius.*

Dacier complains that ſome Criticks think Homer worthy of blame for enlarging upon ſo mean a perſon as a pilot. It is a ſufficient anſwer to obſerve, that arts were in high eſteem in thoſe times, and men that were eminent in them were in great honour. Neither were arts then confined as in theſe ages to mean perſonages; no leſs a perſon than Ulyſſes builds a veſſel in the ſequel of the Odyſſey; ſo that this is a falſe piece of delicacy. If Homer be culpable, ſo is Virgil; he gives the genealogy of Palinurus, as well as Homer of Phrontes. Virgil's deſcription is cenſured as too long, Homer concludes his in ſeven lines; and laſtly, Virgil's Epiſode has been judged by the Criticks to be an unneceſſary ornament, and to contribute nothing to the poem; Homer relates the death of Phrontes, to introduce the diſperſion of the fleet of Menelaus; the fleet might well be ſcattered, when it wanted ſo excellent a pilot. P.

Ver. 371. *Part, the ſtorm urges on the coaſt of Crete.*] Homer does not amuſe us by relating what became of theſe companions of Menelaus; he omits this judiciouſly, and follows the thread of

Where winding round the rich Cydonian plain,
The ſtreams of Jardan iſſue to the main.
There ſtands a rock, high eminent and ſteep,
Whoſe ſhaggy brow o'erhangs the ſhady deep,
And views Gortyna on the weſtern ſide;
On this rough Auſter drove th' impetuous tide:
With broken force the billows roll'd away,
And heav'd the fleet into the neighb'ring bay,
Thus ſav'd from death, they gain'd the Phæſtan ſhores,
With ſhatter'd veſſels, and diſabled oars:
But five tall barks the winds and waters toſt,
Far from their fellows, on th' Ægyptian coaſt.

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his ſtory: Menelaus is the perſon whom the Poet has in view; he therefore paſſes over the ſtory of his companions, to carry on the fable of the Poem by leading us directly to Menelaus. P.

Ver. 382.] The imperfection of the rhymes emboldens me to propoſe a ſubſtitution, more congenial to the original:

Five blue-prow'd ſhips the wind and water drave,
Where Nile's full current meets the briny wave.

Ver. 383 ——— *On the Ægyptian coaſt.*] In the original it is, *The wind and water carried them to Ægyptus.* Homer by Ægyptus means the river Nile, and then it is always uſed in the maſculine gender; the region about it took its name from the river Ægyptus, this is always uſed in the feminine gender; but the country had not received that name in the days of Homer. *Euſtathius.*

What Dacier adds to this obſervation, may aſſiſt in determining the diſpute concerning the priority of Homer and Heſiod: Heſiod makes mention of the river Nilus; if therefore it be true that Ægyptus had not been called by the name of Nilus in the times of Homer, it is a demonſtration that Heſiod was poſterior to

There wander'd Menelaus thro' foreign ſhores,
Amaſſing gold, and gath'ring naval ſtores;
While curſt Ægyſthus the deteſted deed
By fraud fulfill'd, and his great brother bled.
Sev'n years, the traitor rich Mycenæ ſway'd,
And his ſtern rule the groaning land obey'd;
The eighth, from Athens to his realm reſtor'd,
Oreſtes brandiſh'd the revenging ſword,
Slew the dire pair, and gave to fun'ral flame
The vile aſſaſſin, and adult'rous dame.
That day, ere yet the bloody triumphs ceaſe,
Return'd Atrides to the coaſt of Greece,
And ſafe to Argos' port his navy brought,
With gifts of price and pond'rous treaſure fraught.

Homer; otherwiſe he could not have been acquainted with any other name but that of Ægyptus. P.

Ver. 386.] Better rhymes and more fidelity may eaſily be effected:

Then curſt Ægiſthus *plann'd* the *direful deeds*;
At home ſupplanted, his great brother *bleeds.*

Ver. 389.] Or thus?

The groaning land his *rigorous* rule obey'd.

Ver. 390. *From Athens to his realm* ———] There is a different reading in this place; inſtead of ἀπ' Ἀθηνάων, ſome write ἀπὸ Φωκήων; for Oreſtes was educated by Strophius king of Phocis, and father of Pylades: the ancients reconcile the difference, by ſaying that Oreſtes might be ſent from Phocis to Athens for his education, and returning thence to his own country, might revenge the death of his father Agamemnon; ſo that although he was firſt bred up in Phocis, he was afterwards a ſojourner in Athens. *Euſtathius.* P.

Hence warn'd, my ſon beware! nor idly ſtand
Too long a ſtranger to thy native land;
Leſt heedleſs abſence wear thy wealth away,
While lawleſs feaſters in thy palace ſway;
Perhaps may ſeize thy realm, and ſhare the ſpoil;
And thou return, with diſappointed toil,
From thy vain journey, to a rifled iſle.
Howe'er, my friend, indulge one labour more,
And ſeek Atrides on the Spartan ſhore.
He, wand'ring long, a wider circle made,
And many-languag'd nations has ſurvey'd;
And meaſur'd tracts unknown to other ſhips,
Amid the monſtrous wonders of the deeps;
(A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly)

Ver. 402.] For the ſake of fidelity, I ſhould propoſe ſome alteration of this verſe, as follows,

Theſe plunderers all thy ſtores may ſhare and ſpoil:

and omit the concluding verſe of the triplet as wholly ſuperfluous, and impaired by a vicious rhyme. Our tranſlator ſeems to have conſulted Dacier on this paſſage: "De peur qu' ils n' achévent "de vous ruiner, en partageant entr' eux *votre royaume*."

Ver. 407.] Our tranſlator, to wave particular exceptions, has given us a very inaccurate repreſentation of this paſſage in general. I ſhall ſubmit a plain literal verſion to the candour of the reader:

He from thoſe diſtant nations lately came,
Where no ſad exile's fondeſt heart could frame
One hope of ſafety, if the ſtorms had caſt
On that drear ocean's boſom, deep and vaſt!
No bird, while Phoebus wheels his annual round,
Could ſtretch it's pinions o'er the dire profound,

Ver. 411. *A length of ocean and unbounded ſky,*
Which ſcarce the ſea-fowl in a year o'erfly.]

Go then; to Sparta take the wat'ry way,
Thy ſhip and ſailors but for orders ſtay;
Or if by land thou chuſe thy courſe to bend,
My ſteeds, my chariots, and my ſons attend:
Thee to Atrides they ſhall ſafe convey,
Guides of thy road, companions of thy way.
Urge him with truth to frame his free replies,
And ſure he will: for Menelaus is wiſe.

It muſt be confeſt, that Neſtor greatly exaggerates this deſcription: Homer himſelf tells us, that a ſhip may ſail in five days from Crete to Ægypt; wherefore then this hyperbole of Neſtor? It might perhaps be to deter Telemachus from a deſign of ſailing to Crete, and he through his inexperience might believe the deſcription. It may be added, that what Neſtor ſpeaks concerning the flight of birds, may be only ſaid to ſhew the great diſtance of that ſea: nay, by a favourable interpretation it may be reconciled to truth; the meaning then muſt be this: ſhould a perſon obſerve that ſea a whole year, he would not ſee one bird flying over it, both becauſe of the vaſtneſs and dreadfulneſs of it; and perhaps the whole of this might ariſe from the obſervation, that this ſea is not frequented by birds. This is wholly and almoſt literally taken from Euſtathius; and if we add to this the ignorance of the ſea and ſea-affairs in thoſe ages, we ſhall the leſs wonder to hear ſo wiſe a man as Neſtor deſcribing it with ſo much terrour. Navigation is now greatly improved, and the moderns ſail further in a month, than the ancients could in a year; their whole art conſiſting chiefly in coaſting along the ſhores, and conſequently they made but little way. P.

Ver. 417.] Theſe rhymes have but juſt paſſed through our ears. Thus, more cloſely to the language of the original:

Theſe ſhall attend thee; theſe, thy faithful guides
To Lacedæmon, where the king reſides.

Ver. 419.] Chapman, though covered with the ruſt of antiquity, has a venerable couplet, worthy of quotation:

Intreate the truth of him; nor loves he lies;
Wiſdome in truth is; and hee's paſſing wiſe.

Thus while he ſpeaks, the ruddy ſun deſcends,
And twilight grey her ev'ning ſhade extends.
Then thus the blue-ey'd maid: O full of days!
Wiſe are thy words, and juſt are all thy ways.
Now immolate the tongues, and mix the wine,
Sacred to Neptune and the pow'rs divine.
The lamp of day is quench'd beneath the deep,
And ſoft approach the balmy hours of ſleep:
Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feaſt,
Timeleſs, indecent, but retire to reſt.

Ver. 425. *Now immolate the tongues* ———] Various are the reaſons which Euſtathius reports concerning this oblation of the tongues at the concluſion of the ſacrifice. It was to purge themſelves from any evil words they might have uttered; or becauſe the tongue was reckoned the beſt part of the ſacrifice, and ſo reſerved for the completion of it; or they offered the tongue to the Gods, as witneſſes to what they had ſpoken. I omit the reſt as ſuperfluous. They had a cuſtom of offering the tongues to Mercury, becauſe they believed him the giver of eloquence. Dacier expatiates upon this cuſtom. The people, ſays ſhe, might fear, leſt through wine and the joy of the feſtival, they might have uttered ſome words unbecoming the ſanctity of the occaſion: by this ſacrifice of the tongues, they ſignified that they purged away whatever they had ſpoken amiſs during the feſtival; and aſked in particular pardon of Mercury, who preſided over diſcourſe, to the end they might not carry home any uncleanneſs which might ſtop the bleſſings expected from the ſacrifice. P.

Ver. 429. *Nor fits it to prolong the heav'nly feaſt,*
Timeleſs, indecent, &c.]

Euſtathius ſhews the difference between ἑορταὶ, feſtivals, and θυσιαὶ, or ſacrifices: in the former it was cuſtomary to ſpend the whole night in wine and rejoicing: in the latter, this was reckoned an unlawful cuſtom, through the fear of falling into any indecencies through wine. He likewiſe gives another reaſon of this injunction, by telling us that it was the cuſtom to offer ſacrifices to the

So ſpake Jove's daughter, the celeſtial maid.
The ſober train attended and obey'd.
The ſacred heralds on their hands around
Pour'd the full urns; the youths the goblets crown'd:
From bowl to bowl the holy bev'rage flows;
While to the final ſacrifice they roſe.
The tongues they caſt upon the fragrant flame,
And pour, above, the conſecrated ſtream.
And now, their thirſt by copious draughts allay'd,
The youthful hero and th' Athenian maid
Propoſe departure from the finiſh'd rite,
And in their hollow bark to paſs the night:

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celeſtial powers in the day, and even to finiſh them about the ſetting of the ſun: and that thoſe who dealt in incantations performed their ſacrifices to the infernal powers by night, and finiſhed them before ſun-riſing. Either of theſe reaſons ſufficiently explains the words of the Goddeſs; and the former carries in it an excellent moral, that particular care ſhould be taken in our acts of devotion, not to turn religion into impiety. P.

Vicious rhymes! The following attempt is agreeable to the ſcope of the paſſage:

Now reſt is ſeemly, nor to midnight hours
The feaſts to lengthen of th' immortal powers.

Ver. 433.] Thus Ogilby:

Young men with ſparkling wine their *goblets crown'd*,
They drink about, and ſtill the bowle goes *round*.

Ver. 437.] It is not eaſy for me to remedy this defect of rhyme. Thus?

Firſt on the fragrant flame the tongues they ſpred,
Then with due reverence the libation ſhed.

But this the hoſpitable ſage deny'd.
Forbid it, Jove! and all the Gods! he cry'd,
Thus from my walls the much-lov'd ſon to ſend
Of ſuch a hero, and of ſuch a friend!
Me, as ſome needy peaſant, would ye leave,
Whom heav'n denies the bleſſing to relieve?
Me would you leave, who boaſt imperial ſway,
When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?

Ver. 448.] Theſe are not allowable rhymes, nor worthy of the name. The following ſubſtitution is not leſs faithful, than the verſe of our tranſlator:

No veſts to warm, no manſion to receive.

Ver. 450. *When beds of royal ſtate invite your ſtay?*] This paſſage gives us a full inſight into the manners of theſe hoſpitable ages; they not only kept a treaſury for bowls or vaſes of gold or ſilver, to give as ξεινήια, or gifts of hoſpitality, but alſo a wardrobe of various habits and rich furniture, to lodge and beſtow upon ſtrangers. Euſtathius relates, that Tellias of Agrigentum was a perſon of ſo great hoſpitality, that five hundred horſemen coming to his houſe in the winter ſeaſon, he entertained them, and gave every man a cloak and a tunick. This laudable cuſtom prevailed, and ſtill prevails, in the eaſtern countries: it was the practice of Abraham of old, and is at this day of the Turks, as we may learn from their caravanſeras, erected for the reception of travellers. And yet Dacier obſerves, that a French Critick has ſhewed ſo ill a taſte as to ridicule this paſſage. "Telemachus "(ſays that author) being entertained by Neſtor, intimates his "intention of returning to lodge on ſhip-board with his compa-"nions: but Neſtor detains him, by aſking him if he thought he "had not quilts or coverlets to give a night's lodging: upon this "Telemachus goes to bed in a reſounding gallery, and Neſtor in "a-bed which his wife made ready for him." The nobleſt things are moſt liable to burleſque, by perverting their meaning; as ſome pictures, by varying the poſition, repreſent a man or a monſter. He is very ſevere upon the *reſounding gallery*, which in

No—long as life this mortal ſhall inſpire,
Or as my children imitate their ſire,
Here ſhall the wand'ring ſtranger find his home,
And hoſpitable rites adorn the dome.
Well haſt thou ſpoke (the blue-ey'd maid replies)
Belov'd old man! benevolent, as wiſe.
Be the kind dictates of thy heart obey'd,
And let thy words Telemachus perſuade:
He to thy palace ſhall thy ſteps purſue;
I to the ſhip, to give the orders due,
Preſcribe directions and confirm the crew.
For I alone ſuſtain their naval cares,
Who boaſt experience from theſe ſilver hairs;
All youths the reſt, whom to this journey move
Like years, like tempers, and their prince's love.
There in the veſſel ſhall I paſs the night;
And ſoon as morning paints the fields of light,
I go to challenge from the Caucons bold,
A debt, contracted in the days of old.

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truth means no more than very lofty or elevated, and by conſequence very noble and magnificent. P.

Ver. 452.] His original preſcribes,
Or *ſons remain* to imitate their ſire.

Ver. 468. *I go to challenge from the Caucons.*] The Poet makes a double uſe of theſe words of the Goddeſs; ſhe gives an air of probability to her excuſe, why ſhe ſhould not be preſſed to ſtay; and at the ſame time Homer avoids the abſurdity of introducing that Goddeſs at Sparta; Menelaus and Helen are celebrating

But this thy gueſt, receiv'd with friendly care,
Let thy ſtrong courſers ſwift to Sparta bear;
Prepare thy chariot at the dawn of day,
And be thy ſon companion of his way.
Then turning with the word, Minerva flies,
And ſoars an eagle thro' the liquid ſkies.
Viſion divine! the throng'd ſpectators gaze
In holy wonder fixt, and ſtill amaze.
But chief the rev'rend ſage admir'd; he took
The hand of young Telemachus, and ſpoke.

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the nuptials of their ſon and daughter: Minerva is a virgin deity, and conſequently an enemy to all nuptial ceremonies. *Euſtathius.*

But it may be neceſſary to obſerve who theſe Caucons are: we find in the tenth book of the Iliad, the Caucons mentioned as auxiliaries to Troy: there Dolon ſays,

The Carians, Caucons, the Pelaſgian hoſt,
And Leleges encamp along the coaſt.

Are theſe Caucons the ſame with thoſe here mentioned? Euſtathius informs us, that there was a people of Triphyly, between Elis and Pylos, named Caucons: but Strabo ſays, that the whole race is now extinct, and that theſe here mentioned are of Dymæa, and take their name from the river Caucon: whereas thoſe in the Iliad are Paphlagonians: they were a wandering nation, and conſequently might be the ſame people originally, and retain the ſame name in different countries. P.

Ver. 477.] But a moderate verſe, in my opinion. Thus?

With reverence fix'd, and ſilent with amaze.

Ver. 478. *But chief the rev'rend ſage admir'd——*] It may be aſked why Neſtor is in ſuch a ſurpriſe at the diſcovery of the Goddeſs: it is evident from the Iliad, that he had been no ſtranger to ſuch intercourſes of the deities; nay, in this very book Neſtor tells us, that Ulyſſes enjoyed almoſt the conſtant preſence of Minerva; inſomuch that Sophocles, the great imitator of Homer, relates, that he knew the Goddeſs by her voice, without ſeeing

Oh happy youth! and favour'd of the ſkies,
Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian deities! 481

her. Euſtathius anſwers, that the wonder of Neſtor aroſe not from the diſcovery of that deity, but that ſhe ſhould accompany ſo young a perſon as Telemachus: after her departure, the old man ſtood amazed, and looked upon that hero as ſome very extraordinary perſon, whom in ſuch early years the Goddeſs of War and Wiſdom had vouchſafed to attend. This interpretation agrees perfectly with what Neſtor ſpeaks to Telemachus. P.

These incorrect rhymes occur in Ogilby:

Then by the hand the prince old Neſtor *took*,
And thus to him, admiring, kindly *ſpoke*.

Ver. 480.] Thus Ogilby:

This of all pow'rs, who plant the ſtarrie *ſky*,
Is Pallas, for no other *deity*
Thy father ſo befriended.

Ver. 481. *Diſtinguiſh'd care of guardian deities!*] I will take this opportunity to obviate an objection that may be made againſt all interpoſition of the Gods in aſſiſting the heroes of the Odyſſey: it has been thought by ſome Criticks a diſparagement to them to ſtand in continual need of ſuch ſupernatural ſuccour: if two perſons were engaged in combat, and a third perſon ſhould immediately ſtep in to the aſſiſtance of one of the parties, and kill the adverſary, would it not reflect upon the valour of his friend who was ſo weak as to want ſuch aſſiſtance? Why, for inſtance, ſhould Jupiter help Æneas to kill Turnus? Was not he brave enough to fight, and ſtrong enough to conquer his enemy by his own proweſs? and would not Turnus have killed Æneas with the ſame aſſiſtance? It is therefore a diſparagement to the actors, thus continually to ſupply the defects of a hero by the power of a Deity.

But this is a falſe way of arguing, and from hence it might be inferred, that the love and favour of a Deity ſerves only to make thoſe whom he aſſiſts, and thoſe who depend upon ſuch aſſiſtance, appear weak, impotent, cowardly, and unworthy to be conquerors. Can any doubt ariſe whether the love and favour of a God be a diſparagement or honour to thoſe whom he favours? According

Whoſe early years for future worth engage,
No vulgar manhood, no ignoble age.
For lo! none other of the court above
Than ſhe, the daughter of almighty Jove,
Pallas herſelf, the war-triumphant maid,
Confeſt is thine, as once thy father's aid.

---

to theſe Criticks, we ſhould find the character of a perfect hero in an impious Mezentius, who acknowledges no God but his own arm and his own ſword: it is true, the objection would be juſt, if the hero himſelf performed nothing of the action; or if when he were almoſt conquered by the ſuperiour valour of his enemy, he owed his life and victory to Gods and miracles: but the hero always behaves himſelf in all his actions, as if he were to gain ſucceſs without the aſſiſtance of the Deity; and the preſence of the Gods is ſo ordered, that we may retrench every thing that is miraculous, without making any alteration in the action or character of the human perſonages. Thus in the inſtance of Æneas and Turnus, though Jupiter favours Æneas, yet Æneas is painted in ſtronger colours of fortitude, he appears ſuperiour, as a man unaſſiſted, and able to conquer Turnus; and conſequently the favour of Jupiter makes no alteration in the action or character of Æneas.

There is likewiſe a wide difference between the aſſiſtance of a man and of a God: the actions of men belong only to the performers of thoſe actions: but when a Deity aſſiſts us by inſpiring us with ſtrength and courage, the actions we perform are really our own, and the more he favours us, the more glory he gives us: ſo that the aſſiſtance of man eclipſes, but the aſſiſtance of a God exalts, our glory. Thus, for inſtance, when Achilles is purſuing Hector, he charges the Greeks to keep off from Hector, their aſſiſtance might leſſen his glory: but when Pallas offers her aſſiſtance, he immediately embraces it as an honour, and boaſts of it as ſuch to Hector. I have been large upon this objection, becauſe the reader ought to carry it in his memory through the whole poem, and apply it to every action, in which any ſhare is aſcribed to any Deity. See Boſſu more at large concerning this objection.

P.

So guide me, Goddeſs! ſo propitious ſhine
On me, my conſort, and my royal line!
A yearling bullock to thy name ſhall ſmoke,
Untam'd, unconſcious of the galling yoke,
With ample forehead, and yet tender horns,
Whoſe budding honours ductile gold adorns.
Submiſſive thus the hoary ſire preferr'd
His holy vow: the fav'ring Goddeſs heard.
Then ſlowly riſing, o'er the ſandy ſpace
Precedes the father, follow'd by his race,
(A long proceſſion) timely marching home
In comely order to the regal dome.
There when arriv'd, on thrones around him plac'd,
His ſons and grandſons the wide circle grac'd.

Ver. 488.] The form of an abrupt addreſs ſhould have been preſerved, as in his author, in ſome ſuch manner as this:

But, Goddeſs! *with* propitious *aſpect* ſhine—.

Ver. 493.] Better, perhaps, as attempting to repreſent the ſpecific expreſſions of the Greek Poet, thus:

With ample forehead *grac'd*; whoſe *ſprouting* horns
A radiant ring of ductile gold adorns.

Ver. 495.] This rhyme is juſt indeed according to the prevalent pronunciation of the word *heard*; but that pronunciation I deem highly improper, not only as differing without reaſon from that of the verb in it's ſimpleſt ſtate—*hear*, but as deſtroying a commodious and neceſſary diſtinction between this and another word of a very different acceptation: I mean *herd*. Theſe remarks may appear trifles to ſome readers, but without a due obſervance of theſe trifles, it were abſurd and vain to expect either propriety or perſpicuity of poetical compoſition.

To theſe the hoſpitable ſage, in ſign
Of ſocial welcome, mix'd the racy wine,
(Late from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to light,
By ten long years refin'd, and roſy-bright.)
To Pallas high the foaming bowl he crown'd,
And ſprinkled large libations on the ground.
Each drinks a full oblivion of his cares,
And to the gifts of balmy ſleep repairs.
Deep in a rich alcove the prince was laid,
And ſlept beneath the pompous colonade;
Faſt by his ſide Piſiſtratus lay ſpread,
(In age his equal) on a ſplendid bed:
But in an inner court, ſecurely clos'd,
The rev'rend Neſtor and his queen repos'd.
When now Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;

Ver. 505.] As this phraſe *roſy-bright* is unauthoriſed by the original, and calculated merely for the rhiming conveniences of our tranſlator, the reader, perhaps, will endure the propoſal of a ſubſtitution, as follows:

Now from the mellowing caſk reſtor'd to *day*;
Full ten long years *the juice* refining *lay*.

Ver. 511.] A majeſtic verſe. Thus in *fourth Eſſay on Man*; verſe 304.

And haunt their ſlumbers in the *pompous* ſhade:

the whole of which paſſage is intended as a ſpecific ſatire of *the Duke of Marlborough*, intermingled with very few circumſtances indeed of general application.

The tranſlation of the verſes, now before us, is uncommonly beautiful and happy.

Ver. 516.] A good and accurate couplet may be framed from the rhymes of Ogilby:

The old man early roſe, walk'd forth, and ſat
On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace gate:
With unguents ſmooth the lucid marble ſhone,
Where ancient Neleus ſat, a ruſtick throne;
But he deſcending to th' infernal ſhade,
Sage Neſtor fill'd it, and the ſcepter ſway'd.
His ſons around him mild obeiſance pay,
And duteous take the orders of the day.

Now had *Aurora*, daughter of the dawn,
The bars of day with roſy fingers drawn.

Ver. 518. ——————— *And ſat On poliſh'd ſtone before his palace gate.*] We have here an ancient cuſtom recorded by the Poet; a King places himſelf before the gate of his palace upon a ſeat of marble, worn ſmooth by long uſe, ſays Euſtathius, or perhaps ſmoothed exquiſitely by the hand of the workman. What I would chiefly obſerve is, that they placed themſelves thus in publick for the diſpatch of juſtice: we read in the ſcripture of judges *ſitting in the gate:* and that this procedure of Neſtor was for that purpoſe, is probable from the expreſſion, *He ſat in the ſeat where Neleus* [μήςωρ, or Conſiliarius,] *uſed to ſit*, (which ſeems to expreſs his wiſdom in the diſcharge of juſtice.) Neſtor is alſo deſcribed as bearing his ſcepter in his hand, which was never uſed but upon ſome act of regality, in the diſpatch of juſtice, or other ſolemn occaſions. Perhaps, ſays Dacier, theſe ſeats or thrones might be conſecrated with oil, to draw a reverence to the ſeats of juſtice as by an act of religion; but I rather judge (adds ſhe) that no more is meant than to expreſs the ſhining of theſe thrones, they being undoubtedly made of marble. P.

I diſlike this open vowel, and the ſuperfluous word. Thus?

The *ſenior* roſe *alert*, *walkt* forth —:

and the rhymes are thoſe of Ogilby:

But Neſtor roſe, and down before his *gate*,
On Nelius *throne* of polliſh'd marble *ſate*.

Ver. 525.] A verſe interpolated by the tranſlator, but in full harmony with the ſcope and ſpirit of his author.

Firſt Echephron and Stratius quit their bed;
Then Perſeus, Aretus, and Thraſymed;
The laſt Piſiſtratus aroſe from reſt:
They came, and near him plac'd the ſtranger-gueſt.
To theſe the ſenior thus declar'd his will:
My ſons! the dictates of your ſire fulfil.
To Pallas, firſt of Gods, prepare the feaſt,
Who grac'd our rites, a more than mortal gueſt.
Let one, diſpatchful, bid ſome ſwain to lead
A well-fed bullock from the graſſy-mead;
One ſeek the harbour where the veſſels moor,
And bring thy friends, Telemachus! aſhore,
(Leave only two the galley to attend)
Another to Laerceus muſt we ſend,

Ver. 527.] His bad accent came from Chapman. Had he made his original his guide, he would have given the verſe thus:

Perſeus, *Aretus* then, and Thraſymed.

Ver. 528. *Piſiſtratus.*] Would I indulge my fancy in a conjecture, I might ſuppoſe that the famous tyrant Piſiſtratus was deſcended, or borrowed his name from this ſon of Neſtor. Herodotus informs us, as Euſtathius obſerves, that all the Piſiſtrati were originally Pylians. If this be true, we have a very ſtrong evidence that Homer is not all fiction, but that he celebrates the great men of thoſe ages with reality, and only embelliſhes the true ſtory with the ornaments of poetry. P.

Ver. 532.] Theſe rhymes, often cenſured before, are employed alſo by Ogilby:

Pallas let's now atone, ſince ſhe our *feaſt*
In publick *grac'd*, as an invited *gueſt*.

Ver. 536.] Theſe rhymes alſo will not paſs an accurate examiner. Thus:

One *from* the harbour, where the veſſels *ride*,
Our noble ſtranger's comrades hither guide.

Artiſt divine, whoſe ſkilful hands infold
The victim's horn with circumfuſile gold.
The reſt may here the pious duty ſhare,
And bid the handmaids for the feaſt prepare,
The ſeats to range, the fragrant wood to bring,
And limpid waters from the living ſpring.
He ſaid, and buſy each his care beſtow'd;
Already at the gates the bullock low'd,
Already came the Ithacenſian crew,
The dext'rous ſmith the tools already drew:
His pond'rous hammer, and his anvil ſound,
And the ſtrong tongs to turn the metal round.

Ver. 540. *Laerceus——Artiſt divine, &c.*] The author of the Parallel quotes this paſſage to prove that Homer was ignorant of the mechanick arts: we have here, ſays he, a gilder with his anvil and hammer; but what occaſion has he for an anvil and hammer in the art of a gilder? Boileau has excellently vindicated Homer from this objection, in his reflections upon Longinus; this gilder was a gold-beater: Neſtor, we ſee, furniſhed the gold, and he beat it into leaves, ſo that he had occaſion to make uſe of his anvil and hammer; the anvil was portable, becauſe the work was not laborious. Our modern travellers aſſure us, that it is at this day the practice in the eaſtern regions, as in Perſia, &c. for the artiſts in metals to carry about with them the whole implements of trade, to the houſe of the perſons where they find employment; it is therefore a full vindication of Homer, to obſerve that the gold this artiſt uſed in gilding, was nothing but gold beat into fine leaves. P.

Thus Chapman below:

Then th' old knight Neſtor gave the ſmith the *gold*,
With which he ſtrait did both the hornes *infold*.

Nor was Minerva abſent from the rite,
She view'd her honours, and enjoy'd the ſight.
With rev'rend hand the King preſents the gold,
Which round th' intorted horns the gilder roll'd;
So wrought, as Pallas might with pride behold.
Young Aretus from forth his bridal bow'r
Brought the full laver, o'er their hands to pour,
And caniſters of conſecrated flour.
Stratius and Echephron the victim led;
The ax was held by warlike Thraſymed,

Ver. 552. *Nor was Minerva abſent* ——] It may be aſked in what ſenſe Minerva can be ſaid to come to the ſacrifice? Euſtathius anſwers, that the ancients finding the inclinations of men to be bent incontinently upon pleaſures, to oblige them to uſe them moderately, diſtinguiſhed times, ordained ſacrifices, and repreſenting the Gods in the forms of men, brought them to uſe thoſe pleaſures with diſcretion; they taught them that the Gods came down to their libations and ſacrifices, to induce them to govern their converſation with reverence and modeſty: thus Jupiter and the other Gods in the Iliad, and Neptune in the Odyſſey, are ſaid to feaſt with the Ethiopians.

If I might be pardoned a conjecture, I would ſuppoſe, that Minerva may in another ſenſe be ſaid to come to the ſacrifice; I mean by her image or ſtatue: and what may ſeem to confirm this opinion, is what Diodorus relates in his third book concerning the abovementioned Æthiopians; they carried about the ſtatues of Jupiter and the other Gods twelve days, during which time the Gods were ſaid to be gone to the Æthiopians: and if the Gods may be ſaid to come to the Æthiopians by their ſtatues, why may not the ſame be ſaid of Minerva, from the introduction of her ſtatue among the Pylians? So that the appearance of the Goddeſs may poſſibly mean the appearance of her ſtatue. P.

Ver. 560. *Stratius and Echephron, &c.*] Neſtor here makes uſe only of the miniſtry of his ſons; the reaſon of it is, becauſe it was reckoned honourable to ſerve in the performance of ſacrifice,

In act to ſtrike: before him Perſeus ſtood,
The vaſe extending to receive the blood.
The king himſelf initiates to the pow'r;
Scatters with quiv'ring hand the ſacred flour,
And the ſtream ſprinkles: from the curling brows
The hair collected in the fire he throws.
Soon as due vows on ev'ry part were paid,
And ſacred wheat upon the victim laid,
Strong Thraſymed diſcharg'd the ſpeeding blow
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in two.
Down ſunk the heavy beaſt: the females round,
Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.

---

this being in ſome ſenſe an attending upon the Gods: or becauſe it was the practice of thoſe ages for great perſons to do thoſe offices with their own hands, which in the latter have been performed by ſervants.

Euſtathius reports a ſaying of Antigonus, who obſerving his ſon behaving himſelf imperiouſly to his ſubjects, "Know'ſt thou "not, ſays he, that royalty itſelf is but illuſtrious ſervitude!" An intimation that he himſelf was but a ſervant of the publick, and therefore ſhould uſe his ſervants with moderation.

But the true reaſon of Neſtor's aſſiſting in the ſacrifice is, becauſe kings anciently had the inſpection of religion, and prieſthood was joined to royalty, according to that of Virgil,

"Rex Anius, rex idem hominum Phœbique ſacerdos." P.

Ver. 570.] Theſe rhymes appear exceptionable to my judgement. I ſhall ſubmit a ſubſtitution to the criticiſm of the reader:

Strong Thraſymed *a* blow diſcharg'd *amain*
Full on his neck, and cut the nerves in *twain*:

which I ſince diſcover to be the rhymes of Ogilby.

Ver. 573. *Maids, wives, and matrons, mix a ſhrilling ſound.*] I have kept the meaning of the word in the original, which ſignifies prayers made with loud cries, ὀλόλυξαν. Ὀλολύγη, ſays Heſychius, is, φωνὴ γυναικῶν ἐν εὐωδίαις ἐν τοῖς ἱεροῖς εὐχόμεναι, *the voice of*

Nor ſcorn'd the queen the holy choir to join,
(The firſt-born ſhe, of old Clymenus' line;
In youth by Neſtor lov'd, of ſpotleſs fame,
And lov'd in age, Eurydice her name.)
From earth they rear him, ſtruggling now with death;
And Neſtor's youngeſt ſtops the vents of breath.
The ſoul for ever flies: on all ſides round
Streams the black blood, and ſmokes upon the ground.

---

women, which they make at ſacrifices in their prayers. But there is ſtill ſomething in it more to the preſent purpoſe; the Scholiaſt upon Æſchylus remarks that this word is not uſed properly but when applied to the prayers offered to Minerva, for Minerva is the only Goddeſs to whom prayers are made with loud cries, ſhe being the Goddeſs of war; to other Deities they offer prayer with thankſgiving; καὶ γὰρ μόνῃ τῇ Ἀθηνᾷ δαίμονι ἔστι πολεμικῇ ὀλολύζουσι, τοῖς δ' ἄλλοις Θεοῖς παιανίζουσι.

Thus alſo in the ſixth book of the Iliad, ver. 301.

Αἱ δ' ὀλολυγῇ πᾶσαι Ἀθήνῃ χεῖρας ἄνεσχον.
They fill the dome with ſupplicating cries.

And in the preſent paſſage in the Odyſſey,

——————— αἱ δ' ὀλόλυξαν
Θυγατέρες τε, νυοί τε, &c. *Dacier.* P.

Ver. 575.] It is not poſſible, that any tranſlator, who conſulted the language of Homer himſelf, could ever endure ſuch a pronunciation of this word. A tolerable remedy may be found in tranſpoſition:

The firſt-born ſhe, of Clymenus' old line.

Ver. 580.] Or literally thus; without any intermixture of unauthoriſed thoughts:

The vital ſpirit left the joints, and round
The purple current floated o'er the ground.

The beaſt they then divide, and diſunite
The ribs and limbs, obſervant of the rite:
On theſe, in double cawls involv'd with art,
The choiceſt morſels lay from ev'ry part.
The ſacred ſage before his altar ſtands,
Turns the burnt-off'ring with his holy hands,
And pours the wine, and bids the flames aſpire:
The youth with inſtruments ſurround the fire.
The thighs now ſacrific'd, and entrails dreſt,
Th' aſſiſtants part, transfix, and broil the reſt.
While theſe officious tend the rites divine,
The laſt fair branch of the Neſtorian line,
Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil
To bathe the prince, and pour the fragrant oil.

Ver. 594. *Sweet Polycaſte, took the pleaſing toil*
To bathe the Prince, &c.]

It is very neceſſary to ſay ſomething about this practice of women bathing and anointing men; it frequently occurs through the whole Odyſſey, and is ſo contrary to the uſage of the moderns, as to give offence to modeſty; neither is this done by women of inferiour quality, but we have here a young princeſs, bathing, anointing, and cloathing the naked Telemachus. Euſtathius indeed tells us, it was undoubtedly by her father's command: but if it was a piece of immodeſty, it does not ſolve the objection, whoever commanded it. I confeſs it would be immodeſt in theſe ages of the world, and the only excuſe that occurs to me is, to ſay that cuſtom eſtabliſhed it. It is in manners, in ſome degree, as in dreſs; if a faſhion never ſo indecent prevails, yet no perſon is ridiculous, becauſe it is faſhionable: ſo in manners, if a practice prevails univerſally, though not reconcilable to real modeſty, yet no perſon can be ſaid to be immodeſt who comes into it, becauſe it is agreeable to the cuſtom of the times and countries. P.

But is it neceſſary to underſtand any more, than that the lady ſupplied Telemachus with this apparatus, without perſonal inter-

O'er his fair limbs a flow'ry veſt he threw,
And iſſu'd, like a God, to mortal view.
His former ſeat beſide the king he found,
(His people's father with his peers around)
All plac'd at eaſe the holy banquet join,
And in the dazzling goblet laughs the wine.
The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The monarch turns him to his royal gueſt;
And for the promis'd journey bids prepare
The ſmooth-hair'd horſes, and the rapid car.

ference in the application of them? As we ſay now, "He *built* "a houſe," and mean only, that he employed builders for the purpoſe. No figure of language more common than this both in ancient and modern writings.

If the reader will compare book vi. verſes 210, 216. of the original, he will ſee an actual proof of the truth of this explanation from Homer himſelf.

Ver. 596.] Ogilby, with very ſlight correction, has a good couplet;

The veſt he *takes, and,* with a godlike grace,
By ancient Neſtor reaſſumes his place.

Ver. 600.] The rhymes are bad, but I cannot promiſe a couplet, that will win the acceptance of the reader:

All in the genial banquet chear their ſouls;
Th' attendants wine diſpenſe in golden bowls.

Ver. 604.] Our tranſlator follows Chapman in neglecting the addreſs of his author. Thus his predeceſſor:

Neſtor his ſonnes bad fetch his high-man'd horſe,
And them in chariot joyne, to runne the courſe
The prince reſolv'd.

But the form of the original, and greater fidelity, with correcter rhymes, might have eaſily been preſerved:

The rage of thirſt and hunger now ſuppreſt,
The reverend monarch thus his ſons addreſt:
My ſmooth-hair'd horſes yoak without delay,
To bear our ſtranger on his deſtin'd way.

Obſervant of his word; the word ſcarce ſpoke,
The ſons obey, and join them to the yoke.
Then bread and wine a ready handmaid brings,
And preſents, ſuch as ſuit the ſtate of kings.
The glitt'ring ſeat Telemachus aſcends;
His faithful guide Piſiſtratus attends;
With haſty hand the ruling reins he drew:
He laſh'd the courſers, and the courſers flew.
Beneath the bounding yoke alike they held
Their equal pace, and ſmok'd along the field.
The tow'rs of Pylos ſink, its views decay,
Fields after fields fly back, 'till cloſe of day:
Then ſunk the ſun, and darken'd all the way.
To Pheræ now, Diocleus' ſtately ſeat,
(Of Alpheus' race) the weary youths retreat.
His houſe affords the hoſpitable rite,
And pleas'd they ſleep (the bleſſing of the night.)

Ver. 609.] Our tranſlator miſrepreſents his author, who may be ſimply and truly reported thus:

And *viands, ſuited to* the *taſte* of kings.

Ver. 614.] The ſenſe of theſe *five* verſes might be comprehended with advantage in a triplet:

Now the high Pylian towers elude the ſight:
Their courſe they hold, 'till Sol withdraws his light,
And the dim roads involves the veil of night.

Ver. 617.] Thus Chapman:

Both holding yoke, and ſhooke it all the *day*;
But now the ſunne ſet, darkning every *way*:

which are Ogilby's rhymes alſo.

Ver. 621.] To avoid a recurrence of rhymes, ſimilar to thoſe of the propoſed correction in the preceding note, I would thus adjuſt the place before us:

But when Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With roſy luſtre purpled o'er the lawn;
Again they mount, their journey to renew,
And from the ſounding portico they flew.
Along the waving fields their way they hold,
The fields receding as their chariot roll'd:
Then ſlowly ſunk the ruddy globe of light,
And o'er the ſhaded landſcape ruſh'd the night.

Beneath that hoſpitable roof repos'd;
And the day's toils a ſocial banquet cloſ'd.

Our tranſlator had his eye on Chapman:

— — — — — ſlept all that *night*;
Who gave them each due *hoſpitable rite*.

Ver. 623.] This couplet occurred above, ver. 516, and I wonder, that our tranſlator, who is not ſcrupulous of his own invention on moſt occaſions, ſhould not have ſtudied a variety on this.

But, when the roſy-finger'd morn again
Shed her new luſtres o'er the ſparkling plain —.

Ver. 629.] Chapman's couplet is eaſily rectified to excellence:

Their journey *ended*, as *the* ſun went down,
And *o'er* the ways *the* ſhades *of night* were thrown.

Editor.

I ſhall lay together what I have further to obſerve on the concluſion of this book: it is remarkable that the Poet does not amuſe himſelf in deſcribing the preſent Telemachus received from Neſtor, or the proviſions for the journey, or even the journey itſelf at large; he diſpatches the whole in a few lines very judiciouſly; he carries his hero directly to Menelaus, who is to furniſh many incidents that contribute to the deſign of the poem, and paſſes over other matters as unneceſſary.

We have likewiſe a piece of poetical geography, and learn that it is exactly two days journey from Pyle to Lacedæmon.

This book takes up three days; the firſt is ſpent in the inquiries Telemachus makes of Neſtor concerning Ulyſſes; the two laſt in

the morning ſacrifice at Pylos, and in the journey of Telemachus to Lacedæmon; ſo that five days have now paſſed ſince the opening of the poem. I have ſaid nothing about the ſacrifice, though it be the moſt exact deſcription of the ſacrifices, as practiſedby the ancients, perhaps extant in any author; I refer to the obſervations upon the firſt book of the Iliad.

I would here remark that the three firſt books are written with the utmoſt ſimplicity, there has been no room for ſuch exalted ſtrokes of poetry as are to be found in the Iliad, or in the future parts of the Odyſſey: but this is not owing to the decay of genius in Homer, as ſome Criticks have affirmed, (who look upon the Odyſſey as bearing marks of his declining years) but to the nature of the ſubject. The characters of Achilles and Ulyſſes are both very great, but very different. The Iliad conſiſts of battles and a continual commotion; the Odyſſey in patience and wiſdom: and conſequently the ſtyle of the two poems muſt be as different as the characters of the two heroes. A noble fountain of poetry opens in the next book, and flows with an uninterrupted courſe almoſt through the whole Odyſſey. P.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

THE FOURTH BOOK OF THE ODYSSEY.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Conference with Menelaus.

TELEMACHUS, with Piſiſtratus arriving at Sparta, is hoſpitably received by Menelaus, to whom he relates the cauſe of his coming, and learns from him many particulars of what befel the Greeks ſince the deſtruction of Troy. He dwells more at large upon the prophecies of Proteus to him in his return, from which he acquaints Telemachus, that Ulyſſes is detained in the iſland of Calypſo.

In the meantime the Suitors conſult to deſtroy Telemachus in his voyage home. Penelope is apprized of this, but comforted in a dream by Pallas, in the ſhape of her ſiſter Ipthima. P.

NOTE PRELIMINARY.

ARISTOTLE in his Poeticks reports, that certain ancient Criticks reproached Homer for an indecency in making Telemachus take his abode with Menelaus, and not with his own grandfather Icarius: this Monſieur Dacier ſufficiently anſwers, by ſhewing that Icarius had ſettled himſelf in Acarnania, and not in Lacedæmon. P.

THE

FOURTH BOOK

OF THE

ODYSSEY.

AND now proud Sparta with their wheels reſounds,
Sparta whoſe walls a range of hills ſurrounds:
At the fair dome the rapid labour ends;
Where ſat Atrides 'midſt his bridal friends,
With double vows invoking Hymen's pow'r,
To bleſs his ſons and daughters nuptial hour.

NOTES.

Ver. 5. —— *invoking Hymen's pow'r.*] Athenæus has been very ſevere upon this paſſage, as Euſtathius obſerves, and Dacier from Euſtathius.

Ariſtarchus, ſays Athenæus, miſguides us, the words τὸν δ' εὗρον δαινύσια led him into an errour; whereas the marriage is compleated, the wedded couple gone away from Menelaus, and he and Helen at Lacedæmon. The five verſes, continues he, (the fifteenth to the twentieth inclusively in the Greek) are taken from

That day, to great Achilles' ſon reſign'd,
Hermione, the faireſt of her kind,

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the eighteenth book of the Iliad, and inſerted very improperly in this place by Ariſtarchus. Athenæus gives ſeveral reaſons for his opinion, as that muſick and dancing were very contrary to the ſevere manners of the Lacedæmonians; beſides the dance was a Cretan dance, how then could it be practiſed among the Spartans? The Poet mentions neither the name of the Bard, nor one word of the ſubject of the ſongs: neither can the words μολπῆς ἐξάρχοντες be applied at all to the dancers, but the muſicians; and laſtly, it is not to be imagined that Telemachus and Piſiſtratus ſhould be ſo unpolite, as not to be at all affected with the muſick, had there been any, and yet break out into ſuch wonder at the ſight of the beauty of the palace of Menelaus. Ariſtarchus, adds he, thought the deſcription of the wedding of the ſon and daughter of a king was too meanly and conciſely deſcribed, and therefore made this addition.

But it is eaſy to refute Athenæus, and vindicate Ariſtarchus. Athenæus underſtood πέμπε and ἤγειρε in the wrong tenſe, they are of the imperfect, *he was ſending*, or *about to ſend*, and not *had ſent*, &c. If the marriage had been abſolutely finiſhed, why ſhould Minerva abſent herſelf from Menelaus, when the celebration of the nuptials is the only reaſon of the abſence of that Goddeſs? And as for muſick and dancing being contrary to the ſevere manners of the Lacedæmonians, this is all conjecture: Menelaus lived more than three hundred years before Lycurgus; and becauſe ſuch diverſions were forbid in Sparta in the days of Lycurgus, muſt it follow that they were not uſed in thoſe of Menelaus? And ſhould it be granted that muſick and dancing were not uſed in his times, might he not relax a little from the ſeverity of his times, upon ſuch an occaſion of joy as the marriage of a ſon and daughter? I am ſure theſe diverſions are not more contrary to the ſeverity of the Spartans, than the magnificence of the palace of Menelaus was to their ſimplicity. "But he does not name the Bard, or the "ſubject of his ſongs." But is this a reaſon why the verſes are ſpurious? We ſhould rather admire the judgment of the Poet, who having ſo fair an opportunity to deſcribe theſe nuptials, yet rejects the temptation, diſmiſſes the whole in a few lines, and follows where his ſubject leads him. The objection about the dance

Was ſent to crown the long protracted joy,
Eſpous'd before the final doom of Troy:
With ſteeds and gilded cars, a gorgeous train
Attend the nymph to Phthia's diſtant reign.
Meanwhile at home, to Megapenthes' bed
The virgin-choir Alector's daughter led.
Brave Megapenthes, from a ſtol'n amour
To great Atrides' age his hand-maid bore:
To Helen's bed the Gods alone aſſign
Hermione, t' extend the regal line;

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being Cretan is not more valid: Menelaus (as we may learn from the preceding book) had been in Crete, and might bring it thence to Lacedæmon. And as for the Criticiſm upon ἐξάρχοντες, it is but a fallacy; Caſaubon has ſhewn beyond contradiction, that ἐξάρχειν is applied indifferently to all thoſe who give example to others; and conſequently may be applied to dancers as well as muſicians. It may be further added, that although it ſhould be allowed that the word ἐξάρχειν is only properly applied to muſick, yet in this place the word would not be improperly applied to dancers; for the dancers, without uſurping upon the province of the ſinger, might μολπῆς ἐξάρχειν or chuſe thoſe ſongs, to which they deſired to dance, as is the uſage at this day.

Diodorus is of opinion, that the whole twelve lines after the ſecond to the fifteenth are not genuine; but what has been ſaid of Athenæus, may be applied to Diodorus. P.

Ver. 11.] The rhymes were probably borrowed from Ogilby:

With horſe, with chariots, and *a ſtately train*
To Pyrrhus, where in Phthya he did *reign*.

Ver. 18.] This eliſion cannot be admitted. As our tranſlator has already ſpecified the name, a repetition of it ſeems unneceſſary; and we might ſubſtitute, as follows:

One daughter, to *ſuſtain* the regal line.

On whom a radiant pomp of graces wait,
Reſembling Venus in attractive ſtate.
While this gay friendly troop the king ſurround,
With feſtival and mirth the roofs reſound:
A Bard amid the joyous circle ſings
High airs, attemper'd to the vocal ſtrings;
Whilſt warbling to the varied ſtrain, advance
Two ſprightly youths to form the bounding dance.
'Twas then, that iſſuing thro' the palace gate
The ſplendid car roll'd ſlow in regal ſtate:
On the bright eminence young Neſtor ſhone,
And faſt beſide him great Ulyſſes' ſon:
Grave Eteoneus ſaw the pomp appear,
And ſpeeding, thus addreſs'd the royal ear.

Ver. 19.] Here our tranſlator, which is Fenton, commences his recurrence to his favourite Milton, Par. Loſt, viii. 61.

> With Goddeſs-like demeanour forth ſhe went,
> Not unattended, for on her as queen
> *A pomp of* winning *graces waited* ſtill.

Ver. 22.] This circumſtance is not from Homer, but from Dacier: "Le palais *retentiſſoit* de cris de joie mêlés avec le ſon "des inſtrumens."

Ver. 24.] Paradiſe Loſt, vii. 597.

> All ſounds on fret by ſtring or golden wire
> *Temper'd* ſoft tunings, intermix'd with voice
> Choral or uniſon.

Ver. 25.] The rhymes ſeem to have been ſtricken out from Chapman, who gives a more complete diſplay of his original:

> ——— Amongſt whom likewiſe *danc't*
> Two; who in that dumbe motion *advanc't*,
> Would prompt the finger, what to ſing and play.

Two youths approach, whoſe ſemblant features prove
Their blood devolving from the ſource of Jove.
Is due reception deign'd, or muſt they bend
Their doubtful courſe to ſeek a diſtant friend?
Inſenſate! (with a ſigh the king replies)
Too long, miſ-judging, have I thought thee wiſe:
But ſure relentleſs folly ſteels thy breaſt,
Obdurate to reject the ſtranger-gueſt;
To thoſe dear hoſpitable rites a foe,
Which in my wand'rings oft' reliev'd my woe:
Fed by the bounty of another's board,
'Till pitying Jove my native realm reſtor'd—
Straight be the courſers from the car releaſt,
Conduct the youths to grace the genial feaſt.
The Seneſchal rebuk'd in haſte withdrew;
With equal haſte a menial train purſue:

Ver. 37. *Menelaus blames Eteoneus.*] This is the firſt appearance of Menelaus; and ſurely nothing can more reconcile him to the favour of the ſpectators, than thoſe amiable colours in which the Poet paints him. There is an overflow of humanity and gratitude in his expreſſions, like that of Dido in Virgil,

"Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco."

They contain a fine piece of morality, and teach that thoſe men are more tender-hearted and humane who have felt the reverſe of fortune, than thoſe who have only lived in a condition of proſperity. P.

Inſenſate alſo is a word of Milton's. But our tranſlator ſhould have written, moreover, as follows:

Inſenſate! *much diſturb'd* the king replies.

Ver. 47.] Paradiſe Loſt, ix. 38.

— — — — — then marſhal'd feaſt
Serv'd up in hall with ſewers, and *ſeneſhals*.

Part led the courſers, from the car enlarg'd,
Each to a crib with choiceſt grain ſurcharg'd;
Part in a portico, profuſely grac'd
With rich magnificence, the chariot plac'd:
Then to the dome the friendly pair invite,
Who eye the dazzling roofs with vaſt delight;
Reſplendent as the blaze of ſummer-noon,
Or the pale radiance of the midnight moon.
From room to room their eager view they bend;
Thence to the bath, a beauteous pile, deſcend;
Where a bright damſel-train attends the gueſts
With liquid odours, and embroider'd veſts.
Refreſh'd, they wait them to the bow'r of ſtate,
Where circled with his peers Atrides ſat:
Thron'd next the king, a fair attendant brings
The pureſt product of the cryſtal ſprings;
High on a maſſy vaſe of ſilver mold,
The burniſh'd laver flames with ſolid gold:
In ſolid gold the purple vintage flows,
And on the board a ſecond banquet roſe.
When thus the king with hoſpitable port:—
Accept this welcome to the Spartan court;

Ver. 56.] I ſhould prefer,

Or the *pure* radiance —.

Ver. 63.] This paſſage is very finely tranſlated, and in the beſt ſtile of Pope himſelf. The reader may compare a different repreſentation of it, where the original is the ſame, by the ſame artiſt, Fenton, book i. verſe 179.

The waſte of nature let the feaſt repair,
Then your high lineage and your names declare:
Say from what ſcepter'd anceſtry ye claim,
Recorded eminent in deathleſs fame?
For vulgar parents cannot ſtamp their race
With ſignatures of ſuch majeſtick grace.
Ceaſing, benevolent he ſtraight aſſigns
The royal portion of the choiceſt chines
To each accepted friend: with grateful haſte
They ſhare the honours of the rich repaſt.
Suffic'd, ſoft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon,
His head reclin'd, young Ithacus begun.
View'ſt thou unmov'd, O ever-honour'd moſt!
Theſe prodigies of art, and wond'rous coſt!
Above, beneath, around the palace ſhines
The ſumleſs treaſure of exhauſted mines:
The ſpoils of elephants the roofs inlay,
And ſtudded amber darts a golden ray:

Ver. 80.] The following verſe will accommodate the rhyme, and, in ſome meaſure, the original:

Th' illuſtrious youths the proffer'd viands taſte.

Ver. 81. *Soft-whiſpering thus to Neſtor's ſon.*] This may be thought a circumſtance of no importance, and very trivial in Telemachus; but it ſhews his addreſs and decency: he whiſpers, to avoid the appearance of a flatterer, or to conceal his own inexperience, in ſhewing too much ſurpriſe at the magnificence of the palace of Menelaus. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 86.] Paradiſe Loſt, viii. 36.

——— ſuch a *ſumleſs* journey brought
Of incorporeal ſpeed.

Such, and not nobler, in the realms above
My wonder dictates is the dome of Jove.
The monarch took the word, and grave reply'd.
Preſumptuous are the vaunts, and vain the pride

Ver. 91. *The monarch took the word, &c.*] The ancients, ſays Euſtathius, obſerve the prudence of Menelaus, in his reply to Telemachus; and the prudence of Telemachus in his behaviour to Menelaus: Menelaus denies not his riches and magnificence; but to take off the envy which they might attract, he throws the calamities he has undergone into the contrary ſcale, and balances his felicity with his misfortunes: and Telemachus coming into the palace at the time of an entertainment, chuſes to ſatisfy his curioſity rather than his appetite. Plutarch, I confeſs, condemns Telemachus of inexperience; who when he ſaw the palace of Neſtor furniſhed only with things uſeful to life, as beds, tables, &c. is ſeized with no admiration; but the ſuperfluities of Menelaus, his ivory, amber and gold, &c. carry him into tranſports: whereas a Socrates or a Diogenes would have exclaimed, What heaps of vanities have I beheld! It is true, ſuch a judgment might become philoſophers; but who, as Dacier obſerves, can think the character of a Socrates or a Diogenes ſuitable to young Telemachus? What is decent in a prince, and a young man, would ill become the gravity and wiſdom of a philoſopher. P.

This repreſentation of his author to verſe 97 is inaccurate and unfaithful. The following attempt is literal:

The prince with amber locks o'erheard his words,
And in ſwift accents thus the youths addreſt:
Dear ſons, no mortal ſhould contend with Jove:
His domes and wealth defy decays and death.
Some mortal may, perchance, with me contend
In wealth, or not; for ſuff'ring, wand'ring, much,
In ſhips I brought it after ſeven long years.

Or in rhymes as follows:

As thus th' admiring ſtranger whiſpers near,
His eager accents reach the monarch's ear:
What mortal, deareſt youths! with Jove ſhall vie?
His ſumptuous domes decays and death defy.

Of man, who dares in pomp with Jove conteſt,
Unchang'd, immortal, and ſupremely bleſt!
With all my affluence when my woes are weigh'd,
Envy will own, the purchaſe dearly paid.
For eight ſlow-circling years by tempeſt toſt,
From Cyprus to the far Phœnician coaſt,
(Sidon the capital) I ſtretch'd my toil
Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.
Next, Æthiopia's utmoſt bound explore,
And the parch'd borders of th' Arabian ſhore:

Some prince, perchance, may rival all my ſtate,
The ſad memorials of a hapleſs fate!
Thro' ſeven long years what ſeas and dangers paſt,
What lands, to Sparta ſaw them brought at laſt!

Ver. 97.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — eight years *toſt*
Through worlds of miſeries from coaſt to *coaſt*.

Ver. 100. *Thro' regions fatten'd with the flows of Nile.*
Next, Æthiopia, &c.]

The words are in the original Αἰγυπτίους ἐπαλήθεις, others read them Αἰγυπτίους ἐπ' ἀληθεῖς, from their veracity in oracles, for which they were very famous; and indeed the word ἐπαλήθεις is not neceſſary, it being uſed in the very ſame ſentence, though it muſt be confeſſed ſuch repetitions are frequent in Homer. There is alſo a different reading of the word ἐρέμβους; ſome have it ἐρέμνους, or *blacks*; others, Σιδονίους Ἀράβας τε; but the common reading is thought the beſt. The Erembi are the Arabian Troglodytes. Strabo informs us, that in former ages the bounds of the Æthiopians lay near to Thebes in Ægypt, ſo that Menelaus travelling to Thebes, might with eaſe viſit the Æthiopians. Others have without any foundation imagined that he paſſed the ſtreights of Gibraltar, and failed to the Indies. Sidon is the capital of the Phœnicians. *Euſtathius.* P.

Then warp my voyage on the ſouthern gales,
O'er the warm Libyan wave to ſpread my ſails:
That happy clime! where each revolving year
The teeming ewes a triple offſpring bear;
And two fair creſcents of tranſlucent-horn
The brows of all their young increaſe adorn:
The ſhepherd ſwains with ſure abundance bleſt,
On the fat flock and rural dainties feaſt;
Nor want of herbage makes the dairy fail,
But every ſeaſon fills the foaming pail.

Ver. 105. — — — *where each revolving year*
The teeming ewes, &c.]

Theſe ſheep, as deſcribed by Homer, may be thought the creation of the Poet, and not the production of nature: but Herodotus, ſays Euſtathius, writes, that in Scythia the oxen have no horns through the extremity of the cold: he quotes this very verſe, rightly intimating, ſays Herodotus, that in hot regions the horns of cattle ſhoot very ſpeedily. Ariſtotle directly aſſerts, that in Libya the young ones of horned cattle have horns immediately after they are brought into the world. So that Ariſtotle and Herodotus vindicate Homer. The Poet adds, that the ſheep breed three times in the year; theſe words may have a different interpretation, and imply that they breed in three ſeaſons of the year, and not only in the ſpring, as in other countries; or that the ſheep have at once three lambs; but the firſt is the better interpretation. Athenæus upon this paſſage writes, that there are things in other countries no leſs ſtrange than what Homer relates of theſe ſheep of Libya. Thus in Luſitania, a country of Spain, now Portugal, there is a wonderful fruitfulneſs in all cattle, by reaſon of the excellent temper of the air; the fruits there never rot, and the roſes, violets and aſparagus, never fail above three months in the year. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 109.] Or thus, becauſe of inaccurate rhymes:

E'en the poor ſhepherd there with joyful eyes
Sees rural wealth abundant round him riſe.

Whilſt heaping unwiſh'd wealth, I diſtant roam;
The beſt of brothers, at his natal home,
By the dire fury of a traitreſs wife,
Ends the ſad evening of a ſtormy life:
Whence with inceſſant grief my ſoul annoy'd,
Theſe riches are poſſeſs'd, but not enjoy'd!
My wars, the copious theme of ev'ry tongue,
To you, your fathers have recorded long:

Ver. 113.] I cannot more effectually do juſtice to this fine paſſage of the verſion, than by exhibiting to the reader the ſimple materials, from which it was wrought:

Whilſt I, theſe copious ſtores collecting, ſtray'd
Thoſe climes remote, my brother ſlaughter'd lay
By wiles unlook'd-for of his wife accurs'd.

Ver. 114. *The beſt of brothers,* ———
——— *a traitreſs wife.*]

Menelaus neither mentions Agamemnon, Clytemneſtra, nor Ægyſthus by name; a juſt indignation and reſentment is the occaſion of his ſuppreſſing the names of Clytemneſtra and Ægyſthus. Through the whole Iliad Menelaus is deſcribed as a very affectionate brother, and the love he bears Agamemnon is the reaſon why he paſſes by his name in ſilence. We ſee that he diſpatches the whole in one verſe and a half; Neſtor had told the ſtory pretty largely in the preceding book, and as he was a perſon leſs nearly concerned, might ſpeak of it with more eaſe and better temper than Menelaus; the Poet avoids a needleſs repetition, and a repetition too of a ſtory univerſally known to all the Greeks. The death of Agamemnon is diſtributed into four places in the Odyſſey; Neſtor, Menelaus, Proteus, and the ſhade of Agamemnon in the eleventh book, all relate it, and every one very properly. Proteus as a prophet more fully than Neſtor and Menelaus, and Agamemnon more fully than them all, as being beſt acquainted with it. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 119. *My wars, the copious theme, &c.*] In the original Menelaus ſays, *I have deſtroyed a houſe, &c.* There is an ambi-

How fav'ring heav'n repaid my glorious toils
With a ſack'd palace, and barbarick ſpoils.
Oh! had the Gods ſo large a boon deny'd,
And life, the juſt equivalent, ſupply'd
To thoſe brave warriours, who with glory fir'd,
Far from their country in my cauſe expir'd!

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guity in the expreſſion, as Euſtathius obſerves: for it may either ſignify the *houſe of* Priam, or his own in Argos; if it be underſtood of his own, then the meaning is, "I have indeed great "wealth, but have purchaſed it with the loſs of my people; I "could be content with the third part of it, if I could reſtore "thoſe to life who have periſhed before Troy." If it be underſtood of the kingdom of Priam, the regret he ſhews will ſtill appear the greater. He is enumerating his domeſtick happineſs, and his foreign conqueſt of Troy; but he throws the deſtruction of ſo many brave men who fell before it, in the contrary ſcale; and it ſo far outweighs both his wealth and his glory, that they both are joyleſs to him. Either of theſe interpretations ſhew an excellent temper of humanity in Menelaus, who thinks the effuſion of blood too dear a price for glory. At the ſame time the Poet gives an admirable picture of human nature, which is reſtleſs in the purſuit of what it miſcalls happineſs, and when in poſſeſſion of it, neglects it. But the diſquiet of Menelaus ariſes not from inconſtancy of temper, but wiſdom; it ſhews that all happineſs is unſatisfactory. P.

Ver. 122.] Our tranſlator had in view a verſe of Virgil, Æn. ii. 504.

Barbarico poſtes *auro ſpoliiſque* ſuperbi:
Spoils of barbaric gold the columns grace;

or rather the paſſage of Milton, which profited by that verſe, Par. Loſt. ii. 4.

Or where the gorgeous eaſt with richeſt hand
Show'rs on her kings *barbaric* pearl and *gold*.

Ver. 126.] Thus, exactly to his author:

From *Argos* far, *on Trojan plains*, expir'd.

Still in ſhort intervals of pleaſing woe,
Regardful of the friendly dues I owe,
I to the glorious dead, for ever dear!
Indulge the tribute of a grateful tear.
But oh! Ulyſſes—deeper than the reſt
That ſad idea wounds my anxious breaſt!
My heart bleeds freſh with agonizing pain;
The bowl, and taſteful viands tempt in vain,
Nor ſleep's ſoft pow'r can cloſe my ſtreaming eyes,
When imag'd to my ſoul his ſorrows riſe.
No peril in my cauſe he ceas'd to prove,
His labours equall'd only by my love:
And both alike to bitter fortune born,
For him, to ſuffer, and for me to mourn!

Ver. 127.] A very noble verſe! concentrating moſt happily the complex ideas of it's original.

Ver. 131. *But oh! Ulyſſes—&c.*] It is with admirable addreſs that the Poet falls into his ſubject: it is art, but it ſeems to be nature: this conduct has a double effect, it takes away all ſuſpicion of flattery, for Menelaus is ignorant that the perſon with whom he diſcourſes is Telemachus; this gives him a manifeſt evidence of the love he bears to Ulyſſes; the young man could not but be pleaſed with the praiſe of his father, and with the ſincerity of it. It is alſo obſervable, that Menelaus builds his friendſhip for Ulyſſes upon a noble foundation; I mean the ſufferings which Ulyſſes underwent for his friend: Menelaus aſcribes not their affection to any familiarity or intercourſe of entertainments, but to a more ſincere cauſe, to the hazards which brave men undertake for a friend. In ſhort, the friendſhip of Menelaus and Ulyſſes is the friendſhip of heroes. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 139.] Vicious rhymes! The following ſubſtitution is

Whether he wanders on ſome friendly coaſt,
Or glides in Stygian gloom a penſive ghoſt,
No fame reveals; but doubtful of his doom,
His good old ſire with ſorrow to the tomb
Declines his trembling ſteps; untimely care
Withers the blooming vigour of his heir;
And the chaſte partner of his bed and throne,
Waſtes all her widow'd hours in tender moan.
While thus pathetick to the prince he ſpoke:
From the brave youth the ſtreaming paſſion broke:
Studious to veil the grief, in vain repreſt,
His face he ſhrouded with his purple veſt:

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propoſed, not as faithful to Homer, but as an amendment of the paraphraſtical repreſentation of our tranſlator, in the ſame ſpirit:

An equal pace our woful fortunes keep;
He doom'd to ſuffer, and myſelf to weep.

Ver. 143.] The latter part of this line, and the *five* following verſes are expanded from little more than *two* of his author, which are as fully expreſſed in one couplet by Ogilby; whom I quote with ſlight corrections:

His *aged ſire*, his *prudent* wife, and heir,
An infant left, *are waſting in* deſpair.

Our tranſlator might have his eye on Hobbes, who is not much amiſs:

Meanwhile, as for a ſon of life bereft
Laërtes weeps: ſo does Penelope;
Telemachus, whom, young, Ulyſſes left,
Spends his beſt age in pain and miſery.

The conſcious monarch pierc'd the coy diſguiſe,
And view'd his filial love with vaſt ſurpriſe:
Dubious to preſs the tender theme, or wait
To hear the youth enquire his father's fate.
In this ſuſpenſe bright Helen grac'd the room;
Before her breath'd a gale of rich perfume,

Ver. 154.] The phraſe *with vaſt ſurpriſe* is a moſt miſerable expletive indeed, and totally unauthorized by his author. Thus more conformably to the ſcope of the original:

The conſcious monarch *through* the coy diſguiſe
Saw ſorrow's dew-drops gliſt'ning in his eyes.

Ver. 157. — — — — *bright Helen grac'd the room.*] Menelaus conjectured that the perſon he had entertained was the ſon of Ulyſſes, from the tears he ſhed at the name of his father, and from the reſemblance there was between Ulyſſes and Telemachus; it might therefore have been expected that Menelaus ſhould immediately have acknowledged Telemachus, and not delayed a full diſcovery one moment, out of regard to his abſent friend; but Menelaus defers it upon a two-fold account, to give ſome time to Telemachus to indulge his ſorrow for his father, and recover himſelf from it, and alſo to avoid the repetition of a diſcovery upon the appearance of Helen, who would be curious to know the condition of the ſtrangers.

It may be neceſſary to ſay ſomething concerning Helen, that fatal beauty that engaged Greece and Aſia in arms; ſhe is drawn in the ſame colours in the Odyſſey as in the Iliad; it is a vicious character, but the colours are ſo admirably ſoftened by the art of the Poet, that we pardon her infidelity. Menelaus is an uncommon inſtance of conjugal affection, he forgives a wife who had been falſe to him, and receives her into a full degree of favour. But perhaps the reader might have been ſhocked at it, and prejudiced againſt Helen as a perſon that ought to be forgot, or have her name only mentioned to diſgrace it: the Poet therefore, to reconcile her to his reader, brings her in as a penitent, condemning her own infidelity in very ſtrong expreſſions; ſhe ſhews

So moves, adorn'd with each attractive grace,
The ſilver-ſhafted Goddeſs of the chace!
The ſeat of majeſty Adraſte brings,
With art illuſtrious for the pomp of kings.
To ſpread the pall (beneath the regal chair)
Of ſofteſt woof, is bright Alcippe's care.
A ſilver caniſter divinely wrought,
In her ſoft hands the beauteous Phylo brought:
To Sparta's queen of old the radiant vaſe
Alcandra gave, a pledge of royal grace:
For Polybus her lord, (whoſe ſov'reign ſway
The wealthy tribes of Pharian Thebes obey)
When to that court Atrides came, careſt
With vaſt munificence th' imperial gueſt:

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true modeſty, when ſhe calls herſelf impudent, and by this conduct we are inclined, like Menelaus, to forgive her. P.

Thus his author:

In this ſuſpenſe, the beauteous regal dame
From her high-vaulted fragrant chamber came.

Ver. 161, &c. *Adraſte, Alcippe, Helen's maids.*] It has been obſerved, that Helen has not the ſame attendants in the Odyſſey as ſhe had in the Iliad; they perhaps might be Trojans, and conſequently be left in their own country: or rather, it was an act of prudence in Menelaus, not to ſuffer thoſe ſervants about her who had been her attendants and confidents in her infidelity. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 165.] Thus Chapman, at verſe 179 of our verſion, where theſe rhymes are repeated:

Faire gifts; a diſtaffe that of gold was *wrought*;
And that rich cabinet that Phylo *brought*.

Two lavers from the richeſt ore refin'd,
With ſilver tripods, the kind hoſt aſſign'd;
And bounteous, from the royal treaſure told
Ten equal talents of refulgent gold.
Alcandra, conſort of his high command,
A golden diſtaff gave to Helen's hand;
And that rich vaſe, with living ſculpture wrought,
Which heap'd with wool the beauteous Phylo brought:
The ſilken fleece impurpl'd for the loom,
Rival'd the hyacinth in vernal bloom.
The ſovereign ſeat then Jove-born Helen preſs'd,
And pleaſing thus her ſcepter'd lord addreſs'd.
Who grace our palace now, that friendly pair,
Speak they their lineage, or their names declare?
Uncertain of the truth, yet uncontroll'd
Hear me the bodings of my breaſt unfold.
With wonder wrapt, on yonder cheek I trace
The feature of the Ulyſſean race:
Diffus'd o'er each reſembling line appear,
In juſt ſimilitude, the grace and air

Ver. 173.] Or thus:

Two lavers, *that with ſilvery radiance glow'd;*
Two coſtly tripods, the kind hoſt *beſtow'd.*

Ver. 190.] Or thus?

The genuine features of Ulyſſes' face.

Ver. 192. — — — — *the grace and air*
Of young Telemachus! ———]

Of young Telemachus! the lovely boy,
Who bleſs'd Ulyſſes with a father's joy,
What-time the Greeks combin'd their ſocial arms,
T' avenge the ſtain of my ill-fated charms!
Juſt is thy thought, the king aſſenting cries,
Methinks Ulyſſes ſtrikes my wond'ring eyes:
Full ſhines the father in the filial frame,
His port, his features, and his ſhape the ſame:
Such quick regards his ſparkling eyes beſtow;
Such wavy ringlets o'er his ſhoulders flow!

It may ſeem ſtrange that Helen ſhould at firſt view recollect the features of Ulyſſes in Telemachus; and that Menelaus, who was better acquainted with him, and his conſtant friend, ſhould not make the ſame obſervation. But Athenæus, to reconcile this to probability, ſays, that women are curious and ſkilful obſervers of the likeneſs of children to parents, for one particular reaſon, that they may, upon finding any diſſimilitude, have the pleaſure of hinting at the unchaſtity of others. P.

Ver. 195.] Thus, with more fidelity:

In my ſad cauſe when Greece aſſembled came,
And breath'd deſtruction on the Trojan name.

Ver. 199.] Dryden, at the parallel paſſage of Virgil, Æn. iii. 635.

His eyes ſo *ſparkled* with a lively flame;
Such were his motions, ſuch was all his *frame*;
And, ah! had heaven ſo pleas'd, his years had been the *ſame*.

Ver. 201.] Our tranſlator ſhould have endeavoured to preſerve the beautiful expreſſion of his author. Thus?

His ſparkling eyes ſuch *vivid glances throw:*

on which *metaphor* I have remarked at large in a note on Virgil's Georgics, iii. 219. and at Lucretius, ii. 1046.

And when he heard the long diſaſtrous ſtore
Of cares, which in my cauſe Ulyſſes bore;
Diſmay'd, heart-wounded with paternal woes,
Above reſtraint the tide of ſorrow roſe:
Cautious to let the guſhing grief appear,
His purple garment veil'd the falling tear.
See there confeſt, Piſiſtratus replies,
The genuine worth of Ithacus the wiſe!
Of that heroick ſire the youth is ſprung,
But modeſt awe hath chain'd his tim'rous tongue.
Thy voice, O king! with pleas'd attention heard,
Is like the dictates of a God rever'd.
With him at Neſtor's high command I came,
Whoſe age I honour with a parent's name.
By adverſe deſtiny conſtrain'd to ſue
For counſel and redreſs, he ſues to you.
Whatever ill the friendleſs orphan bears,
Bereav'd of parents in his infant years,

Ver. 203.] Or thus, more briefly:

When late he heard my tongue recording tell
Thoſe dire diſtreſſes, which his ſire befell,
Thoſe toils immenſe, for me; the guſhing tide
His purple robe eſſay'd in vain to hide.

Ver. 216.] This line is an unauthorized inſertion by the tranſlator.

Ver. 219.] The concluſion of this ſpeech is rambling and inaccurate. I ſhall attempt a more cloſe and faithful verſion:

What ills that orphan's hapleſs houſe await,
Where no kind friends ſupport his falling ſtate,
Thoſe ills Telemachus is doom'd to bear;
His ſire an exile, and no ſuccour near!

Still muſt the wrong'd Telemachus ſuſtain,
If hopeful of your aid, he hopes in vain:
Affianc'd in your friendly pow'r alone,
The youth wou'd vindicate the vacant throne.
Is Sparta bleſt, and theſe deſiring eyes
View my friend's ſon? (the king exulting cries)
Son of my friend, by glorious toils approv'd,
Whoſe ſword was ſacred to the man he lov'd:
Mirrour of conſtant faith, rever'd, and mourn'd!—
When Troy was ruin'd, had the chief return'd,
No Greek an equal ſpace had e'er poſſeſt,
Of dear affection, in my grateful breaſt.
I, to confirm the mutual joys we ſhar'd,
For his abode a capital prepar'd;
Argos the ſeat of ſovereign rule I choſe;
Fair in the plan the future palace roſe,
Where my Ulyſſes and his race might reign,
And portion to his tribes the wide domain.

Ver. 229.] For this couplet of imperfect rhymes I would propoſe ſomewhat more congenial to the tenour of the original:

I thought if thundering Jove's protecting hand
Would ſafe conduct us to our native land,
No Greek an equal ſpace had then *poſſeſs'd*—.

Dryden, as quoted in Johnſon's Dictionary:

Mirrour of ancient *faith* in early youth.

Ver. 234. *For his abode a capital prepar'd.*] The Poet puts theſe words in the mouth of Menelaus, to expreſs the ſincerity of his friendſhip to Ulyſſes; he intended him all advantage, and no detriment: we muſt therefore conclude, that Ulyſſes was ſtill to retain his ſovereignty over Ithaca, and only remove to Argos, to live with ſo ſincere a friend as Menelaus. *Euſtathius.*

To them my vaſſals had reſign'd a ſoil,
With teeming plenty to reward their toil.
There with commutual zeal we both had ſtrove
In acts of dear benevolence, and love:
Brothers in peace, not rivals in command,
And death alone diſſolv'd the friendly band!
Some envious pow'r the bliſsful ſcene deſtroys;
Vaniſh'd are all the viſionary joys:
The ſoul of friendſhip to my hope is loſt,
Fated to wander from his natal coaſt!
He ceas'd; a guſt of grief began to riſe:
Faſt ſtreams a tide from beauteous Helen's eyes;

Ver. 241.] The proper *participle* is not *ſtrove*, but *ſtriven*. Thus?

There converſe ſweet had charm'd the ſocial day;
And, unobſerv'd, life's evening worn away:

Or,

There our laſt ſun roll'd, unperceiv'd, away.

Ver. 247.] The rhymes are incorrect. Thus?

The rapturous proſpect charms theſe eyes no more:
Loſt the ſad mourner to his native ſhore!

Ver. 249. — — — *a guſt of grief began to riſe, &c.*] It has been obſerved through the Iliad, and may be obſerved through the whole Odyſſey, that it was not a diſgrace to the greateſt heroes to ſhed tears; and indeed I cannot ſee why it ſhould be an honour to any man, to be able to diveſt himſelf of human nature ſo far as to appear inſenſible upon the moſt affecting occaſions. No man is born a Stoick: it is art, not nature; tears are only a ſhame, when the cauſe from whence they flow is mean or vicious. Here Menelaus laments a friend, Telemachus a father, Piſiſtratus a brother: but from what cauſe ariſe the tears of Helen? It is to be remembered that Helen is drawn in the ſofteſt colours in the Odyſſey; the character of the adultreſs is loſt in that of the penitent: the name of Ulyſſes throws her into tears, becauſe ſhe

Faſt for the ſire the filial ſorrows flow;
The weeping monarch ſwells the mighty woe:
Thy cheeks, Piſiſtratus, the tears bedew,
While pictur'd to thy mind appear'd in view
Thy martial * brother: on the Phrygian plain
Extended pale, by ſwarthy Memnon ſlain!
But ſilence ſoon the ſon of Neſtor broke,
And melting with fraternal pity ſpoke.

Frequent, O king, was Neſtor wont to raiſe
And charm attention with thy copious praiſe:
To crown thy various gifts, the ſage aſſign'd
The glory of a firm capacious mind:
With that ſuperiour attribute controul
This unavailing impotence of ſoul.
Let not your roof with echoing grief reſound,
Now for the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd:

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is the occaſion of all the ſufferings of that brave man; the Poet makes her the firſt in ſorrow, as ſhe is the cauſe of all their tears. P.

Perhaps, the language of this paſſage is capable of ſome improvement, by the following ſlight touches of correction:

He *ceaſt*; the *waves* of grief *begin* to riſe:
Faſt ſtream the ſorrows from *fair* Helen's eyes:
Faſt for the ſire the filial *currents* flow:
The weeping monarch ſwells the tide of woe.

Ver. 265. *Let not your roof with echoing grief reſound,*
Now for the feaſt the friendly bowl is crown'd.]

It may be aſked why ſorrow for the dead ſhould be more unſeaſonable in the evening than the morning? Euſtathius anſwers, leſt others ſhould look upon our evening tears as the effect of wine, and not of love to the dead.

* Antilochus.

But when from dewy ſhade emerging bright,
Aurora ſtreaks the ſky with orient light,
Let each deplore his dead: the rites of woe
Are all, alas! the living can beſtow:
O'er the congenial duſt injoin'd to ſhear
The graceful curl, and drop the tender tear.
Then mingling in the mournful pomp with you,
I'll pay my brother's ghoſt a warriour's due,

" Intempeſtivus venit inter pocula fletus,
" Nec lacrymas dulci fas eſt miſcere Falerno."

I fancy there may be a more rational account given of this expreſſion; the time of feaſting was ever looked upon as a time of joy and thankſgiving to the Gods; it bore a religious veneration among the ancients, and conſequently to ſhed tears when they ſhould expreſs their gratitude to the Gods with joy, was eſteemed a profanation. P.

Ver. 267.] Our tranſlator here moſt groſsly miſrepreſents his author; following, perhaps, the ſteps of Chapman and Ogilby, who are alike miſtaken. A conformity may be thus effected:

And now, emerging *from yon* orient *ſkies,*
Soon on our wailings would Aurora *riſe.*
To wail the dead *I grudge not:* rites of woe.

I, in the pomp *of ſorrow join'd* with you,
Will pay my brother's ghoſt a wârrior's due.

Ver. 270.] Dryden, at Æn. xi. 35.

The laſt reſpect *the living can beſtow,*
To ſhield their ſhadows from contempt below.

Ver. 272.] Thus Ogilby:

Tears we as duties pay, and *treſſes curl'd*;

and Chapman at the beginning of Iliad xviii.

— — — — — Then tumbl'd round, and tore
His *gracious curles.*

The original runs thus:

The tear from eye-lids dropp'd, the ſever'd hair,
Theſe the poor honours wretched man can give!

And mourn the brave Antilochus, a name
Not unrecorded in the rolls of fame:
With ſtrength and ſpeed ſuperiour form'd, in fight
To face the foe, or intercept his flight:
Too early ſnatch'd by fate ere known to me!
I boaſt a witneſs of his worth in thee.

Young and mature! the monarch thus rejoins,
In thee renew'd the ſoul of Neſtor ſhines:
Form'd by the care of that conſummate ſage,
In early bloom an oracle of age.
Whene'er his influence Jove vouchſafes to ſhow'r
To bleſs the natal, and the nuptial hour;
From the great ſire tranſmiſſive to the race,
The boon devolving gives diſtinguiſh'd grace.
Such, happy Neſtor! was thy glorious doom;
Around thee full of years, thy offspring bloom,
Expert of arms, and prudent in debate:
The gifts of heaven to guard thy hoary ſtate.
But now let each becalm his troubled breaſt,
Waſh, and partake ſerene the friendly feaſt.

Ver. 276.] Or, more exactly,
Not *laſt in records roll'd* of *Argive* fame.

Ver. 281.] The rhymes are defective. If the next couplet were properly adjuſted, I ſhould prefer here a correction of Ogilby:
Then *thus* the king: *Not* unexperienc'd age
Thy words proclaim, but years mature and ſage.

Ver. 283.] Thus? adapted to the preceding ſubſtitution:
I ſee true wiſdom all thy thoughts inſpire,
And all thy words; the wiſdom of thy ſire.

Ver. 288.] Better, perhaps,
Devolving *virtues all the lineage* grace.

To move thy ſuit, Telemachus, delay,
'Till heav'n's revolving lamp reſtores the day.
He ſaid, Aſphalion ſwift the laver brings;
Alternate all partake the grateful ſprings:
Then from the rites of purity repair,
And with keen guſt the ſav'ry viands ſhare.
Meantime with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl:

Ver. 302.] *Bright Helen mix'd a mirth-inſpiring bowl, &c.*] The conjectures about this cordial of Helen have been almoſt infinite. Some take Nepenthes allegorically, to ſignify hiſtory, muſick or philoſophy. Plutarch in the firſt of the Sympoſiacks affirms it to be, diſcourſe well ſuiting the preſent paſſions and conditions of the hearers. Macrobius is of the ſame opinion, *Delinimentum illud quod Helena vino miſcuit, non herba fuit, non ex Indiâ ſuccus, ſed narrandi opportunitas, quæ hoſpitem mœroris oblitum flexit ad gaudium.* What gave a foundation to this fiction of Homer, as Dacier obſerves, might be this. Diodorus writes that in Ægypt, and chiefly at Heliopolis, the ſame with Thebes, where Menelaus ſojourned, as has been already obſerved, there lived women who boaſted of certain potions, which not only made the unfortunate forget all their calamities, but drove away the moſt violent ſallies of grief or anger. Euſebius directly affirms, that even in his time the women of Dioſpolis were able to calm the rage of grief or anger by certain potions. Now whether this be truth or fiction, it fully vindicates Homer, ſince a Poet may make uſe of a prevailing, though falſe opinion.

Milton mentions this Nepenthes in his excellent Maſque of Comus.

— — — Behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his cryſtal bounds!
Not that Nepenthes which the wife of Thone
In Ægypt gave to Jove-born Helena,
Is of ſuch pow'r as this to ſtir up joy,
To life ſo friendly, or ſo cool to thirſt.

But that there may be ſomething more than fiction in this is very probable, ſince the Ægyptians were ſo notoriouſly ſkilled in phy-

Temper'd with drugs of ſov'reign uſe, t' aſſuage
The boiling boſom of tumultuous rage;
To clear the cloudy front of wrinkled care,
And dry the tearful fluices of deſpair:

ſick; and particularly ſince this very Thon, or Thonis, or Thoon, is reported by the ancients to have been the inventor of phyſick among the Ægyptians. The deſcription of this Nepenthes agrees admirably with what we know of the qualities and effects of *opium*.

It is further ſaid of Thon, that he was king of Canopus, and entertained Menelaus hoſpitably before he had ſeen Helen; but afterwards falling in love with her, and offering violence, he was ſlain by Menelaus. From his name the Ægyptians gave the name of Thoth to the firſt month of their year, and alſo to a city the name of Thonis. Ælian writes, that Menelaus, when he travelled to the Æthiopians, committed Helen to the protection of Thonis; that ſhe fell in love with him; that Polydamna growing jealous confined her to the iſland of Pharos, but gave her an herb to preſerve her from the poiſon of ſerpents, there frequent, which from Helen was called Helenium. Strabo writes, that at Canopus, on the mouth of the Nile, there ſtands a city named Thonies, from king Thonis, who received Helen and Menelaus. Herodotus relates, that Thonis was governour of Canopus, that he repreſented the injury which Paris had done to Menelaus, to Proteus who reigned in Memphis. *Euſtathius.*

This laſt remark from Herodotus is ſufficient to ſhew, that Homer is not ſo fictitious as is generally imagined, that there really was a king named Proteus, that the Poet builds his fables upon truth, and that it was truth that originally determined Homer to introduce Proteus into his poetry; but I intend to explain this more largely in the ſtory of Proteus. P.

Ver. 306.] *Tears*, I think, are not characteriſtic of *deſpair*. Indeed, there is too much amplification of the original, and I ſhall venture to propoſe a ſubſtitution, with a view to conciſeneſs and fidelity, as follows:

Mean time, with genial joy to warm the ſoul,
Bright Helen mixt a *care-compoſing* bowl:
That juice oblivious every ill could ſwage,
And cool the boſom of tumultuous rage.

Charm'd with that virtuous draught, th' exalted mind
All ſenſe of woe delivers to the wind.
Tho' on the blazing pile his parent lay,
Or a lov'd brother groan'd his life away,
Or darling ſon, oppreſs'd by ruffian-force,
Fell breathleſs at his feet, a mangled corſe;
From morn to eve, impaſſive and ſerene,
The man entranc'd would view the deathful ſcene.
Theſe drugs, ſo friendly to the joys of life,
Bright Helen learn'd from Thone's imperial wife;
Who ſway'd the ſcepter, where prolifick Nile
With various ſimples clothes the fat'ned ſoil.

The next couplet I ſhould baniſh altogether as ſuperfluous. The *third* line of the ſubſtitution might be turned with eaſe in a more agreeable manner, but I have pointed out by a word employed there, how I ſhould baniſh the aukward eliſion from verſe 303. of our Poet's verſion. Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, i. 556.

Nor wanting power to mitigate and *ſwage*
With ſolemn touches troubled thoughts.

Ver. 309.] Thus, not more poetically indeed, but with more brevity and exactneſs:

No tear would trickle through the live-long day,
Though dead before him either parent lay;

Or,

Though ſire, or mother, dead before him lay;
Though his own eyes ſhould ſee the lifeblood run
From a dear brother, or a dearer ſon.

Ver. 313.] A couplet of ſingular excellence; the purport of which I have delivered in the *firſt* verſe of the laſt eſſay, with a conciſeneſs commenſurate to the Greek original.

Ver. 317.] Better rhymes may be readily provided, thus:

Who ſway'd the ſceptre, where Ægyptus leads
His flood prolific to the ſubject meads.

With wholeſome herbage mix'd, the direful bane
Of vegetable venom, taints the plain;
From Pæon ſprung, their patron-god imparts
To all the Pharian race his healing arts.
The bev'rage now prepar'd t' inſpire the feaſt,
The circle thus the beauteous queen addreſt.
Thron'd in omnipotence, ſupremeſt Jove
Tempers the fates of human race above;
By the firm ſanction of his ſov'reign will,
Alternate are decreed our good and ill.
To feaſtful mirth be this white hour aſſign'd,
And ſweet diſcourſe, the banquet of the mind.
Myſelf aſſiſting in the ſocial joy,
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit in Troy:

Ver. 321.] Here our tranſlator had freſh in his recollection a divine couplet of Pope's, at Iliad ii. ver. 890.

To theſe his ſkill the *Parent-god imparts*;
Divine profeſſors of the *healing arts*.

Ver. 323.] A miſerable diſtich, but not of eaſy correction. The following attempt is perfectly accurate:

She bids diſpenſe the bowl, which thus infuſe
Her beauteous hands; and converſe then renews.

Ver. 329.] Or thus, with more fidelity:

To mirth and *converſe* be this hour aſſign'd,
Illuſtrious gueſts! the banquet of the mind.

Ver. 331. *Myſelf* — — — —
Will tell Ulyſſes' bold exploit — —]

What is here related ſhews the neceſſity of the introduction of Helen, and the uſe the Poet makes of it: ſhe is not brought in merely as a *muta perſona*, to fill up the number of perſons; but ſhe relates ſeveral incidents, in which ſhe herſelf was concerned, and which ſhe could only know; and conſequently not only diverſifies, but carries on the deſign of the ſtory. *Euſtathius.* P.

Sole witneſs of the deed I now declare;
Speak you (who ſaw) his wonders in the war.
Seam'd o'er with wounds, which his own ſabre gave,
In the vile habit of a village-ſlave,

Ver. 333.] The ſenſe is foreign to his author, and the rhymes not admiſſible. The foregoing couplet may be continued thus:

'Midſt Greece combin'd. One ſuffering I diſcloſe:
What powers of mine could reckon all his woes?

Or,

Vain were th' attempt to number all his woes.

Ver. 335. *Seam'd o'er with wounds, &c.*] The Poet here ſhews his judgment in paſſing over many inſtances of the ſufferings of Ulyſſes, and relating this piece of conduct, not mentioned by any other author. The art of Ulyſſes in extricating himſelf from difficulties is laid down as the ground-work of the poem, he is πολύτροπος, and this is an excellent example of it. This further ſhews the neceſſity of the appearance of Helen, no other perſon being acquainted with the ſtory. If this ſtratagem be not a reality, yet it bears the reſemblance of it; and Megabyſus the Perſian (as Euſtathius obſerves) practiſed it, as we learn from hiſtory. We may reaſonably conjecture that Ulyſſes was committed to Helen, in hopes that he would diſcover the affairs of the army more freely to her than any other perſon: for what could be more agreeable to a Greek, than to be committed to the care of a Greek, as Ulyſſes was to Helen? By the ſame conduct the Poet raiſes the character of Helen, by making her ſhew her repentance by an act of generoſity to her countrymen. The original ſays ſhe gave an oath to Ulyſſes not to diſcover him before he was in ſafety in the Grecian army: now this does not imply that ſhe ever diſcovered to the Trojans that Ulyſſes had entered Troy: the contrary opinion is moſt probable; for it cannot be imagined but all Troy muſt have been incenſed greatly againſt her, had they known that ſhe had concealed one of their mortal enemies, and diſmiſſed him n ſafety: it was ſufficient for Ulyſſes to take her oath that ſhe would not diſcover him, till he was in ſecurity: he left her future

The foe deceiv'd, he paſs'd the tented plain,
In Troy to mingle with the hoſtile train.
In this attire ſecure from ſearching eyes,
'Till haply piercing thro' the dark diſguiſe
The chief I challeng'd; he, whoſe practis'd wit
Knew all the ſerpent-mazes of deceit,
Eludes my ſearch: but when his form I view'd
Freſh from the bath with fragrant oils renew'd,

---

conduct to her own diſcretion. It is probable that ſhe furniſhed Ulyſſes with a ſword, for in his return he ſlew many Trojans: he came to Troy, obſerves Euſtathius, in rags, and like a ſlave; and to have concealed a ſword, would have endangered his life upon a diſcovery of it, and given ſtrong ſuſpicions of an impoſtor. P.

This tranſlation is erroneous, in my opinion. Hobbes rightly underſtood the paſſage:

Bloody with ſtripes, from no hand but his own:

and Dacier: "Un jour, après s'être *déchiré le corps à coups de verges.*" It is not improbable, that Chapman led the way for our tranſlator:

— — — — — how *with ghaſtly wounds*
Himſelfe *he mangl'd.*

Ver. 338.] A ſentiment of his author, ſuppreſſed by our poet, may be thus exhibited:

And perſonates a beggar; though no Greek
That ignominious ſemblance leſs became.

Ver. 341.] No correct taſte will endure theſe rhymes; but I cannot promiſe the reader ſatisfaction from my own attempt:

— — — — — he, whoſe practis'd *heart*
Knew all the ſerpent-*ſubtilties* of *art* —.

Ver. 343.] The verſion here is very looſe and rambling. The following attempt is literally commenſurate with the original, and accompanies the tranſlation before us to verſe 353.

But, when with oil I ſmooth'd him from the bath,
And veſtments gave, and ſwore a ſolemn oath,
Ne'er to divulge Ulyſſes to his foes,
'Till at the ſhips and tents arriv'd; he then
Detail'd the whole intention of the Greeks.

His limbs in military purple dreſs'd;
Each bright'ning grace the genuine Greek confeſs'd.
A previous pledge of ſacred faith obtain'd,
'Till he the lines and Argive fleet regain'd,
To keep his ſtay conceal'd; the chief declar'd
The plans of war againſt the town prepar'd.
Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate,
He learn'd what beſt might urge the Dardan fate:
And ſafe returning to the Grecian hoſt,
Sent many a ſhade to Pluto's dreary coaſt.
Loud grief reſounded thro' the tow'rs of Troy,
But my pleas'd boſom glow'd with ſecret joy:
For then with dire remorſe, and conſcious ſhame,
I view'd th' effects of that diſaſtrous flame,

Ver. 351. *Exploring then the ſecrets of the ſtate.*] The word φρόνις is here uſed in a large ſenſe: it takes in all the obſervations Ulyſſes made during his continuance in Troy, it takes in the deſigns and counſels of the enemy, his meaſuring the gates, the height of the walls, the eaſieſt place for an aſſault or ambuſh, the taking away the Palladium, or whatever elſe a wiſe man may be ſuppoſed to obſerve, or act, in execution of ſuch a ſtratagem. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 353.] The ſenſe of Homer will be better ſeen in a couplet with Chapman's rhymes:

Then, many Trojans ſlaughter'd, he retir'd
Unhurt, for wiſe contrivance much admir'd.

Ver. 355.] I ſhould have thought more proper on this occaſion,
— — — — — thro' the *ſtreets* of Troy.

Ver. 357. *For then with dire remorſe, &c.*] The concluſion of this ſpeech is very artful: Helen aſcribes her ſeduction to Venus,

Which kindled by th' imperious Queen of love,
Conſtrain'd me from my native realm to rove:
And oft in bitterneſs of ſoul deplor'd
My abſent daughter, and my dearer lord;
Admir'd among the firſt of human race,
For ev'ry gift of mind, and manly grace.
Right well, reply'd the king, your ſpeech diſplays
The matchleſs merit of the chief you praiſe:

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and mentions nothing of Paris. Inſtead of naming Troy, ſhe conceals it, and only ſays ſhe was carried thither, leaving Troy to the imagination of Menelaus; ſhe ſuffers not herſelf to mention names ſo odious now to herſelf, and ever to Menelaus, as Paris and Troy. She compliments Menelaus very handſomely, and ſays, that he wanted no accompliſhment either in mind or body: it being the nature of man not to reſent the injuries of a wife ſo much upon the account of her being corrupted, but of the preference ſhe gives to another perſon; he looks upon ſuch a preference as the moſt affecting part of the injury. *Euſtathius.* P.

Ver. 364.] This is one of thoſe paſſages in which the majeſtic Alexandrine of Dryden would have been introduced with much advantage to dignity and fullneſs of the period:

For every gift of mind, and *every* manly grace.

Ver. 365. *Menelaus's anſwer.*] The judgment of the Poet in continuing the ſtory concerning Ulyſſes is not obſerved by any commentator. Ulyſſes is the chief hero of the poem, every thing ſhould have a reference to him, otherwiſe the narration ſtands ſtill without any advance towards the concluſion of it. The Poet therefore to keep Ulyſſes in our minds, dwells upon his ſufferings and adventures: he ſupplies his not appearing in the preſent ſcene of action, by ſetting his character before us, and continually forcing his prudence, patience, and valour upon our obſervation. He uſes the ſame art and judgment with relation to Achilles in the Iliad: the hero of the poem is abſent from the chief ſcenes of action during much of the time which that poem compriſes, but he is continually brought into the mind of the reader, by recounting his exploits and glory. P.

Heroes in various climes myſelf have found,
For martial deeds, and depth of thought renown'd:
But Ithacus, unrival'd in his claim,
May boaſt a title to the loudeſt fame:
In battle calm, he guides the rapid ſtorm,
Wiſe to reſolve, and patient to perform.
What wond'rous conduct in the chief appear'd,
When the vaſt fabrick of the ſteed we rear'd!
Some dæmon anxious for the Trojan doom,
Urg'd you with great Deiphobus to come,

Ver. 368.] His original preſcribes,

For *counſel ſage* and depth of thought renown'd.

But our tranſlator is very inaccurate and inattentive to his author in this paſſage. The following attempt exhibits the ſpeech literally to verſe 373 of this verſion.

The prince with amber hair thus, anſwering, ſpake:
Thy words, O! wife, are, doubtleſs, juſt and true.
Myſelf the counſel and the thoughts have known
Of many a hero, and have wandered wide;
But ne'er beheld theſe eyes a chief to match
The prudent ſoul of that much-ſuffering man.

Ver. 371.] In this inappoſite paſſage our Poet was thinking of the celebrated lines in *Addiſon's Campaign:*

But, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders *to perform*,
Rides in the whirlwind, and *directs the ſtorm*.

Ver. 374.] Here an omiſſion of our tranſlator may be ſupplied by a couplet corrected from Ogilby:

That *well-wrought* ſteed, *where all we chieftains ſate*,
Big with deſtruction *to* the Trojan ſtate.

Ver. 375. *Some dæmon anxious for the Trojan doom.*] It is the obſervation of Euſtathius, that theſe words are very artfully in-

T' explore the fraud; with guile oppos'd to guile,
Slow-pacing thrice around th' inſidious pile;

troduced to vindicate Helen; they imply that what ſhe acted was by compulſion, and to evidence this more clearly, Deiphobus is given her for an attendant, as a ſpy upon her actions, that ſhe might not conceal any thing that ſhould happen, but act her part well, by endeavouring to deceive the Greeks in favour of Troy. It is the dæmon, not Helen, that is in fault; this, continues Euſtathius, anſwers many objections that lie againſt Helen: for if ſhe was a real penitent, as ſhe herſelf affirms, how comes ſhe to endeavour to deceive the Greeks by the diſguiſe of her voice, into more miſery than had yet ariſen from a ten years war? Or indeed is it credible that any perſon could modulate her voice ſo artfully as to reſemble ſo many voices? And how could the Greeks incloſed in the wooden horſe believe that their wives who were in Greece, could be arrived in ſo ſhort a ſpace as they had been concealed there, from the various regions of Greece, and meet together in Troy? Would the wives of theſe heroes come into an enemy's country, when the whole army, except theſe latent heroes, were retired from it? this is ridiculous and impoſſible. I muſt confeſs there is great weight in theſe objections: but Euſtathius anſwers all by the interpoſition of the dæmon; and by an idle tradition that Helen had the name of Echo, from the faculty of mimicking ſounds; and that this gift was beſtowed upon her by Venus when ſhe married Menelaus, that ſhe might be able to detect him, if he ſhould prove falſe to her bed, by imitating the voice of the ſuſpected perſon, (but Menelaus had more occaſion for this faculty than Helen.) As for the excuſe of the dæmon, it equally excuſes all crimes: for inſtance, was Helen falſe to Menelaus? The dæmon occaſioned it: does ſhe act an impoſtor to deſtroy all her Grecian friends, and even Menelaus? The dæmon compels her to it: the dæmon compels her to go with Deiphobus, to ſurround the horſe thrice, to ſound the ſides of it, to endeavour to ſurpriſe the latent Greeks by an imitation of the voices of their wives, and in ſhort, to act like a perſon that was very ſincere in miſchief.

Dacier takes another courſe, and gives up Helen, but remarks the great addreſs of Menelaus. Helen had, ſaid ſhe, long deſired

Each noted leader's name you thrice invoke,
Your accent varying as their ſpouſes ſpoke: 380

nothing ſo much as to return to Lacedæmon; and her heart had long been wholly turned to Menelaus: Menelaus is not at all convinced of this pretended ſincerity; but it would have been too groſs, after he had taken her again to his bed, to convict her of falſhood: he therefore contents himſelf barely to reply, that ſome dæmon, an enemy to the Greeks, had forced her to a conduct diſagreeable to her ſincerity. This (continues Dacier) is an artful, but ſevere irony.

As for the objection concerning the impoſſibility of the Greeks believing their wives could be in Troy; ſhe anſwers, that the authors of this objection have not ſufficiently conſidered human nature. The voice of a beloved perſon might of a ſudden, and by ſurpriſe, draw from any perſon a word involuntary, before he has time to make reflection. This undoubtedly is true, where circumſtances make an impoſture probable; but here is an impoſſibility; it is utterly impoſſible to believe the wives of theſe heroes could be in Troy. Beſides, Menelaus himſelf tells us, that even he had fallen into the ſnare, but Ulyſſes prevented it; this adds to the incredibility of the ſtory; for if this faculty of mimickry was given upon his marriage with Helen, it was nothing new to him; he muſt be ſuppoſed to be acquainted with it, and conſequently be the leſs liable to ſurpriſe: nay it is not impoſſible, but the experiment might have been made upon him before Helen fled away with Paris.

In ſhort, I think this paſſage wants a further vindication; the circumſtances are low, if not incredible. Virgil, the great imitator of Homer, has given us a very different and more noble deſcription of the deſtruction of Troy; he has not thought fit to imitate him in this deſcription.

If we allow Helen to act by compulſion, to have feared the Trojans, and that Deiphobus was ſent as a ſpy upon her actions; yet this is no vindication of her conduct: ſhe ſtill acts a mean part, and through fear becomes an accomplice in endeavouring to betray and ruin the Greeks.

The pleaſing ſounds each latent warriour warm'd,
But moſt Tydides' and my heart alarm'd:
To quit the ſteed we both impatient preſs,
Threat'ning to anſwer from the dark receſs.
Unmov'd the mind of Ithacus remain'd:
And the vain ardours of our love reſtrain'd:
But Anticlus unable to controul,
Spoke loud the language of his yearning ſoul:
Ulyſſes ſtraight with indignation fir'd,
(For ſo the common care of Greece requir'd)
Firm to his lips his forceful hands apply'd,
Till on his tongue the flutt'ring murmurs dy'd.
Meantime Minerva from the fraudful horſe,
Back to the court of Priam bent your courſe.

I ſhall juſt add, that after the death of Paris, Helen married Deiphobus; that the ſtory of the wooden horſe is probably founded upon the taking of Troy by an engine called a horſe, as the like engine was called a ram by the Romans. P.

Ver. 387.] This concluſion of the ſpeech is very licentious and diffuſe, as the reader may judge from a literal tranſlation:

Anticlus only labour'd to reply;
But ſtraight Ulyſſes with his powerful hands
Inceſſant preſt his mouth, and *ſav'd* us all:
Nor left his hold, 'till Pallas led thee off.

I could not venture to write the proper *paſt tenſe* of the verb *ſave*; which I could wiſh to ſee reſtored, that we might have a regular ſeries of variety in the *tenſes* of this word: *ſave, ſaft, ſaved.*

Ver. 391.] Ogilby's verſion is ludicrouſly vulgar, and is calculated to refreſh the reader with a tranſient ſmile:

Only Anticlus *opens*; ſtreight his *chops*
Ithacus ſtarting up, with both hands ſtops.

Inclement fate! Telemachus replies,
Frail is the boaſted attribute of wiſe:
The leader, mingling with the vulgar hoſt,
Is in the common maſs of matter loſt!
But now let ſleep the painful waſte repair
Of ſad reflection, and corroding care.
He ceas'd; the menial fair that round her wait,
At Helen's beck prepare the room of ſtate;
Beneath an ample portico, they ſpread
The downy fleece to form the ſlumb'rous bed;
And o'er ſoft palls of purple grain, unfold
Rich tapeſtry, ſtiff with inwoven gold:

Ver. 395.] The verſion here is unpardonably vague. I ſhall give a literal repreſentation of the former paragraph of the ſpeech.

To him diſcreet Telemachus replied:
Divine Atrides! ſovereign chief! more hard
His fate, if all theſe virtues, and a ſoul
Of ſteel, were weak to ward his ruin off.

Ver. 399.] Or thus, a correction of Ogilby:

But ſeek we now the comforts of repoſe,
And ſleep with lenient hand our eye-lids cloſe.

Ver. 403.] Thus Ogilby:

Helen, this ſayd, ſtreight bids them make a *bed*,
And purple o're, and royal taps'try *ſpread*.

Ver. 405.] The term, here employed, is familiar to Milton in this acceptation; of which let the following example ſuffice from his Penſeroſo:

All in a robe of darkeſt *grain*,
Flowing with majeſtic train.

Ver. 406.] A ſtrange unmuſical verſe; which, perhaps, might be more agreeably written thus:

Rich *tap'ſtry*, ſtiff with *interwoven* gold.

Then thro' th' illumin'd dome, to balmy reſt
Th' obſequious herald guides each princely gueſt:
While to his regal bow'r the king aſcends,
And beauteous Helen on her lord attends.
Soon as the morn, in orient purple dreſt,
Unbarr'd the portal of the roſeate eaſt,
The monarch roſe; magnificent to view,
Th' imperial mantle o'er his veſt he threw:
The glitt'ring zone athwart his ſhoulder caſt,
A ſtarry falchion low-depending grac'd;

But, in reality, it's untuneableneſs conſtitutes it's moſt trivial objection. This intermixture of *gold* is unauthoriſed by the original, and is alike inconſiſtent with the purpoſe in view and the preceding verſe. I have before had occaſion to paſs the ſame cenſure, but the particular place has eſcaped my memory.

Ver. 407.] That part of his author, which our tranſlator intended to exhibit in this couplet, is given with much greater fidelity, and in a ſtile not contemptible, by Ogilby:

Forth went her damſels with a lighted torch;
The gueſts a herald uſhers to the porch:
O're the reſounding gates the princes lay,
Whom Morpheus golden fetters bound till day.

Ver. 411.] Where our tranſlator's imagination was left ſo much at liberty by the frequent recurrence of this line in his author, ſo as to make variation excuſable, and even eligible; a couplet of unexceptionable rhymes ſhould have been deviſed. I ſhall propoſe a ſubſtitution:

Soon as the morn emerg'd from ocean's bed,
And o'er th' ætherial plains her roſes ſhed—.

Ver. 415.] Our poet probably had in view a moſt poetical paſſage of Milton, Par. Loſt. xi. 245.

His *ſtarry* helm unbuckled ſhow'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his ſide
As in a *gliſt'ring* zodiac hung the ſword.

Claſp'd on his feet th' embroider'd ſandals ſhine;
And forth he moves, majeſtick and divine:
Inſtant to young Telemachus he preſs'd,
And thus benevolent his ſpeech addreſs'd.
Say, royal youth, ſincere of ſoul, report
What cauſe hath led you to the Spartan court?
Do publick or domeſtick cares conſtrain
This toilſome voyage o'er the ſurgy main?
O highly-favour'd delegate of Jove!
(Replies the prince) inflam'd with filial love,
And anxious hope, to hear my parent's doom,
A ſuppliant to your royal court I come.
Our ſov'reign ſeat a lewd uſurping race
With lawleſs riot, and miſ-rule diſgrace;
To pamper'd inſolence devoted fall
Prime of the flock, and choiceſt of the ſtall:
For wild ambition wings their bold deſire,
And all to mount th' imperial bed aſpire.

Ogilby alſo was not diſregarded by him:

Puts on *his veſt, athwart his ſhoulders* flings
His well-hatchd *faulchion*, on his ſandals ties,
And *forth*, with a *majeſtick* preſence, hies.

Ver. 427.] I know not, whether the reader will judge the following ſubſtitution preferable to the couplet before us with imperfect rhymes:

And anxious hope, my parent's doom to hear,
I *at* your court, a ſuppliant *ſad, appear*.

Ver. 433.] Pope in his prologue to Cato:

And *wild ambition* well deſerves it's woe.

But proſtrate I implore, oh king! relate
The mournful ſeries of my father's fate:
Each known diſaſter of the man diſcloſe,
Born by his mother to a world of woes!
Recite them! nor in erring pity fear
To wound with ſtoried grief the filial ear:
If e'er Ulyſſes, to reclaim your right,
Avow'd his zeal in council or in fight,
If Phrygian camps the friendly toils atteſt,
To the ſire's merit give the ſon's requeſt.
Deep from his inmoſt ſoul Atrides ſigh'd,
And thus indignant to the prince reply'd:
Heav'ns! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train
An abſent hero's nuptial joys profane!

Ver. 435.] The reader may amuſe himſelf with comparing the ſame paſſage of the original in Pope's tranſlation, book iii. verſe 111.

Ver. 447. *Heav'ns! would a ſoft, inglorious, daſtard train.*] Menelaus is fired with indignation at the injuries offered his friend by the Suitors: he breaks out into an exclamation, and in a juſt contempt vouchſafes not to mention them: he thinks he fully diſtinguiſhes whom he intends, by calling them δειλαλκιδὴς αὐτοὶ, *thoſe cowards*. The compariſon which he introduces is very juſt, they are the fawns, Ulyſſes is the lion.

This is the firſt ſimile that Homer has inſerted in the Odyſſey; but I cannot think it proceeded from a barrenneſs of invention, or through phlegm in the declenſion of his years, as ſome have imagined. The nature of the poem requires a difference of ſtyle from the Iliad: The Iliad ruſhes along like a torrent; the Odyſſey flows gently on like a deep ſtream, with a ſmooth tranquillity; Achilles is all fire, Ulyſſes all wiſdom.

The ſimile in Homer is really beautiful; but in Hobbs ridiculous,

So with her young, amid the woodland ſhades,
A tim'rous hind the lion's court invades,
Leaves in the fatal lair the tender fawns,
Climbs the green cliff, or feeds the flow'ry lawns:
Meantime return'd, with dire remorſeleſs ſway
The monarch-ſavage rends the trembling prey.
With equal fury, and with equal fame,
Ulyſſes ſoon ſhall re-aſſert his claim.
O Jove, ſupreme, whom Gods and men revere!
And * thou, to whom 'tis giv'n to gild the ſphere!
With pow'r congenial join'd, propitious aid
The chief adopted by the martial maid!

As when a ſtag and hind ent'ring the den
Of th' abſent lion, lulls his whelps with tales,
Of hills and dales; the lion comes agen,
And tears them into pieces with his nails.

Can any thing be more foreign to the ſenſe of Homer, or worſe tranſlated? He conſtrues κρημνὸς ἐξερέῑνσι, by telling ſtories of hills and dales to the lion's whelps, inſtead of *Juga inveſtigat*: but ſuch miſtakes are ſo frequent in Hobbs, that one would almoſt ſuſpect his learning in Greek: he has diſgraced the beſt Poet, and a very great hiſtorian; Homer, and Thucydides. P.

Ver. 451.] Thus Ogilby:

As in a lyon's den, a hinde her *fauns*
Securing, ſtraies ore hills and fertile *lawns*.

Ver. 457.] One verſe of Homer is here dilated into *four*. A couplet at moſt might have ſufficed, thus:

Would Jove, ſupreme of Gods and mortals, aid;
Would fav'ring Phœbus and the martial maid—.

* Apollo. P.

Such to our wiſh the warriour ſoon reſtore,
As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore
His proweſs Philomelides confeſs'd,
And loud-acclaiming Greeks the victor bleſs'd:
Then ſoon th' invaders of his bed and throne,
Their love preſumptuous ſhall with life atone.
With patient ear, oh royal youth, attend
The ſtoried labours of thy father's friend:
Fruitful of deeds, the copious tale is long,
But truth ſevere ſhall dictate to my tongue:
Learn what I heard the ſea-born ſeer relate,
Whoſe eye can pierce the dark receſs of Fate.
Long on th' Ægyptian coaſt by calms confin'd,
Heav'n to my fleet refus'd a proſp'rous wind:
No vows had we preferr'd, nor victim ſlain!
For this the Gods each fav'ring gale reſtrain:
Jealous, to ſee their high beheſts obey'd;
Severe, if men th' eternal rights evade.
High o'er a gulfy ſea, the Pharian iſle
Fronts the deep roar of diſemboguing Nile:

Ver. 462. *As when contending on the Leſbian ſhore.*] The Poet here gives an account of one of Ulyſſes's adventures. Philomelides was king of Leſbos, and Euſtathius obſerves, that there was a tradition that Ulyſſes and Diomedes ſlew him, and turned a ſtately monument he had raiſed for himſelf into a publick place for the reception of ſtrangers. P.

Ver. 479. *The Pharian iſle.*] This deſcription of Pharos has given great trouble to the Criticks and Geographers; it is generally concluded, that the diſtance of Pharos is about ſeven ſtadia from Alexandria; Ammianus Marcellinus mentions this very

Her diſtance from the ſhore, the courſe begun
At dawn, and ending with the ſetting ſun,

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paſſage thus; l. xxii. *Inſula Pharos, ubi Protea cum Phocarum gregibus diverſatum Homerus fabulatur inflatius, à civitatis littore mille paſſibus diſparata,* or, *about a mile diſtant from the ſhores.* How then comes Homer to affirm it to be diſtant a full day's ſail? Dacier anſwers, that Homer might have heard that the Nile, continually bringing down much earthy ſubſtance, had enlarged the continent: and knowing it not to be ſo diſtant in his time, took the liberty of a Poet, and deſcribed it as ſtill more diſtant in the days of Menelaus. But Dacier never ſees a miſtake in Homer. Had his poetry been worſe if he had deſcribed the real diſtance of Pharos? It is allowable in a Poet to diſguiſe the truth, to adorn his ſtory; but what ornament has he given his poetry by this enlargement? Bochart has fully proved that there is no acceſſion to the continent from any ſubſtance that the Nile brings down with it: the violent agitation of the ſeas prohibit it from lodging, and forming itſelf into ſolidity. Eratoſthenes is of opinion, that Homer was ignorant of the mouths of Nile: but Strabo anſwers, that his ſilence about them is not an argument of his ignorance, for neither has he ever mentioned where he was born. But Strabo does not enter fully into the meaning of Eratoſthenes: Eratoſthenes does not mean that Homer was ignorant of the mouths of Nile from his ſilence, but becauſe he places Pharos at the diſtance of a whole day's ſail from the continent. The only way to unite this inconſiſtence is to ſuppoſe, that the Poet intended to ſpecify the Peluſiac mouth of Nile, from which Pharos ſtands about a day's ſail: but this is ſubmitted to the Criticks.

I cannot tell whether one ſhould venture to make uſe of the word Nile in the tranſlation, it is doubtleſs an anachroniſm; that name being unknown in the times of Homer and Menelaus, when the Nile was called Ægyptus. Homer in this very book

— — — Αἰγύπτοιο Διὶ πιτνίος ποταμοῖο.

Yet on the other hand, this name of Ægyptus is ſo little known, that a common reader would ſcarce diſtinguiſh the river from the country; and indeed univerſal cuſtom has obtained for uſing the Latin name inſtead of the Grecian, in many other inſtances which are equally anachroniſms: witneſs all the names of the Gods and

A galley meaſures; when the ſtiffer gales
Riſe on the poop, and fully ſtretch the ſails.
There, anchor'd veſſels ſafe in harbour lye,
Whilſt limpid ſprings the failing caſk ſupply.
And now the twentieth ſun deſcending, laves
His glowing axle in the weſtern waves;
Still with expanded ſails we court in vain
Propitious winds, to waft us o'er the main:
And the pale mariner at once deplores
His drooping vigour, and exhauſted ſtores.
When lo! a bright cœrulean form appears,
The fair Eidothea! to diſpel my fears;
Proteus her ſire divine. With pity preſs'd,
Me ſole the daughter of the deep addreſs'd;
What-time with hunger-pin'd, my abſent mates
Roam the wild iſle in ſearch of rural cates,
Bait the barb'd ſteel, and from the fiſhy flood
Appeaſe th' afflictive fierce deſire of food.

Goddeſſes throughout Homer; Jupiter for Zeus, Juno for Erè, Neptune for Poſidaon, &c. P.

Ver. 484.] There is ſomething proſaic in this verſe. The couplet may be improved, perhaps, thus; with more adherence to Homer's language:

A *well-rigg'd* galley meaſures, when the gales
Riſe *whiſtling* on the poop, and *ſwell* the ſails.

Ver. 487.] This part of the narration is very finely tranſlated.

Ver. 499. *Bait the barb'd ſteel, and from the fiſhy flood.*] Menelaus ſays, hunger was ſo violent among his companions, that they were compelled to eat fiſh. Plutarch in his Sympoſiacks obſerves, that among the Syrians and Greeks, to abſtain from fiſh was eſteemed a piece of ſanctity; that though the Greeks were en-

Whoe'er thou art (the azure Goddeſs cries)
Thy conduct ill deſerves the praiſe of wiſe:
Is death thy choice, or miſery thy boaſt,
That here inglorious on a barren coaſt
Thy brave aſſociates droop, a meagre train
With famine pale, and aſk thy care in vain?
Struck with the kind reproach, I ſtraight reply;
Whate'er thy title in thy native ſky,
A Goddeſs ſure! for more than mortal grace
Speaks thee deſcendant of ætherial race:

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camped upon the Helleſpont, there is not the leaſt intimation that they eat fiſh, or any ſea proviſion; and that the companions of Ulyſſes, in the twelfth book of the Odyſſey, never ſought for fiſh till all their other proviſions were conſumed, and that the ſame neceſſity compelled them to eat the herds of the ſun which induced them to taſte fiſh. No fiſh is ever offered in ſacrifice: the Pythagoreans in particular command fiſh not to be eaten more ſtrictly than any other animal: fiſh afford no excuſe at all for their deſtruction, they live as it were in another world, diſturb not our air, conſume not our fruits, or injure the waters; and therefore the Pythagoreans, who were unwilling to offer violence to any animals, fed very little, or not at all on fiſhes. I thought it neceſſary to inſert this from Plutarch, becauſe it is an obſervation that explains other paſſages in the ſequel of the Odyſſey. P.

Ver. 504.] Thus, with more fidelity,

That *lingering* here on this *wave-beaten* coaſt.

Ver. 508.] Theſe *three* verſes are amplified from little more than the ſame number of words in his original, after the model of a parallel paſſage below in book vi. verſe 149. of the Greek, and Virgil's imitation of it in his firſt Æneid.

Deem not, that here of choice my fleet remains;
Some heav'nly pow'r averſe my ſtay conſtrains:
O, piteous of my fate, vouchſafe to ſhew,
(For what's ſequeſter'd from celeſtial view?)
What pow'r becalms th' innavigable ſeas?
What guilt provokes him, and what vows appeaſe?
I ceas'd, when affable the Goddeſs cry'd;
Obſerve, and in the truths I ſpeak confide:
Th' orac'lous ſeer frequents the Pharian coaſt,
From whoſe high bed my birth divine I boaſt:
Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main,
The delegate of Neptune's wat'ry reign.

Ver. 511.] The remainder of this ſpeech is liable to various exceptions. I ſhall propoſe a more faithful verſion:

Unwilling here I ſtay; ſome deathleſs power
Incens'd detains, who dwells th' Olympian bower.
But (for thou know'ſt) what God detains me, ſay;
And binds my paſſage o'er the wat'ry way?

Ver. 521. *Proteus, a name tremendous o'er the main.*] Euſtathius enumerates various opinions concerning Proteus; ſome underſtand Proteus allegorically to ſignify the firſt matter which undergoes all changes; others make him an emblem of true friendſhip, which ought not to be ſettled till it has been tried in all ſhapes: others make Proteus a picture of a flatterer, who takes up all ſhapes, and ſuits himſelf to all forms, in compliance to the temper of the perſon whom he courts. The Greeks (obſerves Diodorus) imagined all theſe metamorphoſes of Proteus to have been borrowed from the practices of the Ægyptian kings, who were accuſtomed to wear the figures of lions, bulls or dragons in their diadems, as emblems of royalty, and ſometimes that of trees, &c. not ſo much for ornament as terrour. Others took Proteus to be an enchanter; and Euſtathius recounts ſeveral that were eminent in this art, as Cratiſthenes the Phliaſian (which Dacier renders by miſtake Caliſt-

Watch with inſidious care his known abode;
There faſt in chains conſtrain the various God;
Who bound, obedient to ſuperiour force,
Unerring will preſcribe your deſtin'd courſe.

henes the Phyſician) who when he pleaſed could appear all on fire, and aſſume other appearances to the aſtoniſhment of the ſpectators: ſuch alſo was Xenophon, Scymnus of Tarentum, Philippides of Syracuſe, Heraclitus of Mitylene, and Nymphodorus, all practiſers of magical arts; and Euſtathius recites that the Phocæ were made uſe of in their incantations. Some write that Proteus was an Ægyptian tumbler, who could throw himſelf into variety of figures and poſtures; others, a ſtage-player; others, that he was a great general, ſkilled in all the arts and ſtratagems of war: Dacier looks upon him to have been an enchanter, or θαυματοποιὸς. It is certain from Herodotus, that there was in the times of Menelaus, a king named Proteus, who reigned in Memphis; that Ægypt was always remarkable for thoſe who excelled in magical arts; thus Jannes and Jambres changed, at leaſt in appearance, a rod into a ſerpent, and water into blood: it is not therefore improbable but that Menelaus, hearing of him while he was in Ægypt, went to conſult him as an enchanter, which kind of men always pretended to foreknow events: this perhaps was the real foundation of the whole ſtory concerning Proteus; the reſt is the fiction and embelliſhment of the Poet, who aſcribes to his Proteus whatever the credulity of men uſually aſcribes to enchanters. P.

Concerning the firſt interpretation of the character Proteus, mentioned, as aſſigned by Euſtathius, at the beginning of this note, the curious reader may ſee ſome elegant diſquiſitions in the Philoſophical Arrangements of Mr. Harris, chapter iv.

Ver. 523.] Theſe are imperfect rhymes of perpetual occurrence; and the paſſage is unneceſſarily dilated. The following couplet is no leſs expreſſive of the original:

He, ſeiz'd in ambuſh, and detain'd by force,
O'er the wide ocean will preſcribe thy courſe.

If ſtudious of your realms, you then demand
Their ſtate, ſince laſt you left your natal land;
Inſtant the God obſequious will diſcloſe
Bright tracks of glory, or a cloud of woes.
She ceas'd, and ſuppliant thus I made reply;
O Goddeſs! on thy aid my hopes rely:
Dictate propitious to my duteous ear,
What arts can captivate the changeful ſeer?
For perilous th' aſſay, unheard the toil,
T' elude the preſcience of a God by guile.
Thus to the Goddeſs mild my ſuit I end.
Then ſhe. Obedient to my rule, attend:
When thro' the zone of heav'n the mounted ſun
Hath journey'd half, and half remains to run;
The ſeer, while zephyrs curl the ſwelling deep,
Baſks on the breezy ſhore, in grateful ſleep,
His oozy limbs. Emerging from the wave,
The Phocæ ſwift ſurround his rocky cave,

Ver. 527] The verſion here ſeems to me much too pompous and ſtiff for his author and the occaſion. The ſubjoined attempt is literal.

And if you wiſh, illuſtrious chief! to know,
What good or ill your houſe betides, ſince firſt
Began your woeful wand'rings, he can tell.

Ver. 534.] There is nothing in Homer to countenance this epithet *changeful*, which anticipates the ſequel of the ſtory. And the next couplet is miſerable beyond correction.

Frequent and full; the conſecrated train
Of * her, whoſe azure trident awes the main:
There wallowing warm, th' enormous herd exhales
An oily ſteam, and taints the noon-tide gales.
To that receſs, commodious for ſurpriſe,
When purple light ſhall next ſuffuſe the ſkies,
With me repair; and from thy warriour band
Three choſen chiefs of dauntleſs ſoul command:
Let their auxiliar force befriend the toil,
For ſtrong the God, and perfected in guile.
Stretch'd on the ſhelly ſhore, he firſt ſurveys
The flouncing herd aſcending from the ſeas;
Their number ſumm'd, repos'd in ſleep profound
The ſcaly charge their guardian God ſurround:
So with his batt'ning flocks the careful ſwain
Abides, pavilion'd on the graſſy plain.

Ver. 545.] So Milton, Par. Loſt. i. 797.

A thouſand demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full.

Ver. 553.] Vicious rhymes, and wretched poetry, in my opinion. Thus?

A needful aid! Attend, and thou ſhalt hear
The fell devices of the reverend ſeer.

Ver. 555.] The rhymes are not good. Thus, more cloſely;

The monſtrous herd, ſpread on the ſhelly banks,
He firſt will view, and, numb'ring, range their ranks;
Then in the circle will the prophet ſleep,
As reſts the rural guardian of the ſheep.

* Amphitrite.

With pow'rs united, obſtinately bold
Invade him, couch'd amid the ſcaly fold:
Inſtant he wears, eluſive of the rape,
The mimick force of ev'ry ſavage ſhape:
Or glides with liquid lapſe a murm'ring ſtream,
Or wrapt in flame, he glows at ev'ry limb.
Yet ſtill retentive, with redoubled might
Thro' each vain paſſive form conſtrain his flight.
But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, he ſtands
Patient of conqueſt, and your cauſe demands;
The cauſe that urg'd the bold attempt declare,
And ſoothe the vanquiſh'd with a victor's pray'r.
The bands relax'd, implore the ſeer to ſay
What Godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?
Who ſtraight propitious, in prophetick ſtrain
Will teach you to repaſs th' unmeaſur'd main.
She ceas'd, and bounding from the ſhelfy ſhore,
Round the deſcending nymph the waves redounding roar.

Ver. 565.] A very poor couplet indeed! Thus?

Or in a ſtream the liquid prophet flows;
Or in a fire, by change as ſudden, glows.

I muſt confeſs, that this whole paſſage, ſo ſuſceptible of beauty, and of ſuch obvious tranſlation, is very indifferently executed by our tranſlator, and in ſuch a manner as to deſerve but little regard of criticiſm.

Ver. 569. *But when, his native ſhape reſum'd, &c.*] This is founded upon the practice of enchanters, who never give their anſwers, till they have aſtoniſhed the imagination of thoſe who conſult them with their juggling deluſions. *Dacier.* P.

High wrapt in wonder of the future deed,
With joy impetuous, to the port I ſpeed:
The wants of nature with repaſt ſuffice,
'Till night with grateful ſhade involv'd the ſkies,
And ſhed ambroſial dews. Faſt by the deep,
Along the tented ſhore, in balmy ſleep,
Our cares were loſt. When o'er the eaſtern lawn,
In ſaffron robes the daughter of the dawn
Advanc'd her roſy ſteps; before the bay,
Due ritual honours to the Gods I pay;
Then ſeek the place the ſea-born nymph aſſign'd,
With three aſſociates of undaunted mind.
Arriv'd, to form along th' appointed ſtrand
For each a bed, ſhe ſcoops the hilly ſand;
Then from her azure car, the finny ſpoils
Of four vaſt Phocæ takes, to veil her wiles:
Beneath the finny ſpoils extended prone,
Hard toil! the prophet's piercing eye to ſhun;
New from the corſe, the ſcaly frauds diffuſe
Unſavoury ſtench of oil, and brackiſh ooze:

Ver. 579. Literally, thus:

With heart revolving deep the future deed,
Straight to the ſands, where ſtood our ſhips, I ſpeed.

Ver. 587.] Our tranſlator had his Milton in view, Par. Loſt, v. 1.

Now morn, *her roſy ſteps* in th' eaſtern clime
Advancing, ſow'd the earth with orient pearl.

Ver. 593.] Theſe *three* couplets are executed in a mean ſtile of poetry, and a ſlovenly verſification.

But the bright ſea-maid's gentle pow'r implor'd,
With nectar'd drops the ſick'ning ſenſe reſtor'd.
Thus 'till the ſun had travell'd half the ſkies,
Ambuſh'd we lie, and wait the bold empriſe:
When thronging quick to baſk in open air,
The flocks of Ocean to the ſtrand repair:
Couch'd on the ſunny ſand, the monſters ſleep:
Then Proteus mounting from the hoary deep,
Surveys his charge, unknowing of deceit:
(In order told, we make the ſum compleat.)
Pleas'd with the falſe review, ſecure he lies,
And leaden ſlumbers preſs his drooping eyes.
Ruſhing impetuous forth, we ſtraight prepare
A furious onſet with the ſound of war,
And ſhouting ſeize the God: our force t' evade
His various arts he ſoon reſumes in aid:

Ver. 608.] This line of explanation is added by the tranſlator.

Ver. 611.] The rhymes of this couplet are imperfect: and that ungraceful eliſion of the next is from Ogilby.

He ſkilfull ſuch conſpirators *t' evade* —.

Ver. 613. *And ſhouting ſeize the God:* ——] Proteus has, through the whole ſtory, been deſcribed as a God who knew all things; it may then be aſked, how comes it that he did not foreknow the violence that was deſigned againſt his own perſon? and is it not a contradiction, that he who knew Menelaus without information, ſhould not know that he lay in ambuſh to ſeize him? The only anſwer that occurs to me is, that theſe enchanters never pretend to have an inherent fore-knowledge of events, but learn things by magical arts, and by recourſe to the ſecrets of their profeſſion; ſo that Proteus having no ſuſpicion, had not conſulted his art, and conſequently might be ſurprized by Menelaus: ſo far is agreeable to the pretenſions of ſuch deluders: the

A lion now, he curls a ſurgy mane;
Sudden, our bands a ſpotted pard reſtrain;
Then arm'd with tuſks, and light'ning in his eyes,
A boar's obſcener ſhape the God belies:
On ſpiry volumes, there, a dragon rides;
Here, from our ſtrict embrace a ſtream he glides:
And laſt, ſublime his ſtately growth he rears,
A tree, and well-diſſembled foliage wears.
Vain efforts! with ſuperiour pow'r compreſs'd,
Me with reluctance thus the ſeer addreſs'd.
Say, ſon of Atreus, ſay what God inſpir'd
This daring fraud, and what the boon deſir'd?
I thus; O thou, whoſe certain eye foreſees
The fix'd event of Fate's remote decrees;
After long woes, and various toil endur'd,
Still on this deſert iſle my fleet is moor'd;
Unfriended of the gales. All-knowing! ſay,
What Godhead interdicts the wat'ry way?

Poet indeed has drawn him in colours ſtronger than life; but poetry adds or detracts at pleaſure, and is allowed frequently to ſtep out of the way, to bring a foreign ornament into the ſtory. P.

Ver. 618.] Our tranſlator imitates here Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia:

A dragon's fiery form *bely'd the God:*
Sublime on radiant *ſpires he rode.*

Ver. 627.] Or, with more fidelity, as follows:

I thus: O! reverend ſage! whoſe eye foreſees
(Why then theſe queſtions?) Fate's remote decrees;
Pines my ſad ſoul, to ſee (ſuch labours paſt)
On this lone iſle my fleet detain'd at laſt.

What vows repentant will the pow'r appeaſe,
To ſpeed a proſp'rous voyage o'er the ſeas?
To Jove (with ſtern regard the God replies)
And all th' offended ſynod of the ſkies,
Juſt hecatombs with due devotion ſlain,
Thy guilt abſolv'd, a proſp'rous voyage gain.
To the firm ſanction of thy fate attend!
An exile thou, nor cheering face of friend,
Nor ſight of natal ſhore, nor regal dome
Shalt yet enjoy, but ſtill art doom'd to roam.
Once more the Nile, who from the ſecret ſource
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends with ſweepy force,

Ver. 633.] Or thus:

Our navy here what power offended keeps,
Nor yields a paſſage o'er the fiſhy deeps.

Ver. 635. *To Jove——Juſt hecatombs——&c.*] Homer continually inculcates morality, and piety to the Gods; he gives in this place a great inſtance of the neceſſity of it. Menelaus cannot ſucceed in any of his actions, till he pays due honours to the Gods; the neglect of ſacrifice is the occaſion of all his calamity, and the performance of it opens a way to all his future proſperity. P.

Ver. 643. — — — *Nile, who from the ſecret ſource*
Of Jove's high ſeat deſcends——]

Homer, it muſt be confeſſed, gives the epithet Διϊογενὴς generally to all rivers; if he has uſed it here peculiarly, there might have been room to have imagined that he had been acquainted with the true cauſe of the inundations of this famous river: the word Διϊογενὴς implies it: for it is now generally agreed, that theſe prodigious inundations proceed from the vaſt rains and the melting of the ſnows on the mountains of the Moon in Æthiopia, about the autumnal Æquinox; when thoſe rains begin to fall, the river by degrees increaſes, and as they abate, it decreaſes; the word Διϊογενὴς is therefore peculiarly proper when applied to the Nile;

Muſt view his billows white beneath thy oar,
And altars blaze along his ſanguine ſhore.
Then will the Gods, with holy pomp ador'd,
To thy long vows a ſafe return accord.
He ceas'd: heart-wounded with afflictive pain,
(Doom'd to repeat the perils of the main,
A ſhelfy tract, and long!) O ſeer, I cry,
To the ſtern ſanction of th' offended ſky
My prompt obedience bows. But deign to ſay,
What fate propitious, or what dire diſmay
Suſtain thoſe peers, the reliques of our hoſt,
Whom I with Neſtor on the Phrygian coaſt
Embracing left? Muſt I the warriours weep,
Whelm'd in the bottom of the monſtrous deep?
Or did the kind domeſtick friend deplore
The breathleſs heroes on their native ſhore?
Preſs not too far, reply'd the God; but ceaſe
To know, what known will violate thy peace:
Too curious of their doom! with friendly woe
Thy breaſt will heave, and tears eternal flow.

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for though all rivers depend upon the waters that fall from the air, or ἐκ Διὸς, yet the Nile more eſpecially; for when the rain ceaſes, the Nile conſiſts only of ſeven empty channels. P.

Or thus, more accurately:

Once more th' Ægyptian ſtream, whoſe waters flow
From Jove's high manſions to the plains below —.

Ver. 653.] The tranſlation of this paſſage is unneceſſarily dilated, and the ſpirit weakened by inſipid dilution. I would contract it thus:

I bow: but ſay, what *fates attend* our hoſt,
Whom I *and* Neſtor ——.

Part live! the reſt, a lamentable train!
Range the dark bounds of Pluto's dreary reign.
Two, foremoſt in the roll of Mars renown'd,
Whoſe arms with conqueſt in thy cauſe were crown'd,
Fell by diſaſtrous fate; by tempeſts toſt,
A third lives wretched on a diſtant coaſt.
By Neptune reſcu'd from Minerva's hate,
On Gyræ, ſafe Oïlean Ajax ſat,
His ſhip o'erwhelm'd; but frowning on the floods,
Impious he roar'd defiance to the Gods;
To his own proweſs all the glory gave,
The pow'r defrauding who vouchſaf'd to ſave.
This heard the raging Ruler of the main;
His ſpear, indignant for ſuch high diſdain,
He lanch'd; dividing with his forky mace
Th' aërial ſummit from the marble baſe:
The rock ruſh'd ſea-ward with impetuous roar
Ingulf'd, and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.

Ver. 669.] Or thus:

Are dead: one lives his ſorrows to deplore,
Impriſon'd exile on a ſea-girt ſhore!

Ver. 673.] The vicious rhymes of Ogilby:

But that the *impious* ſaid, thoſe raging *floods*
He would eſcape, in ſpite of all the *Gods*.

Ver. 679.] This couplet is uncommonly dignified.

Ver. 681.] Thus, more accurately:

One fragment ſtay'd; and with impetuous roar,
One to the ſwelling deeps the boaſter bore:
There floating long, the ſuffocating wave
At length ingulf'd him in a watry grave.

Ver. 682. — — *and to th' abyſs the boaſter bore.*] It is in the

By Juno's guardian aid, the wat'ry vaſt
Secure of ſtorms, your royal brother paſt:
'Till coaſting nigh the Cape, where Malea ſhrouds
Her ſpiry cliffs amid ſurrounding clouds;
A whirling guſt tumultuous from the ſhore,
Acroſs the deep his lab'ring veſſel bore.
In an ill-fated hour the coaſt he gain'd,
Where late in regal pomp Thyeſtes reign'd;

original, *He died, having drunk the ſalt water.* This verſe has been omitted in many editions of Homer; and the ancients, ſays Euſtathius, blame Ariſtarchus for not marking it as a verſe that ought to be rejected; the ſimplicity of it conſiſts in the ſenſe, more than in the terms, and it is unworthy of Proteus to treat the death of Ajax with pleaſantry, as he ſeems to do, by adding *having drunk ſalt water:* but why may not Proteus be ſuppoſed to be ſerious, and the term Ἁλμυρὸν ὕδωρ, to imply no more than that he was drowned in the waves of the ocean? I know only one reaſon that can give any colour to the objection, *viz.* its being poſſibly become a vulgar expreſſion, and uſed commonly in a ludicrous ſenſe; then indeed it is to be avoided in poetry, but it does not follow, becauſe perhaps it might be uſed in this manner in the days of theſe Criticks, that therefore it was ſo uſed in the days of Homer. What was poetical in the time of the Poet, might be grown vulgar in the time of the Criticks. P.

Ver. 683.] Or thus:

Your brother held his courſe, ſecure from harm
By venerable Juno's potent arm.

Ver. 689.] Here our tranſlator begins to miſrepreſent his author, of whom I ſhall give a literal verſion:

To the land's end, where once Thyeſtes dwelt,
But then his ſon Ægiſthus: hence appear'd
An eaſy paſſage home; for fav'ring Gods
Chang'd the rough breeze, and gave a ſafe return.
The king ſprang joyful to his native ſhore,
And fondly kiſt the ground: with rapture view'd
The bliſsful ſpot, and ſteept with many a tear.

None of his predeceſſors appear to have miſconceived the meaning of their author.

But when his hoary honours bow'd to fate,
Ægyſthus govern'd in paternal ſtate.
The ſurges now ſubſide, the tempeſt ends;
From his tall ſhip the king of men deſcends:
There fondly thinks the Gods conclude his toil!
Far from his own domain ſalutes the ſoil:
With rapture oft' the verge of Greece reviews,
And the dear turf with tears of joy bedews.
Him thus exulting on the diſtant ſtrand,
A ſpy diſtinguiſh'd from his airy ſtand;
To bribe whoſe vigilance, Ægyſthus told
A mighty ſum of ill perſuading gold:
There watch'd this guardian of his guilty fear,
'Till the twelfth moon had wheel'd her pale career;
And now admoniſh'd by his eye, to court
With terrour wing'd conveys the dread report.

Ver. 698.] Thus Ogilby:

With a full flood of *joyful tears bedews*.

Ver. 699.] This notion of diſcovering Agamemnon by his *geſtures*, which ſeems implied in our Poet's verſion, is altogether unknown to his author, and might probably be ſuggeſted by his favourite Milton. Let the reader compare Par. Loſt, iv. 128. 568.

Ver. 704.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt, i. 784.

— — — — — while over-head *the moon*
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale courſe.

Ver. 705.] The remainder of this account is poorly executed. The reader muſt content himſelf with a plain literal tranſlation:

The news he carried to Ægiſthus' houſe;
Who ſtraight a crafty ſtratagem deviſ'd.
Seven of his ſturdieſt men, ſelected all,
In ambuſh lay: a feaſt he bids prepare:

Of deathful arts expert, his lord employs
The miniſters of blood in dark ſurpriſe:
And twenty youths in radiant mail incas'd,
Cloſe ambuſh'd nigh the ſpacious hall he plac'd.
Then bids prepare the hoſpitable treat:
Vain ſhews of love to veil his felon hate!
To grace the victor's welcome from the wars,
A train of courſers, and triumphal cars
Magnificent he leads: the royal gueſt
Thoughtleſs of ill, accepts the fraudful feaſt.
The troop forth iſſuing from the dark receſs,
With homicidal rage the king oppreſs!
So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall,
The ſov'reign of the herd is doom'd to fall.
The partners of his fame and toils at Troy,
Around their lord, a mighty ruin! lie:
Mix'd with the brave, the baſe invaders bleed;
Ægyſthus ſole ſurvives to boaſt the deed.

Himſelf with horſe and cars, on miſchief bent,
Meets and invites the king of men; conducts
Without ſuſpicion, and at ſupper ſlays,
Juſt at his manger as an ox might fall.
Not one the royal train ſurviving ſaw;
Not one, Ægiſthus: all were ſlaughter'd there.

Ver. 719. *So, whilſt he feeds luxurious in the ſtall, &c.*] Dacier tranſlates βοῦν, by *taureau*, a bull; and miſunderſtands Euſtathius, who directly ſays, that in the ſecond Iliad the Poet compares Agamemnon to a bull, in this place to an ox, ταύρῳ εἴκασεν νῦν δὲ βοῒ αὐτὸν ὡμοίωσεν. The one was undoubtedly deſigned to deſcribe the courage and majeſtick port of a warriour, the other to give us an image of a prince falling in full peace and plenty, ὡς βοῦν ἐπὶ φάτνῃ. P.

He ſaid; chill horrours ſhook my ſhiv'ring ſoul,
Rack'd with convulſive pangs in duſt I roll;
And hate, in madneſs of extreme deſpair,
To view the ſun, or breathe the vital air.
But when ſuperiour to the rage of woe,
I ſtood reſtor'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow;
Lenient of grief, the pitying God began—
Forget the brother, and reſume the man:
To Fate's ſupreme diſpoſe the dead reſign,
That care be Fate's, a ſpeedy paſſage thine.
Still lives the wretch who wrought the death deplor'd,
But lives a victim for thy vengeful ſword;

Ver. 729.] Better, perhaps, as follows:

At length, when, *fated with exceſs* of woe,
My limbs I rais'd, and tears had ceas'd to flow —.

Ver. 732.] This thought is not in Homer, and was probably ſuggeſted to the tranſlator by Chapman's verſion a little below:

— — — — — a generous ſpring began.
Of fitting comfort, as I was *a man*;
But, *as a brother*, I muſt ever mourne.

Ver. 735.] Theſe *ſix* verſes are dilated from *two* of Homer; and their contents may be exhibited in an equal number in Engliſh, if a common form of conſtruction in the ancient languages may be allowed in our's: (and all poſſible indulgence of this kind ſhould be conceded in poetry) namely, that of including the *ſubſtantive* in the *pronoun*; thus:

Alive thou ſtill wilt find him, or partake
His funeral feaſt, by young Oreſtes ſlain.

The reader may conſult my note on the Trachiniæ of Sophocles, verſe 260.

Unleſs with filial rage Oreſtes glow,
And ſwift prevent the meditated blow:
You timely will return a welcome gueſt,
With him to ſhare the ſad funereal feaſt.
He ſaid: new thoughts my beating heart employ,
My gloomy ſoul receives a gleam of joy.
Fair hope revives; and eager I addreſt
The preſcient Godhead to reveal the reſt.
The doom decreed of thoſe diſaſtrous two
I've heard with pain, but oh! the tale purſue;
What third brave ſon of Mars the fates conſtrain
To roam the howling deſert of the main:
Or in eternal ſhade if cold he lies,
Provoke new ſorrow from theſe grateful eyes.

Ver. 748.] "He found him in a *deſert* land, and in the waſte *howling wilderneſs*:" Deut. xxxii. 10.

Ver. 749. *Or in eternal ſhade if cold he lies.*] Proteus in the beginning of his relation had ſaid, that *one perſon was alive, and remained encloſed by the ocean:* how then comes Menelaus here to ſay, Give me an account of that other perſon who is alive, or *dead?* Perhaps the ſorrow which Menelaus conceived for his friend Ulyſſes, might make him fear the worſt; and Proteus adding, *encloſed by the ocean*, might give a ſuſpicion that he was dead, the words being capable of ambiguity. However this be, it ſets the friendſhip of Menelaus in a ſtrong light: where friendſhip is ſincere, a ſtate of uncertainty is a ſtate of fears, we dread even poſſibilities, and give them an imaginary certainty. Upon this, one of the fineſt compliments that a Poet ever made to a patron turns, that of Horace to Mecænas, in the firſt of the Epodes.

It may not perhaps be diſagreeable to the reader to obſerve, that Virgil has borrowed this ſtory of Proteus from Homer, and tranſlated it almoſt literally. Rapin ſays, that Homer's deſcription

That chief (rejoin'd the God) his race derives
From Ithaca, and wond'rous woes ſurvives;

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is more ingenious and fuller of invention, but Virgil's more judicious. I wiſh that Critick had given his reaſons for his opinion. I believe in general, the plan of the Iliad and Odyſſey is allowed by the beſt of Criticks to be more perfect than that of the Æneis. Homer, with reſpect to the unity of time, has the advantage very manifeſtly: Rapin confeſſes it, and Ariſtotle propoſes him as an example to all Epick authors. Where then is the ſuperiority of judgment? Is it that there are more fabulous, I mean incredible, ſtories in Homer than Virgil? as that of the Cyclops, the ſhips of Alcinous, &c. Virgil has imitated moſt of theſe bold fables, and the ſtory of the ſhips of Alcinous is not more incredible than the transformation of the ſhips of Æneas. But this is too large a ſubject to be diſcuſſed in the compaſs of theſe Annota tions. In particular paſſages I freely allow the preference to Virgil, as in the deſcent of Æneas into hell, &c. but in this ſtory of Proteus, I cannot ſee any ſuperiority of judgment. Virgil is little more than a tranſlator; to ſhew the particulars would be too tedious: I refer it to the reader to compare the two authors, and ſhall only inſtance in one paſſage.

Ἡμεῖς δ' αἰψ' ἰάχοντες ἐπισσύμεθ', ἀμφὶ δὲ χεῖρας
Βάλλομεν· ἐδ' ὁ γέρων δολίης ἐπελήθετο τέχνης,
Ἀλλ' ἤτοι πρώτιστα λέων γένετ' ἠϋγένειος,
Αὐτὰρ ἔπειτα δράκων, καὶ πάρδαλις, ἠδὲ μέγας σῦς,
Γίνετο δ' ὑγρὸν ὕδωρ, καὶ δένδρεον ὑψιπέτηλον, &c.

"Cum clamore ruit magno, manicisque jacentem
"Occupat: ille ſuæ contra non immemor artis,
"Omnia transformat ſeſe in miracula rerum,
"Ignemque, horribilemque feram, fluviumque liquentem," &c.

Homer has a manifeſt advantage in the occaſion of the ſtory: the loſs of a few bees ſeems to be a cauſe too trivial for an undertaking ſo great as the ſurpriſe of a Deity: whereas the whole happineſs of Menelaus depends upon this conſultation of Proteus: this is a far more important cauſe, and conſequently in this reſpect ſomething more is due to Homer than the ſole honour of an inventor. P.

Laertes' ſon: girt with circumfluous tides,
He ſtill calamitous conſtraint abides.
Him in Calypſo's cave of late I view'd,
When ſtreaming grief his faded cheek bedew'd.
But vain his pray'r, his arts are vain to move
Th' enamour'd Goddeſs, or elude her love:
His veſſel ſunk, and dear companions loſt,
He lives reluctant on a foreign coaſt.
But oh belov'd by heav'n! reſerv'd to thee
A happier lot the ſmiling Fates decree:
Free from that law, beneath whoſe mortal ſway
Matter is chang'd, and varying forms decay;
Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains
Of utmoſt earth, where Rhadamanthus reigns.

Ver. 763.] This diſtich is altogether foreign to his original. The following ſubſtitution is more congenial to the language and ſpirit of the author:

Nor (ſo heaven wills) ſhall death's reſiſtleſs hand
At Argos ſeize thee, in thy native land —.

Ogilby, whom our Poet ſeems to have conſulted, is not contemptible, and has more fidelity:

And, Menelaus, know, 'tis not thy fate
To dye at home; the Gods will thee tranſlate
To ſeats of bliſs, the bleſs'd Elyzian *plains*,
At the world's end, where Rhadamanthus *reigns*.

And the remainder of this deſcription is finiſhed in a ſtile not inferior to that of Pope himſelf; to whoſe touches the paſſage is probably indebted for no ſmall portion of it's elegance.

Ver. 765. *Elyſium ſhall be thine; the bliſsful plains*
Of utmoſt earth, &c.]

This is the only place in which the Elyſian field is mentioned in Homer. The conjectures of the ancients are very various about

Joys ever young, unmix'd with pain or fear,
Fill the wide circle of th' eternal year:
Stern winter ſmiles on that auſpicious clime:
The fields are florid with unfading prime:
From the bleak pole no winds inclement blow,
Mould the round hail, or flake the fleecy ſnow;
But from the breezy deep the bleſt inhale
The fragrant murmurs of the weſtern gale.
This grace peculiar will the Gods afford
To thee the ſon of Jove, and beauteous Helen's lord.

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it: Plato in his Phæd. places it in *cælo ſtellato*, or the region of the ſtars; but ſince Homer fixes it εἰς πείρατα γαίης, or (as Milton expreſſes it) at the *earth's green end*, I will paſs over the conjectures of others, eſpecially ſince the μακάρων Νῆσοι, by which others expreſs Elyſium, confine it to this world.

Strabo, ſays Euſtathius, places it not far from Mauruſia, that lies near the Streights: it is ſuppoſed by Bochart, as Dacier obſerves, that the fable is of Phœnician extraction, that *alizuth* in Hebrew ſignifies *joy* or *exultation*, which word the Greeks, adapting to their way of pronunciation, called Elyſius. If this be true, I ſhould come into an opinion that has much prevailed, that the Greeks had heard of Paradiſe from the Hebrews; and that the Hebrews deſcribing Paradiſe as a place of *alizuth*, or *joy*, gave occaſion to all the fables of the Grecian Elyſium. P.

Ver. 771.] Theſe *two* couplets, and particularly the former, are very maſterly indeed, and are conſpicuous even in the midſt of excellence.

Ver. 773.] An accurate and elegant couplet may be wrought with trivial correction from Ogilby:

Where winter *mild* nor ſnow *deforms*, nor rain;
But *whiſpering gales breathe comfort* from the main.

He ceas'd, and plunging in the vaſt profound,
Beneath the God the whirling billows bound.
Then ſpeeding back, involv'd in various thought,
My friends attending at the ſhore I ſought.
Arriv'd, the rage of hunger we controll,
'Till night with ſilent ſhade inveſts the pole;
Then loſe the cares of life in pleaſing reſt.—
Soon as the morn reveals the roſeate eaſt,
With ſails we wing the maſts, our anchors weigh,
Unmoor the fleet, and ruſh into the ſea.
Rang'd on the banks, beneath our equal oars
White curl the waves, and the vex'd ocean roars.
Then ſteering backward from the Pharian iſle,
We gain the ſtream of Jove-deſcended Nile:
There quit the ſhips, and on the deſtin'd ſhore
With ritual hecatombs the Gods adore:

Ver. 777.] Or thus?

He ſaid: and headlong to the bottom goes:
Beneath the God the waves in eddies roſe.

Ver. 783.] Or thus, on account of imperfect rhymes, with more exactneſs:

There, ſooth'd by ſleep, along the ſhore we lay.
When morn with roſy hand led on the day,
Our ſhips we drag to ſea, we ſpread our ſails
On the rear'd maſts, and catch the riſing gales.
Rang'd on the banks we ſit; our oars are ply'd;
With every ſtroke curls up the foaming tide.

Ogilby, ſomewhat corrected, furniſhes a full and elegant couplet:

Our *hawſers loos'd*, maſts rear'd, *and* ſails unfurl'd,
We launch our veſſels to the watery world.

Their wrath aton'd, to Agamemnon's name
A Cenotaph I raiſe of deathleſs fame.
Theſe rites to piety and grief diſcharg'd,
The friendly Gods a ſpringing gale inlarg'd:
The fleet ſwift tilting o'er the ſurges flew,
'Till Grecian cliffs appear'd, a bliſsful view!
Thy patient ear hath heard me long relate
A ſtory, fruitful of diſaſtrous fate:
And now, young prince, indulge my fond requeſt;
Be Sparta honour'd with his royal gueſt,
'Till from his eaſtern goal, the joyous ſun
His twelfth diurnal race begins to run.
Meantime my train the friendly gifts prepare,
Three ſprightly courſers, and a poliſh'd car:
With theſe, a goblet of capacious mould,
Figur'd with art to dignify the gold,

Ver. 795.] Too much dilatation, when a verſion commenſurate with his author were practicable, and much to be preferred. Thus?

Theſe honours duly paid, the gods command
A gale, that wafts me to my native land.

Ver. 799.] A couplet wholly added by the tranſlator to a paſſage immoderately amplified with gratuitous interpolations. It ſeems an enlargement of Dacier: "Voilà tout ce que je puis "vous apprendre."

Ver. 806. *Three ſprightly courſers.*] How comes it to paſs that Menelaus proffers three horſes to Telemachus? This was a compleat ſet among the ancients, they uſed one pole-horſe and two leaders. *Euſtathius.* P.

(Form'd for libation to the Gods) ſhall prove
A pledge and monument of ſacred love.
My quick return, young Ithacus rejoin'd,
Damps the warm wiſhes of my raptur'd mind:
Did not my fate my needful haſte conſtrain,
Charm'd by your ſpeech, ſo graceful and humane,
Loſt in delight the circling year would roll,
While deep attention fix'd my liſt'ning ſoul.
But now to Pyle permit my deſtin'd way,
My lov'd aſſociates chide my long delay:
In dear remembrance of your royal grace,
I take the preſent of the promis'd vaſe;
The courſers for the champaign ſports, retain;
That gift our barren rocks will render vain;

Ver. 809.] Or thus, more accurately:

Great prince, replies Telemachus again,
Me, all too willing! ſtrive not to detain.
I, loitering here, my friends expectant wrong,
Charm'd by the graceful accents of your tongue.

Ver. 822. *That gift our barren rocks will render vain.*] This paſſage where Telemachus refuſes the horſes has been much obſerved, and turned to a moral ſenſe, viz. as a leſſon to men to deſire nothing but what is ſuitable to their conditions. Horace has introduced it into his epiſtles,

"Haud malè Telemachus, proles patientis Ulyſſei;
"Non eſt aptus equis Ithacæ locus, ut neque planis
"Porrectus ſpaciis, nec multæ prodigus herbæ:
"Atride, magis apta tibi tua dona relinquam."

This is the reaſon why Ulyſſes (as Euſtathius obſerves upon the tenth of the Iliad) leaves the horſes of Rheſus to the diſpoſal of Diomedes; ſo that the ſame ſpirit of wiſdom reigned in Telema-

Horrid with cliffs, our meagre land allows
Thin herbage for the mountain goat to browze,
But neither mead nor plain ſupplies, to feed
The ſprightly courſer, or indulge his ſpeed:
To ſea-ſurrounded realms the Gods aſſign
Small tract of fertile lawn, the leaſt to mine.

chus, that was ſo remarkable in Ulyſſes. This is the reaſon why Menelaus ſmiled; it was not at the frankneſs or ſimplicity of Telemachus, but it was a ſmile of joy, to ſee the young prince inherit his father's wiſdom.

It is the remark of Euſtathius, that Telemachus is far from exalting the nature of his country; he confeſſes it to be barren, and more barren than the neighbouring iſlands; yet that natural and laudable affection which all worthy perſons have for their country, makes him prefer it to places of a more happy ſituation. This appears to me a replication to what Menelaus had before offered concerning the tranſplantation of Ulyſſes to Sparta; this is contained in ἱπποβότοιο; and then the meaning is, it is true Ithaca is a barren region, yet more deſireable than this country of Lacedæmon, this ἱππόβοτος γαῖα. It is the more probable from the offer of horſes which Menelaus had then made, and is alſo another reaſon for the ſmile of Menelaus.

Euſtathius remarks that Menelaus, though he has expreſſed the greateſt friendſhip for Ulyſſes, yet makes no offer to reſtore the fortunes of his friend by any military aſſiſtance; though he had a moſt fair opportunity given him to repay the paſt kindneſs of Ulyſſes to his wife Penelope and his ſon Telemachus; and how comes Telemachus not to aſk it either of Neſtor or Menelaus? He anſwers, that this depended upon the uncertainty they were yet under, concerning the life of Ulyſſes. But the true reaſon in my opinion is, that the nature of epick poetry requires a contrary conduct: the hero of the poem is to be the chief agent, and the re-eſtabliſhment of his fortunes muſt be owing to his own wiſdom and valour. I have enlarged upon this already, ſo that there is no occaſion in this place to inſiſt upon it. P.

His hand the king with tender paſſion preſs'd,
And ſmiling thus, the royal youth addreſs'd:
O early worth! a ſoul ſo wiſe, and young,
Proclaims you from the ſage Ulyſſes ſprung.
Selected from my ſtores, of matchleſs price
An urn ſhall recompence your prudent choice:
Not mean the maſſy mould of ſilver, grac'd
By Vulcan's art, the verge with gold enchas'd;
A pledge the ſcepter'd pow'r of Sidon gave,
When to his realm I plough'd the orient wave.
Thus they alternate; while with artful care
The menial train the regal feaſt prepare:
The firſtlings of the flock are doom'd to dye;
Rich fragrant wines the chearing bowl ſupply;
A female band the gift of Ceres bring;
And the gilt roofs with genial triumph ring.
Meanwhile, in Ithaca, the Suitor-pow'rs
In active games divide their jovial hours:
In areas vary'd with moſaick art,
Some whirl the diſk, and ſome the jav'lin dart.
Aſide, ſequeſter'd from the vaſt reſort,
Antinous ſat ſpectator of the ſport;

Ver. 833.] Shocking rhymes! but the poetry of this part will not endure, as it deſerves not, the niceties of criticiſm.

Ver. 844.] This line is from the invention of the tranſlator.

Ver. 846.] He might eaſily have exhibited the full ſenſe of his author, in ſome ſuch manner as the following:

With equal riot paſt their jovial hours.

With great Eurymachus, of worth confeſt,
And high deſcent, ſuperiour to the reſt;
Whom young Noëmon lowly thus addreſt.

My ſhip equipp'd within the neighb'ring port,
The prince, departing for the Pylian court,
Requeſted for his ſpeed; but courteous, ſay
When ſteers he home, or why this long delay?
For Elis I ſhould ſail with utmoſt ſpeed,
T' import twelve mares which there luxurious feed,
And twelve young mules, a ſtrong laborious race,
New to the plough, unpractis'd in the trace.
Unknowing of the courſe to Pyle deſign'd,
A ſudden horrour ſeiz'd on either mind:
The prince in rural bow'r they fondly thought,
Numb'ring his flocks and herds, not far remote.
Relate, Antinous cries, devoid of guile,
When ſpread the prince his ſail for diſtant Pyle?

Ver. 864.] This does not deſerve the name of poetry: ſo that, although the example of Pope's Iliad, already delivered to the world, and his final correction of all the Odyſſey, would greatly contribute to produce a general ſimilarity between his parts of the verſion and thoſe of his coadjutors; the following aſſertion by Dr. Johnſon, in his Life of Fenton, would be ſpeedily rejected as unſubſtantial by any reader of diſcernment and taſte, who ſhould undertake a careful conſideration of a few paſſages in their reſpective parts.

"How the two aſſociates performed their parts is well known "to the readers of poetry, who have never been able to diſtin-"guiſh their books from thoſe of Pope."

Did choſen chiefs acroſs the gulfy main
Attend his voyage, or domeſtick train?
Spontaneous did you ſpeed his ſecret courſe,
Or was the veſſel ſeiz'd by fraud or force?
With willing duty, not reluctant mind,
(Noëmon cry'd) the veſſel was reſign'd.
Who in the balance, with the great affairs
Of courts preſume to weigh their private cares?
With him, the peerage next in pow'r to you:
And Mentor, captain of the lordly crew,
Or ſome celeſtial in his rev'rend form,
Safe from the ſecret rock and adverſe ſtorm,
Pilots the courſe; for when the glimm'ring ray
Of yeſter dawn diſclos'd the tender day,
Mentor himſelf I ſaw, and much admir'd.—
Then ceas'd the youth, and from the court retir'd.
Confounded and appall'd, th' unfiniſh'd game
The Suitors quit, and all to council came:
Antinous firſt th' aſſembled peers addreſt,
Rage ſparkling in his eyes, and burning in his breaſt.
O ſhame to manhood! ſhall one daring boy
The ſcheme of all our happineſs deſtroy?
Fly unperceiv'd, ſeducing half the flow'r
Of nobles, and invite a foreign pow'r?

Ver. 891.] There is nothing in the original, that correſponds to the latter clauſe of this verſe: and indeed, in theſe unim-

The pond'rous engine rais'd to cruſh us all,
Recoiling, on his head is ſure to fall.
Inſtant prepare me, on the neighb'ring ſtrand,
With twenty choſen mates a veſſel mann'd;
For ambuſh'd cloſe beneath the Samian ſhore
His ſhip returning ſhall my ſpies explore:
He ſoon his raſhneſs ſhall with life atone,
Seek for his father's fate, but find his own.
With vaſt applauſe the ſentence all approve;
Then riſe, and to the feaſtful hall remove:

portant parts of narrative, a degree of amplification and laxity ſhould be indulged to a tranſlator, or the moſt poetical verſatility would be unable to accommodate itſelf on occaſions, deſtitute of all embelliſhment from the nature of the ſubject, with any tolerable ſhare of dignity.

Ver. 896. *For ambuſh'd cloſe, &c.*] We have here another uſe which the Poet makes of the voyage of Telemachus. Euſtathius remarks that theſe incidents not only diverſify but enliven the poem. But it may be aſked why the Poet makes not uſe of ſo fair an opportunity to inſert a gallant action of Telemachus, and draw him not as eluding, but defeating his adverſaries? The anſwer is eaſy; that the Suitors ſailed compleatly armed, and Telemachus unprovided of any weapons: and therefore Homer conſults credibility, and forbears to paint his young hero in the colours of a knight in romance, who upon all diſadvantages engages and defeats his oppoſers. But then to what purpoſe is this ambuſh of the Suitors, and what part of the deſign of the Poem is carried on by it? The very chief aim of it; to ſhew the ſufferings of Ulyſſes: he is unfortunate in all relations of life, as a king, as an huſband, and here very eminently as a father; theſe ſufferings are laid down in the propoſition of the Odyſſey as eſſential to the poem, and conſequently this ambuſh laid by the Suitors againſt the life of Telemachus is an eſſential ornament. P.

Swift to the queen the herald Medon ran,
Who heard the conſult of the dire divan
Before her dome the royal matron ſtands,
And thus the meſſage of his haſte demands.
What will the Suitors? muſt my ſervant train
Th' allotted labours of the day refrain,
For them to form ſome exquiſite repaſt?
Heav'n grant this feſtival may prove their laſt!

Ver. 903.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt. x. 457.

Forth ruſh'd in haſte the great conſulting peers,
Rais'd from their *dark divan*.

Ver. 906. *The ſpeech of Penelope.*] Longinus in particular commends this ſpeech as a true picture of a perſon that feels various emotions of ſoul, and is borne by every guſt of paſſion from ſentiment to ſentiment, with ſudden and unexpected tranſitions. There is ſome obſcurity in the Greek; this ariſes from the warmth with which ſhe ſpeaks, ſhe has not leiſure to explain herſelf fully, a circumſtance natural to a perſon in anger.

Penelope gives a very beautiful picture of Ulyſſes: "The "beſt of princes are allowed to have their favourites, and give "a greater ſhare of affection than ordinary to particular perſons. "But Ulyſſes was a father to all his people alike, and loved "them all as his children; a father, though he bears a more "tender affection to one child than to another, yet ſhews them "all an equal treatment; thus alſo a good king is not ſwayed by "inclination, but juſtice, towards all his ſubjects." *Dacier.*

One circumſtance is very remarkable, and gives us a full view of a perſon in anger; at the very ſight of Medon, Penelope flies out into paſſion; ſhe gives him not time to ſpeak one ſyllable, but ſpeaks herſelf as if all the Suitors were preſent, and reproaches them in the perſon of Medon, though Medon is juſt to her and Ulyſſes; but anger is an undiſtinguiſhing paſſion. What ſhe ſays of ingratitude, recalls to my memory what is to be found in Laertius: Ariſtotle being aſked what thing upon earth ſooneſt grew old? replied *an obligation.* Τί τάχιστα γηράσκει; *reſpondit,* χάρις.

P.

Or if they ſtill muſt live, from me remove
The double plague of luxury and love!
Forbear, ye ſons of inſolence! forbear,
In riot to conſume a wretched heir.
In the young ſoul illuſtrious thought to raiſe,
Were ye not tutor'd with Ulyſſes' praiſe?
Have not your fathers oft' my lord defin'd,
Gentle of ſpeech, beneficent of mind?
Some kings with arbitrary rage devour,
Or in their tyrant-minions veſt the pow'r:
Ulyſſes let no partial favours fall,
The people's parent, he protected all:
But abſent now, perfidious and ingrate!
His ſtores ye ravage, and uſurp his ſtate.

Ver. 910.] This verſion is not true to the ſenſe of the original, and may ſeem modelled from Ogilby:

Ah! *would they quit my houſe*, and that this might
Their farewell banquet be, and laſt good night.

Chapman is without elegance, but exactly faithful:

I would to heaven, that (leaving wooing me,
Nor ever troubling other companie)
Here might the laſt feaſt be, and moſt extreme,
That ever any ſhall addreſſe for them.

Ver. 917.] This ſpeech is very well executed. The following literal tranſlation extends from this verſe to the concluſion:

To none injurious, or in deed or word,
Among his people; as capricious kings
View, partial, this with hatred, that with love.
Harſh and unkind was he to none: but ye
In actions miſbecoming ſhew your hearts,
Loſt to the memory of his favours paſt.

Ver. 922.] Paradiſe Loſt. iii. 97.

He thus; O were the woes you ſpeak the worſt!
They form a deed more odious and accurſt;
More dreadful than your boding ſoul divines:
But pitying Jove avert the dire deſigns!
The darling object of your royal care
Is mark'd to periſh in a deathful ſnare;
Before he anchors in his native port,
From Pyle re-ſailing and the Spartan court;
Horrid to ſpeak! in ambuſh is decreed
The hope and heir of Ithaca to bleed!

Sudden ſhe ſunk beneath the weighty woes,
The vital ſtreams a chilling horrour froze:
The big round tear ſtands trembling in her eye,
And on her tongue imperfect accents dye.
At length, in tender language, interwove
With ſighs, ſhe thus expreſs'd her anxious love.
Why raſhly wou'd my ſon his fate explore,
Ride the wild waves, and quit the ſafer ſhore?

— — — — *Ingrate,* he had of me
All he could have.

Ver. 935.] This verſe is an addition from the tranſlator: as the next has profited by a well-known paſſage in Shakſpere.

Ver. 938.] Thus Milton, Par. Loſt. i. 621.

Tears, ſuch as angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt
Words interwove with ſighs found out their way.

Ver. 941. *Ride the wild waves* ——] Were this paſſage to be rendered literally, it would run thus, *climb the ſwift ſhips, which are horſes to men on the ſeas.* Euſtathius obſerves the alluſion is very juſt, and that the only doubt is, whether it be brought in opportunely by Penelope? It may be doubted, if the mind could find leiſure to introduce ſuch alluſions. Dacier anſwers that Pene-

Did he with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave!
'Tis not, reply'd the ſage, to Medon giv'n
To know, if ſome inhabitant of heav'n,
In his young breaſt the daring thought inſpir'd;
Or if alone with filial duty fir'd,
The winds and waves he tempts in early bloom,
Studious to learn his abſent father's doom.
The ſage retir'd: unable to controul
The mighty griefs that ſwell her lab'ring ſoul,
Rolling convulſive on the floor, is ſeen
The piteous object of a proſtrate queen.
Words to her dumb complaint a pauſe ſupplies,
And breath, to waſte in unavailing cries.
Around their ſov'reign wept the menial fair,
To whom ſhe thus addreſs'd her deep deſpair.
Behold a wretch whom all the Gods conſign
To woe! Did ever ſorrows equal mine?
Long to my joys my deareſt lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:

---

lope ſpeaks thus through indignation: the grief that ſhe conceives at the hardineſs of men, in finding out a way to paſs the ſeas as well as land, furniſhed her with theſe figures very naturally; for figures are agreeable to paſſion. P.

Ver. 948.] This *early bloom* is a wretched botch indeed, for the convenience of the rhyme. Thus?

To know his father's fate the waves he tries,
If yet he live, or death have clos'd his eyes.

Ver. 960.] Rhymes, inaccurate as thoſe of Ogilby:

Firſt I a wife and valiant huſband loſt,
His fame divulg'd through all the Grecian coaſt.

Now from my fond embrace, by tempeſts torn,
Our other column of the ſtate is borne:
Nor took a kind adieu, nor ſought conſent!—
Unkind confed'rates in his dire intent!
Ill ſuits it with your ſhews of duteous zeal,
From me the purpos'd voyage to conceal:
Tho' at the ſolemn midnight hour he roſe,
Why did you fear to trouble my repoſe?
He either had obey'd my fond deſire,
Or ſeen his mother pierc'd with grief expire.
Bid Dolius quick attend, the faithful ſlave
Whom to my nuptial train Icarius gave,
T' attend the fruit-groves: with inceſſant ſpeed
He ſhall this violence of death decreed,
To good Laertes tell. Experienc'd age
May timely intercept the ruffian-rage,
Convene the tribes, the murd'rous plot reveal,
And to their pow'r to ſave his race appeal.
Then Euryclea thus. My deareſt dread!
Tho' to the ſword I bow this hoary head,

And how inadequately this exordium of the ſpeech is rendered by our artiſt, will appear from a verbal tranſlation moſt effectually:

My dear companions! liſten: Heaven to me
Has woes beyond my fellows' portion given.
My ſpouſe illuſtrious firſt, of lion-heart,
I loſt, for every virtuous grace renown'd
Amongſt his Greeks, and glorious far and wide,

Ver. 980.] So Spencer in his introduction to the Faerie Queen:
The which to heare vouchſafe, O *deareſt dread*, a while.

Did he with all the greatly wretched, crave
A blank oblivion, and untimely grave!
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I loſt, for every virtuous grace renown'd
Amongſt his Greeks, and glorious far and wide,

Ver. 980.] So Spencer in his introduction to the Faerie Queen:
The which to heare vouchſafe, O *deareſt dread*, a while.

Or if a dungeon be the pain decreed,
I own me conſcious of th' unpleaſing deed:
Auxiliar to his flight, my aid implor'd,
With wine and viands I the veſſel ſtor'd:
A ſolemn oath, impos'd, the ſecret ſeal'd,
'Till the twelfth dawn the light of heav'n reveal'd.
Dreading th' effect of a fond mother's fear,
He dar'd not violate your royal ear.
But bathe, and in imperial robes array'd,
Pay due devotions to the * martial Maid,
And reſt affianc'd in her guardian aid.
Send not to good Laertes, nor engage
In toils of ſtate the miſeries of age:
'Tis impious to ſurmiſe, the pow'rs divine
To ruin doom the Jove-deſcended line:

Ver. 987.] Ogilby is more faithful:

Not in twelve daies to make his abſence known,
Unleſs you aſk'd, or heard the prince was gon.

Ver. 989.] So Chapman:

Not to report it to *your royall eare.*

Ver. 994.] Or, exactly to his author:

In *new affliction, ſelf-afflicted* age.

Ver. 997.] Chapman ſeems to have ſupplied his epithet:

The ſeed of *righteous* Arceſiades.

Thus, without any needleſs interpolation:

Long ſhall *deſcendants* of Arceſius reign.

* Minerva.

Long ſhall the race of juſt Arceſius reign,
And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.
The queen her ſpeech with calm attention hears,
Her eyes reſtrain the ſilver-ſtreaming tears:
She bathes, and rob'd, the ſacred dome aſcends;
Her pious ſpeed a female train attends:

Ver. 998. *And iſles remote enlarge his old domain.*] Dacier offers a criticiſm upon theſe laſt words of Euryclea. It cannot be imagined theſe fertile fields can be ſpoken of Ithaca; Plutarch's deſcription of it is intirely contradictory to this: "Ithaca, ſays "he, is rough and mountainous, fit only to breed goats; upon "cultivation it ſcarce yields any fruits, and theſe ſo worthleſs, "as ſcarce to recompenſe the labour of gathering." Homer therefore by this expreſſion intended the other dominions of Ulyſſes, ſuch as Cephalenia, &c.

But I queſtion not, that the whole dominions of Ulyſſes are included, Ithaca as well as Cephalenia; for though Ithaca was mountainous, yet the vallies were fruitful, according to the deſcription of it in the thirteenth of the Odyſſey.

The rugged ſoil allows no level ſpace
For flying chariots, or the rapid race;
Yet not ungrateful to the peaſant's pain,
Suffices fulneſs to the ſwelling grain:
The loaded trees their various fruits produce,
And cluſt'ring grapes afford a gen'rous juice, &c.

As for her remark upon ἀπόπροθι, it is of no validity; the word ſtands in oppoſition to Δώμαλα, and implies no more than *here*, or at a diſtance in general. P.

It were eaſy to expreſs his original with unexceptionable fidelity:

Sway this high dome, this rich and wide domain.

Ver. 999.] Or thus, with more exactneſs:

The queen her *dictates* with attention hears:
They calm her ſorrows, and ſuppreſs her tears.

The ſalted cakes in caniſters are laid,
And thus the queen invokes Minerva's aid.
Daughter divine of Jove, whoſe arm can wield
Th' avenging bolt, and ſhake the dreadful ſhield!
If e'er Ulyſſes to thy fane preferr'd
The beſt and choiceſt of his flock and herd;
Hear, goddeſs, hear, by thoſe oblations won;
And for the pious ſire preſerve the ſon:
His wiſh'd return with happy pow'r befriend,
And on the Suitors let thy wrath deſcend.
She ceas'd; ſhrill extaſies of joy declare
The fav'ring Goddeſs preſent to the pray'r:
The Suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice
A ſignal of her hymenæal choice:

Ver. 1005.] Our tranſlator borrows, with trivial variation, Pope's tranſlation of this verſe at Iliad x. verſe 326. to which I remand the reader.

Ver. 1013.] Theſe *two* fanciful couplets are wrought from as many verſes of Homer, who is thus faithfully exhibited by Chapman:

This ſaid, ſhe ſhriekt; and Pallas heard her praire.
The wooers broke with tumult all the aire
About the ſhadie houſe.

He and Ogilby make no connection between the cry of Penelope and the conduct of the Suitors, nor does it ſeem authorized by the original; but our Poet followed Hobbes:

Her prayer granted was. Then ſhouted they.
The Suitors heard it in the hall:

or Dacier: "Cependant les pourſuivans, qui avoient entendre "le bruit que la reine et ſes femmes avoient fait."—

Ver. 1015. *The Suitors heard, and deem'd the mirthful voice*
A ſignal of her hymenæal choice.]

Whilſt one moſt jovial thus accoſts the board;
" Too late the queen ſelects a ſecond lord:
" In evil hour the nuptial rite intends,
" When o'er her ſon diſaſtrous death impends."
Thus he unſkill'd of what the fates provide!
But with ſevere rebuke Antinous cry'd.
These empty vaunts will make the voyage vain;
Alarm not with diſcourſe the menial train:

It may be aſked whence this conjecture of the Suitors ariſes? Penelope is deſcribed as weeping grievouſly, and fainting away, and yet immediately the Suitors conclude ſhe is preparing for the nuptials. Euſtathius anſwers, that undoubtedly the Suitors underſtood the queen had purified herſelf with water, and ſupplicated the Goddeſs Minerva, though the Poet omits the relation of ſuch little particularities. But whence is it that the Poet gives a greater ſhare of wiſdom to Euryclea than to Penelope? Penelope commands a ſervant to fly with the news of the abſence of Telemachus to Laertes, which could not at all advantage Telemachus, and only grieve Laertes: Euryclea immediately diverts her from that vain intention, adviſes her to have recourſe to heaven, and not add miſery to the already miſerable Laertes: this is wiſdom in Euryclea. But it muſt be confeſſed that the other is nature in Penelope: Euryclea is calm, Penelope in a paſſion: and Homer would have been a very bad painter of human nature, if he had drawn Penelope, thus heated with paſſion, in the mild temper of Euryclea; grief and reſentment give Penelope no time to deliberate, whereas Euryclea is leſs concerned, and conſequently capable of thinking with more tranquillity. P.

Ver. 1022. *With rebuke ſevere Antinous cry'd.*] Antinous ſpeaks thus in return to what had been before ſaid by one of the Suitors concerning Telemachus, viz. " the queen little imagines that her " ſon's death approaches;" he fears leſt Penelope ſhould know their intentions, and hinder their meaſures, by raiſing the ſubjects of Ithaca that ſtill retained their fidelity. *Dacier.* P.

The great event with ſilent hope attend;
Our deeds alone our counſel muſt commend.
His ſpeech thus ended ſhort, he frowning roſe,
And twenty chiefs renown'd for valour choſe:
Down to the ſtrand he ſpeeds with haughty ſtrides,
Where anchor'd in the bay the veſſel rides,
Replete with mail and milita y ſtore,
In all her tackle trim to quit the ſhore.
The deſp'rate crew aſcend, unfurl the ſails;
(The ſea-ward prow invites the tardy gales)
Then take repaſt, 'till Heſperus diſplay'd
His golden circlet in the weſtern ſhade.

Ver. 1027.] Thus literally:

He ſaid, and twenty choice aſſociates took:

but the tranſlator had Milton in his memory, at Par. Loſt, ii. 106.

He, *ended frowning*, and his look denounc'd
Deſp'rate revenge:

See below verſe 1033.

Ver. 1029.] Another fancy interpolated from Milton, Par. Loſt, vi. 109.

Satan *with* vaſt and *haughty ſtrides* advanc'd
Came tow'ring, arm'd in adamant and gold.

Ver. 1035.] Exactly thus:

Then take repaſt, and wait the ſtar of Even:

but the tranſlator was thinking of a moſt beautiful paſſage in Milton's morning hymn, Par. Loſt, v. 169. where our great epic Bard, the hierophant of thoſe kindred Goddeſſes, LIBERTY and the MUSES! uſes the ſame expreſſion in ſpeaking of the ſame *ſtar*:

Sure pledge of day, that crown'ſt the ſmiling morn
With thy bright *circlet*.

Meantime the queen without refection due,
Heart-wounded, to the bed of ſtate withdrew:
In her ſad breaſt the prince's fortunes roll,
And hope and doubt alternate ſeize her ſoul.
So when the wood-man's toil her cave ſurrounds,
And with the hunter's cry the grove reſounds;
With grief and rage the mother-lion ſtung,
Fearleſs herſelf, yet trembles for her young.
While penſive in the ſilent ſlumb'rous ſhade,
Sleep's gentle pow'rs her drooping eyes invade;

Ver. 1041. *So when the wood-man's toil, &c.*] The Poet, to ſhew the majeſty and high ſpirit of Penelope, compares her to a lioneſs: he manages the alluſion very artfully: he deſcribes the lioneſs not as exerting any dreadful acts of violence, (for ſuch a compariſon is only proper to be applied to a hero) but incloſed by her enemies; which at once ſhews both her danger and nobleneſs of ſpirit under it: it is in the Greek δόλιον κύκλον, which may ſignify either a circle of toils or nets, or a circle of enemies: the former is perhaps preferable, as correſponding beſt with the condition of Penelope, who was ſurrounded with the ſecret ambuſhes and ſnares of the Suitors. *Euſtathius.* P.

A ſtrange tranſlation indeed of this *ſimile*, which with the ſequel may be faithfully repreſented in the following manner:

Thus, as a lion all expedients tries,
Alarm'd, hemm'd in by tribes of circling ſwains:
With various thoughts diſtracted, grateful ſleep
Seiz'd her reclining, and relaxt her limbs.

Our tranſlator ſeems to have enlarged from Dacier: "*Une lionne*, "qui ſe voit environné d' une multitude de chaſſeurs, qui l' ont "ſurpriſe après lui avoir ôté *ſes lionceaux*."—

Ver. 1045.] A better couplet may be made from the rhymes of Ogilby:

At length ſweet ſleep her limbs recumbent bound,
And all her ſorrows in oblivion drown'd.

Minerva, life-like on imbody'd air
Impreſs'd the form of Iphthima the fair:
(Icarius' daughter ſhe, whoſe blooming charms
Allur'd Eumelus to her virgin-arms;
A ſcepter'd lord, who o'er the fruitful plain
Of Theſſaly, wide ſtretch'd his ample reign:)
As Pallas will'd, along the ſable ſkies
To calm the queen the phantom-ſiſter flies.

Ver. 1047. *Minerva, life-like on imbody'd air*
Impreſt the form, &c.]

We have here an imaginary being introduced by the Poet: the whole is managed with great judgment; it is ſhort, becauſe it has not a direct and immediate relation to the progreſs of the poem, and becauſe ſuch imaginary intercourſes have ever been looked upon as ſudden in appearance, and as ſudden in vaniſhing away. The uſe the Poet makes of it, is to relieve Penelope from the extremity of deſpair, that ſhe may act her part in the future ſcenes with courage and conſtancy. We ſee it is Minerva who ſends this phantom to Penelope to comfort her: now this is an allegory to expreſs that as ſoon as the violence of ſorrow was over, the mind of Penelope returned to ſome degree of tranquillity: Minerva is no more than the reſult of her own reflection and wiſdom, which baniſhed from her breaſt thoſe melancholy apprehenſions. The manner likewiſe of its introduction is not leſs judicious; the mind is apt to dwell upon thoſe objects in ſleep which make a deep impreſſion when awake: this is the foundation of the Poet's fiction; it is no more than a dream which he here deſcribes, but he clothes it with a body, gives it a momentary exiſtence, and by this method exalts a low circumſtance into dignity and poetry. P.

Ver. 1048.] This error in the quantity of the word is peculiar to our tranſlator, who had good examples in Chapman and Ogilby. It were moſt eaſy to be faultleſs in this reſpect:

Impreſt the *ſemblance* of *Iphthima* fair.

Chapman, I think, is elegantly expreſſive of his author's diction:

An idoll, that Iphthima did preſent
In ſtructure of her every lineament,

Swift on the regal dome deſcending right,
The bolted valves are pervious to her flight.
Cloſe to her head the pleaſing viſion ſtands,
And thus performs Minerva's high commands.
O why, Penelope, this cauſeleſs fear,
To render Sleep's ſoft bleſſing unſincere?
Alike devote to ſorrow's dire extreme
The day-reflection, and the midnight-dream!
Thy ſon, the Gods propitious will reſtore,
And bid thee ceaſe his abſence to deplore.
To whom the queen, (whilſt yet her penſive mind
Was in the ſilent gates of ſleep confin'd)
O ſiſter, to my ſoul for ever dear,
Why this firſt viſit to reprove my fear?
How in a realm ſo diſtant ſhould you know
From what deep ſource my ceaſeleſs ſorrows flow?
To all my hope my royal lord is loſt,
His country's buckler, and the Grecian boaſt:

Ver. 1061.] A very elegant couplet, but without ſanction from his author.

Ver. 1063.] Thus, more faithfully:

The gods thy *unoffending* ſon reſtore:

or cloſely,

Th' *immortals bleſs'd* thy *guiltleſs* ſon reſtore.

Ver. 1071.] The ſame paſſage occurred above at verſe 960. Chapman has executed the paragraph with entire preciſion:

And with conſummate woe to weigh me down,
The heir of all his honours, and his crown,

— — — — — having loſt before
A huſband, that of all the vertues bore
The palme amongſt the Greeks; and whoſe renowne
So ample was, that Fame the ſound hath blowne
Through Greece and Argos.

Ver. 1073. *And with conſummate woe*, &c.] In the original, Penelope ſays plainly, ſhe is more concerned for her ſon than her huſband. I ſhall tranſlate Dacier's obſervations upon this paſſage. We ought not to reproach Penelope for this ſeemingly ſhocking declaration, in preferring a ſon to a huſband: her ſentiment is natural and juſt; ſhe had all the reaſon in the world to believe that Ulyſſes was dead, ſo that all her hopes, all her affection was entirely placed upon Telemachus: his loſs therefore muſt unavoidably touch her with the higheſt degree of ſenſibility; if he is loſt, ſhe can have recourſe to no ſecond comfort. But why may we not allow the reaſon which Penelope herſelf gives for this ſuperiority of ſorrow for Telemachus? "Telemachus, ſays ſhe, is "unexperienced in the world, and unable to contend with diffi-"culties: whereas Ulyſſes knew how to extricate himſelf upon "all emergencies." This is a ſufficient reaſon why ſhe ſhould fear more for Telemachus than Ulyſſes: her affection might be greater for Ulyſſes than Telemachus, yet her fears might be ſtronger for the ſon than the huſband, Ulyſſes being capable to ſurmount dangers by experience, Telemachus being new to all difficulties. P.

The deviations and ſuppreſſions of the tranſlator will be ſeen from a literal verſion:

Now my dear child acroſs the ſeas is gone,
Unpractis'd youth! in counſels or in toils:
For him I more lament, than for his ſire.
A trembling fear has ſeiz'd me, leſt ſome ill
In nations ſtrange, or on the waves, befall:
For numerous foes to ſhed his blood contrive,
E'er his ſhip reach his native ſhores again.

My darling ſon is fled! an eaſy prey
To the fierce ſtorms, or men more fierce than they.:
Who in a league of blood aſſociates ſworn,
Will intercept th' unwary youth's return.
Courage reſume, the ſhadowy form reply'd,
In the protecting care of heav'n confide:
On him attends the blue-ey'd martial Maid;
What earthly can implore a ſurer aid?
Me now the guardian Goddeſs deigns to ſend,
To bid thee patient his return attend.
The queen replies: If in the bleſt abodes
A Goddeſs, thou haſt commerce with the Gods;
Say, breathes my lord the bliſsful realm of light,
Or lies he wrapt in ever-during night?

Ver. 1075.] Pope in his Windſor-Foreſt, verſe 45.

To ſavage beaſts and ſavage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and ſevere than they.

Ver. 1080.] Or thus, leſs heavily:

In heaven's protecting *providence* confide.

Ver. 1082.] Milton alſo employs the ſame word as a *ſubſtantive*, Par. Loſt, viii. 453.

My *earthly* by his heav'nly overpower'd:

and again, ix. 1081.

— — — — — — thoſe heav'nly ſhapes
Will dazzle now this *earthly* with their blaze
Inſufferably bright.

Ver. 1087.] Thus, more accurately:

Say, *views* my *wretched* lord *this orb* of light—.

Ver. 1088.] Paradiſe Loſt, iii. 45.

But cloud inſtead, and *ever-during dark*
Surrounds me.

Enquire not of his doom, the phantom cries,
I ſpeak not all the counſel of the ſkies:
Nor muſt indulge with vain diſcourſe, or long,
The windy ſatisfaction of the tongue.
Swift thro' the valves the viſionary fair
Repaſs'd, and viewleſs mix'd with common air.
The queen awakes, deliver'd of her woes;
With florid joy her heart dilating glows:
The viſion, manifeſt of future fate,
Makes her with hope her ſon's arrival wait.
Meantime the Suitors plough the wat'ry plain,
Telemachus in thought already ſlain!
When ſight of leſs'ning Ithaca was loſt,
Their ſail directed for the Samian coaſt,

Ver. 1089. *Enquire not of his doom*, &c.] It may be aſked what is the reaſon of this conduct, and why ſhould the phantom refuſe to relate any thing concerning the condition of Ulyſſes? Euſtathius anſwers, that if the phantom had related the full truth of the ſtory, the poem had been at an end; the very conſtitution of it requires that Ulyſſes ſhould arrive unknown to all, but chiefly to his wife, as will appear in the proſecution of the ſtory: the queſtion is very natural for an affectionate wife to make concerning an abſent huſband; but this being an improper place for the diſcovery, the Poet defers the ſolution of it, 'till the unravelling of the whole in the concluſion of the poem. P.

Ver. 1094.] Paradiſe Loſt, iii. 518.

— — — — drawn up to heav'n ſometimes
Viewleſs.

Ver. 1099.] Thus Ogilby:

— — — — — — with ſails unfurl'd,
The plotting ſuitors *plow the waterie world*.

Ver. 1101.] The following is a literal verſion of this concluding paragraph;

A ſmall but verdant iſle appear'd in view,
And Aſteris th' advancing pilot knew:
An ample port the rocks projected form,
To break the rolling waves, and ruffling ſtorm:
That ſafe receſs they gain with happy ſpeed,
And in cloſe ambuſh wait the murd'rous deed.

In the mid ſea there lies a rocky iſle,
'Twixt Ithaca and Samos' rugged ſhore,
But ſmall, nam'd Aſteris; with ports each way
Acceſſible: there ambuſh'd lay the Greeks. EDITOR.

The action of this book takes up the ſpace of two nights and one day, ſo that from the opening of the poem to the introduction of Ulyſſes are ſix days completed.

But how long a time Telemachus afterwards ſtaid with Menelaus is a queſtion, which has employed ſome modern French criticks; one of which maintains, that he ſtaid no longer than theſe two nights at Lacedæmon: but it is evident from the ſequel of the Odyſſey, that Telemachus arrived again at Ithaca two days after Ulyſſes; but Ulyſſes was twenty-nine days in paſſing from Ogygia to Ithaca, and conſequently during that whole time Telemachus muſt have been abſent from Ithaca. The ground of that Critick's miſtake was from the ſilence of Homer as to the exact time of his ſtay, which was of no importance, being diſtinguiſhed by no action, and only in an epiſodical part. The ſame thing led me into the like error in the note on ver. 421 of the ſecond book, where it was ſaid that Telemachus returned to Ithaca in leſs than twelve days. P.

THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM